SONGES
AND SON-
NETS, WRITTEN
by the Right honourable
Lord Henry Hawar'd
late Earle of Surrey, and
others,

Imprinted at London by Iohn VVin:
det. 1585.

To the Reader

That to haue wel written in verſe, yea and in ſmall parcels deſerueth great praiſe, the workes of diuers Latines, Italians, and other, doe proue ſufficientlye, that our tounge is able in ẏ kind to doe as praiſe worthylye as the reſt, the honorable ſtile of the earle of Surrey, and the weightines of the deepe witted Sir Thomas Wiat the elders verſe with ſeuerall graces in ſundry good engliſh writers, do ſhewe aboundantly. It reſteth nowe gentle Reader that thou thinke it not euill done, to publiſh to the honour of the engliſh tounge and for the profit of the ſtudious of Engliſh eloquence, thoſe workes which the vngentle horders vp of ſuch haue hertofore enuied thee. And for this point (good reader) thine owne profit and pleaſure, in theſe preſent and in moe hereafter, ſhall aunſwere for my defence. If perhaps ſome miſlike the ſtatelines of ſtile remoued from the rude ſkill of commen eares: I aſke helpe of the learned to defend their learned frendes, ẏ authours of this workes. And I exhort the vnlearned, by reading to learne to be more ſkilfull and to purge that ſwinlike groſnes that maketh ẏ maierome not to ſmell to their delight.

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Deſcription of the reſtleſſe ſtate of a louer, with ſute to his lady, to rue on his dying hart.

The ſunne hath twiſe brought forth his tender greene,
Twiſe clad the earth in liuely luſtineſſe,
Once haue the windes the trees diſpoiled cleane
And once againe beginnes their cruelneſſe,
Since I haue hid vnder my breſt the harm,
That neuer ſhall recouer heathfulnes.
The winters hurt recouers with the warme,
The parched greene reſtored is with ſhade,
What warmeth alas, may ſerue for to diſarme,
The froſen heart that myne inflame hath made?
What colde againe is able to reſtore
My freſh grene that wither thus and fade?
Alas I ſee nothing hath hurt ſo ſore,
But time in time reduceth a retourne,
In time my heart encreaſeth more and more,
And ſeemes to haue my cure alwaies in ſcorne,
Straunge kinds of death, in life that I do try,
At hand to melt farre of in flame to burne,
And like as time lift to my cure applie:
So doth ech place my comfort cleane refuſe.
All thing aliue, that ſeeth the heauens, with eye,
With cloke of night may couer and excuſe
It ſelfe from trauaile of the daies vnreſt.
Saue I alas, againſt others vſe,
That then ſtirre vp the torments of my breſt,
And curſe ech ſtarre as cauſer of my fate
And when the ſunne hath eke the darke oppreſt,
And brought the day it doth nothing abate
The trauaile of mine endleſſe ſmart and paine.
For then as one that hath the light in hate,
I wiſh for night more couertly to plaine,
And me withdrawe from euery haunted place,
Leſt by my chere my chaunce appere to plaine,
And in my mind I meaſure pace by pace,

To ſeeke the place where I my ſelfe had loſt,
That day that I was tangled in the lace,
In ſeeming ſlacke that knitteth euer moſt.
But neuer yet the traunſle of my thought,
Of better ſtate could catch a cauſe to boſt.
For if I found ſometime that I haue ſought,
Thoſe ſtarres by whome I truſted of the port,
My ſailes do fall & I advaunce right nought,
As Ankards faſt my ſpirits do all reſort,
To ſtand agazde and ſinke in moze and moze.
The deadly harme which ſhe doth take in ſpoze.
Lo ſi I ſeeke how I doe finde my loze,
And if I flee, I carrie with me ſtill
The venomd ſhaft which doeth his foꝛce reſtoꝛe
By haſt of flight, and I may plaine my fill
Unto my ſelfe vnleſſe this carefull ſong,
Pzint in your heart ſome parcel of my teene,
For I alas in ſilence al to long,
Of my old hurt yet feele the wound but greene,
Rue on my life oꝛ elſe your cruell wꝛonge
Shall well appeare and by my death be ſeene.

Diſcription of ſpring, wherein ech thing renewes ſaue onely the Louer.

The ſoote ſeaſons that bud, & bloome foꝛth bꝛings
With greene hath cladde the hill and eke the vale.
The Nightingale with fethers newe ſhe ſings,
The Turtle to her make hath told her tale
Somer is come foꝛ euery Spꝛay now ſpꝛinges
The hart hath hong his old head on the pale,
The Backe in bꝛake his winter coate he flinges,
The fiſhes fleete with new repaired ſcale,
The Adder all her ſloth away ſhe flings
The ſwift Swallow purſueth the flies ſmall.
The buſie Bee her hony now ſhe minges,
Winter is woꝛne that was the flowers bale.
And this I ſee among theſe pleaſant thinges,
The care decaies and yet my ſoꝛrow ſpꝛinges.

De ſcrip-

Deſcription of the reſtleſſe eſtate of a Louer.

When youth had led me halfe the race,
That Cupids ſcourge had made me runne,
I looked back to meete the place.
From whence my wery courſe begonne,
And then I ſawe howe my deſire,
Miſguiding me had led the way,
Mine eyen to greedy of their hire,
Had made me looſe a better praie.
For when in ſighes I ſpent the day.
And could not cloke my griefe with game:
The boiling ſmoake did ſtill bewray,
The preſent heate of ſecret flame.
And when ſalt teares doe baine my breſt,
Where loue his pleaſant traines hath ſowen:
Her beawtie hath the fruites oppreſt:
Ere that the buddes were ſprong and blowne,
And when myne eyen did ſtill purſue.
The flying chace of their requeſt,
Their greedy lookes did oft renewe,
The hidden wound within my breſte,
When euery look theſe cheekes might ſtaine
From deadly pale to glowing red.
By outward ſignes appeared plaine,
To her for helpe my heart was fled.
But all to late loue learneth me,
To paint all kind of colours newe
To blind their eies that els ſhould ſee,
My ſpeckled cheekes with Cupids hewe,
And nowe the couert preſt I claime,
That worſhipt Cupid ſecretly,
And norriſhed his ſacred flame:
From whence no blaſing ſparkes do flye.

Diſcription of the fickle afflictions pangs and ſleights of Loue.

Songes

SUch waiward waies hath loue, that most part in discorde,
Our wils doe stande, whereby our hartes but seldome doe accorde
Deceit is his delight, and to beguile and mocke
The simple harts, whō he doth strike wᵗh froward diuers stroke.
He causeth thone to rage with golden burning darte,
And doth alay with leaden colde againe the others harte,
whote gleames of burning fire, and easie sparkes of flame,
In ballance of vnegall weight he pondereth by ame.
From easie ford where I might wade and pas full well,
he me withdrawes and doth me driue into a deepe darke hell.
And me withholdes where I am cald and offred place,
And willes that my mortall foe I doe beseeke of grace,
he lets me to pursue a conquest wellneere wonne,
To follow where my paine were lost, ere that my sute begonne.
So by the meanes I know how sone a hart may turne,
From warre to peace, from truce to strife, and so againe returne.
I knowe how to content my selfe in others lust,
Of little stuffe vnto my selfe to weaue a webbe of trust.
And how to hide my harms with soft dissembling chere,
When in my face the painted thoughtes would outwardly appeare
I know how that the bloud forsakes the face for dred,
And howe by shame it staines againe the cheekes with flaming red
I knowe vnder the grene the serpent howe he lurkes,
The hammer of the restlesse forge, I wote eke how it worke
I knowe and can by roate the tale that I would tell,
But oft the wordes come forth awry of him that loueth well.
I know in heate and colde the louer how he shakes,
In singing how he doth complaine, in sleeping how he wakes
To languish without ache, sickelesse for to consume,
A thousand thinges for to deuise, reuoluing of his fume.
And though he list to see his ladies grace full sore,
Such pleasure as delight his eie, doe not his health restore.
I knowe to seeke the trasse of my desired foe,
And feare to find that I doe seeke but cheifly this I knowe,
That louers must transforme into the the thing beloued.
And liue (alas who would beleeue:) with spite from life remoued
I knowe in hartie sighes and laughters of the splene,
At once to chaunge my state, my will, and eke my colour clene.

I

I know how to deceiue my ſelfe with others helpe,
And how the lion chaſtiſed is by beating of the whelp.
In ſtanding neere the fire, I know how that I freeſe,
Farre of I burne in both I waſt, and ſo my life I leſe.
I know how loue doth rage vppon a yelding minde,
How ſmall a nette may take and maſe a harte of gentle kinde.
Or els with ſeldome ſweete to ſeaſon heapes of gall
Reuiued with a glimſe of grace old ſorrowes to let fall
The hidden traines I knowe and ſecret ſnares of loue,
How ſone a looke will print a thought, that neuer may remoue.
The ſlipper ſtate I knowe, the ſodaine turnes from wealth
The doubtfull hope, the certaine woe, and ſure diſpaired health

Complaint of a lóuer, that defied loue and was by loue after the more tormented.

VVhen Sommer toke in hand the winter to aſſaile,
With force of might and vertue great, his ſtormy blaſtes (to quail
And when he clothed faire the earth about with grene.
And euery tre new garmented, that pleaſure was to ſene,
Wyne hart gan newe reuiue, and chaunged bloud did ſtirre
Me to withdrawe my winter woes, that kept within the durres
Abrode quoth my deſire aſſaie to ſet thy fote
Wher thou ſhalt find the ſauour ſwete, for ſprong is euery rote,
And to thy heath if thou were ſicke in any caſe,
Nothing more good, than in the ſpring the aire to feele a place
There ſhalt thou heare & ſee all kinde of birdes ywrought,
wel tune their voice with warble ſmall, as nature hath thē taught
Thus pricked me my luſt the ſluggiſh houſe to leaue,
And for my health I thought it beſt ſuch counſell to receaue.
So on a morrow forth, vnwiſt of any wight,
I went to proue how well it would my heauie burden light:
And when I felt the aire ſo pleaſant round about
Lord, to my ſelfe how glad I was that I had gotten out
There might I ſee how Ver had euery bloſome hent
And eke the newe betrothed birdes ycoupled how they went,
And in their ſonges me thought they thanked nature much,
That by her lycence all that yere to lone their happe was ſuch.

Right as they could deuise to chose them feres through out,
With much reioicing to their Lord thus shewe they all about.
Which when I gan resolue, and in my head conceiue,
What pleasant life what heapes of ioy these little birds receiue
And sawe in what estate I wery man was wrought
By want of that they had at will and I reiect at nought,
Lord how I gan in wrath vnwisely me demeane,
I cursed loue and him defied: I thought to turne the streame.
But when I well beheld he had me vnder awe,
I asked mercy for my fault that so transgrest his lawe.
Thou blinded God (quoth I) forgiue me this offence,
Unwittingly I went about to malice thy pretence.
wherewith he gaue a beck and thus me thought he swore,
Thy sorow ought suffice to purge thy fault if it were more.
The vertue of which sound did so my heart reuiue,
That I me thought was made as whole as any man aliue.
But here I may perceiue mine error all and some,
For that I thought that so it was: yet was it stil vndone.
And all that was no more but myne expressed mind,
That faine would haue some good releise, of Cupid well assinde
I turned home forthwith, and might perceiue it well,
That he agreeued was right sore with me for my rebell.
My harmes haue euer since increased more and more,
And I remaine without his helpe, vndone for euer more.
A mirror let me be vnto ye louers all,
Strine not with loue for if yee doe it will yee this befall.

Complaint of a louer rebuked.

LOue that liueth and raineth in my thought,
That built his seate with'n my captiue brest,
Clad in the armes wherein he me with fought,
Oft in my face he doth his banner rest.
She that me thought to loue and suffer paine,
My doubtfull hope and eke my hote desire,
With shamefast cloke to shadowe and restraine
Her smiling grace conuerteth straight to ire.
And couered loue then to the hart apace

Taketh

Taketh his delight, whereas he lurkes and plaines
His purpoſe loſt, and dare not ſhewe his face,
For my Lords gilt thus faithleſſe bide I paines,
Yet from my Lord ſhall not my foote remoue,
Swete is his death that takes his end by loue.

Complaint of the louer diſdained

IN Cyprus ſpringes, where as dame Venus dwelt
A well ſo hote that who ſo taſtes the ſame,
Were he of ſtone, as thawled ife ſhould melt,
And kindled find his breſt with fired flame.
Whoſe moiſt poiſon diſſolued hath my hate,
This creeping fire my cold limmes ſo oppreſt,
That in the hart that harbordes freedome late,
Endleſſe diſpaire long thraldome hath impreſt.
An other ſo cold in froſen yſe is founde
whoſe ch illing venome of repugnant kinde
The feruent heate doth quench of Cupids wounde
And with the ſpot of change infectes the minde.
Whereof my deere hath taſted to my paine.
My ſeruice thus is growen into diſdaine.

Diſcription and praiſe of his loue Geraldine.

FRom Tuſcane came my Ladies worthy race,
Faire Florence was ſometime her auncient ſeat,
The weſterne yle, whoſe pleaſant ſhore doth face
Wylde Camaers cliffs, did giue her liuely heate,
Foſtred ſhe was with milke of Iriſh breſt,
Her ſire an earle, her dame of princes blood,
From tender yeres in Brittaine ſhe doth reſt,
With kinges child. where ſhe taſted coſtly foode
Honſdon did firſt preſent her to mine eien,
Bright is her hewe, and Geraldine ſhe hight:
Hampton me taught to wiſh hir firſt mine:
And winſor, alas, doth chaſe me from her ſight,
Her beautie of kinde, her vertues from aboue.
Happie is he, that can obtaine her loue.

The frailtie and hurtfulneſſe

of

Songes

The frailtie and hurtfulneſſe of Beautie.

BRittle beautie that nature made ſo fraile,
Whereof the gift is ſmall and ſhort the ſeaſon.
Flowring to day to morrow apt to faile
Tickle treaſure abhorred of reaſon,
Daungerous to deale with, vaine of none availe,
Coſtly in keeping paſt not worth two peaſon,
Slipper in sliding as is an eles taile,
Hard to attaine once gotten not geaſon,
Jewell of ieoperdie that peril doth aſſaile.
Falſe and vntrue enticed oft to treaſon,
Enemy to youth, that moſt may I bewaile
Ah bitter ſwete infecting as the poiſon,
Thou fareſt as fruite that with the froſt is taken,
To day ready ripe, to morrow all to ſhaken.

A complaint by night of the louer not beloued.

ALas ſo all thinges now doe hold their peace
Heauen and earth diſturbed in nothing,
The beaſtes the aire, the birdes their ſong doe ceaſe,
The nightes chare, the ſtarres aboue doth bring,
Calme is the ſea, the waues worke leſſe and leſſe.
So am I now, whome loue alas doth wring,
Bringing before my face the great encreaſe
Of my deſires whereat I wepe and ſing,
In ioy and woe, as in a doubtfull caſe:
For my ſwete thoughtes, ſometime doth pleaſure bring.
But by and by the cauſe of my diſeaſe
Giue me a pang that inwardly doth ſting,
When that I thinke what griefe it is againe,
To liue and lacke the thing ſhould rid my payne,

How ech thing ſaue the louer in ſpring reuiueth to pleaſure.

WHen winſore walles ſuſtainde my wearied arme

My hand my chin to eaſe my reſtleſſe hed,
The pleaſant plot reuested greene, with warme,
The bloſſomes blowes with luſtie Aer yſpred.
The flowred meades, the wedded birdes ſo late
Mine eies diſcouer and to my mind reſort
The ioly woes the hartleſſe ſhort debate,
The rakehell life that longes to loues diſport,
Wherewith (alas) the heauie charge of care
Heapt in my breſt breakes forth againſt my will
In ſmoaky ſighs, that ouercaſt the aire,
My vapord eies ſuch dreary teares diſtill,
The tender ſpringe which quicken where they fall,
And I halfe bent to throwe me downe with all.

A vow to loue faithfully how ſoeuer he be rewarded.

SEt me whereas the ſunne doth parch the greene,
Or where his beames do not diſſolue the yſe,
In temperate heate where he is felt and ſeene,
In preſence preſt of people madde or wiſe,
Set me in hie, or yet in lowe degree,
In longeſt night or in the ſhorteſt day,
In cleareſt ſkye, or where clouds thickeſt be,
In luſtie youth, or when my heares are gray,
Set me in heauen, in earth or els in hell,
In hill or dale or in the ſoming floode,
Thrall or at large, alliue where ſo I dwell,
Sicke or in health, in euill fame or good,
Hers will I be, and onely with this thought,
Content my ſelfe, although my chance bee nought.

Complaint that his lady after ſhe knewe of his loue kept hir face alwaies hidden from him.

I Neuer ſawe my lady lay a part
Her cornet black in cold nor yet in heate,
Sith firſt ſhe knewe my griefe was growen ſo great

which

Which others fankes driueth from my harte
That to my selfe I doe the thought reserue,
The which vnwares did wound my wofull brest,
But on her face my eies might neuer rest,
Yet since she knewe I did hir loue and serue.
Her golden tresses clad alway with blacke,
Her smiling lookes that had thus euer moze,
And that restraines which I desire so soze,
So doth this corner gouerne me alacke,
In Summer sunne in winters breath a frost,
Wherby the light of her faire lookes I lost.

Request to his loue to ioine bounty with beautye.

The golden gift that nature did the giue
To fasten friendes and feed them at thy will
With forme and fauour taugh me to beleeue,
How thou art made to shew her greatest skill,
Whose hidden vertues are not so vnknowen,
But liuely domes might gather at the first,
Where beautie so her perfect seede hath sowen.
Of other graces follow needes there must,
Now certesse Lady since all this, is true,
That from aboue thy gifts are thus elect.
Doe not deface them then with fanlies newe,
Nor change of mindes let not the minde infect,
But mercy him thy friend that doth the serue
Who seekes alway thine honour to preserue.

Prisoner in VVindsore, here counteth his pleasure there passed.

O cruell prison how could betide, alas,
As proud wincor where I lust and ioy.
With a kinges sonne, my childish yeares did pas:
In greater feast than Priam sonnes of Troye,
Where eche swete place returnes a taste full sower:

The

The large greene courtes where we were wont to houe
With eies caſt vp into the maidens tower,
And eaſy ſighes, ſuch as folke drawe in loue,
The ſtately ſeates, the ladyes bright of hewe,
The daunces ſhort long tales of great delight,
with words and looks that Tigars could but rew,
Where ech of vs did pleade the others right.
The plaine play, where diſpoſed for the game,
With dazed eies oft we by gleames of loue,
Haue miſt the ball, and got ſight of our Dame,
To baite her eies, which keepes the leades aboue.
The greuell ground with ſleeues tied on the helme,
On fomyng horſe, with ſwords and friendly harts,
With cheare as though one ſhould another whelm.
Where we haue fought and chaſed oft with dartes
With ſiluer droppes the meade yet ſpread for ruth,
In actiue games of nimbleneſſe and ſtrength,
wher we did ſtraine trained w̄ ſwarmes of youth,
Our tender limmes that yet ſhot vp in length:
The ſecret grones, which oft we made reſounde
Of pleſant plaint and of our ladies praiſe,
Recording of what grace ech one had founde
What hope of ſpeede what dread of long delayes,
The wild foreſt, the clothed holtes with greene,
with raines auailed, & ſwifte breathed horſe,
With cry of hound and merry blaſtes betweene,
Where we did chaſe the fearefull harts of force.
The wide vales eke, that harbord vs ech night,
Wherewith (alas) reuiueth in my breſt,
The ſweete accord ſuch ſleepes as it delight,
The pleaſant dreames the quiet bed of reſt,
The ſecret thoughts imparted with ſuch truſt,
The wanton talk, the diuers chaunge of play,
The friendſhip ſworne, ech promiſe keepe ſo iuſt,
Wherewith we paſt the winter night away.
And with this thought the blood forſakes the face,
The teares beraine my cheekes of deadly hewe,
The which as ſoone as ſobbing ſighes (alas)

Anſwpped haue, thus I my plaint renewe.
O place of bliſſe, renuer of my woes
Giue me account where is my noble fere,
Whom in this walles thou doſt ech night incloſe.
To other leeſe, but vnto me moſt deare,
Ech ſtone alas, that doth my ſorrow rewe,
Reſournes thereto a hollow ſound of plaint,
Thus I alone where all my freedome grewe,
In priſon pine, with boudage and reſtraint,
And with remembrance of the greater grieſe,
To banith the leſſe I find my chiefe reliefe.

The louer comforteth himſelfe, with worthines of his loue.

When raging loue with extreeme paine,
Moſt cruelly diſdaines my hart,
When that my teares as flouds of raine,
Beare witnes of my wofull ſmarte,
When ſighes hath waſted ſo my breath,
That I lye at the point of death:
I call to mind the nauie great,
That the Greekes brought to Troy towne,
And how the boyſtrous windes did beate,
Their ſhips and rent their ſailes a downe
Till Agamemnons daughters bloud,
Appeaſed the Gods that them withſtood.
And how in theſe ten yeres warre
Full many a blouddy deede was done,
And many a Lord that came from farre,
There caught his bane alas to ſone,
And many a good knight ouercome.
Before the Greekes had Helene wonne.
Then thinke I thus ſith ſuch repaire,
So long time warre of valiant men,
Was all to winne a ladie faire.
Shall I not learne to ſuffer then,
And thinke my time well ſpent to be,
Seruing a worthier wight then ſhe.

Therefore

Therfore I neuer will repent,
But paines contented ſtill indure,
For likeas when rough winter ſpent.
The pleaſant ſpring ſtraight draweth in ye,
So after raging ſtormes of fare,
Joyfull at length may be my care.

Complaint of the abſence of her louer being vppon the ſeas.

O happie dames that may imbrace
The fruite of your delight,
Helpe to bewaile the wofull caſe
And eke the heauie plight,
Of me that wonted to reioice
The fortune of my pleaſant choiſe,
Good ladies helpe to fill my mourning voice,
In ſhippe freight with remembrance
Of thoughts and pleaſures paſt,
He ſailes that hath in gouernaunce
My life while it will laſt.
With ſcalding ſighes for lacke of gale
Furdering his hope that is his ſaile
Toward me the ſwete port of his auaile.
Alas, how oft in dreames I ſee
Thoſe eies which were my foode,
Which ſometime ſo delighted mee,
That yet they doe me good:
Wherewith I wake with his returne.
Whoſe abſent flame did make me burne:
But when I find the lacke Lord how I mourne!
When other louers in armes a croſſe,
Reioice their cheſe delight,
Drowned in teares to mourne my loſſe
I ſtand the bitter night
In my window where I may ſee
Before the windes how the clouds flee,
Lo what marriner loue hath made me.
And in grenewaues when the ſalt flouds

Doth

Doth rise by rage of winde,
A thousand fansies in that moode,
Assaile my restlesse mind.
Alas nowe drencheth my sweet so,
That with the spoile of my hart did goe,
And left me (but alas) why did he so?
And when the seas ware calme againe,
To chace from me anoy,
My doubtfull hope doth cause me plaine,
So dread cuts of my ioye.
Thus is my wealth mingled with woe,
And of ech thought a doubt doth growe,
Nowe he comes, will he come? alas no no.

Complant of a dying louer refused vpon his Ladies vniust mistaking of his writing.

IN Winters iust returne, when Boreas gan his raigne,
And euery tree vnclothed fast, as nature taught them plaine,
In misty morning darke, as sheepe are then in hold
I hied me fast, it sat me on, my sheepe for to vnfolde.
And as it is a thing that louers haue by fittes:
Under a palme I heard one cry, as he had lost his wittes,
Whose voice did ring so shrill in vttring of his plaint,
That I amazed was to heare, how loue could haue attaint
Ah wretched man, quoth he, come death and rid this woe,
A iust reward a happie end if it may chance thee so.
Thy pleasures past haue wrought thy woe without redresse,
If thou hadst neuer felt no ioy, thy smart had beene the lesse.
And retchlesse of his life, he gan both sigh and grone,
A ruthfull thing me thought it was to heare him make such mone,
Thou cursed pen saith he, wo worth the bird the beare,
The man, the knife, and all that made thee: wo be to their share,
Wo worth the time and place where I so could indite,
And wo be it, yet once againe, the pen that so can write.
Unhappie hand, it had ben happy time for me,
If when to write thou learned first, vnlointed hadst thou be.
Thus cursed he himself and euery other wight.

Sans

Saue her alone whom loue him bound to ſerue both day and night
Which when I heard and ſaw, how he him ſelfe forbidde,
Againſt the ground with bloudy ſtrokes, himſelfe euen there to rid
Had bene my heart of flint, it muſt haue melted tho,
For in my life I neuer ſaw a man ſo full of woe.
With teares for his redreſſe, I raſhly to him ran,
And in my armes I caught him faſt, and thus I ſpake him than:
What woefull wight art thou, that in ſuch heauie caſe,
Torments thy ſelfe with ſuch diſpite, here in this deſert place?
Wherewith as all agaſt, fulfild with ire and dread,
He caſt on me a ſtaring looke, with colour pale and dead.
May what art thou (q, he) that in this heauie plight.
Doſt find me here moſt wofull wretch, that life hath in deſpight?
I am (q, I) but poore and ſimple in degree,
A ſhepheards charge I haue in hand, vnworthy though I bee.
With that he gaue a ſigh as though the ſkie ſhould fall,
And loude (alas) he ſhriked oft, and ſhepheard gan he call.
Come hie the faſt at once, and print it in thy heart,
So thou ſhalt knowe, and I ſhall tell the giltleſſe how I ſmart.
His backe againſt the tree, ſore feebled all with faint,
With weary ſprite he ſtretcht him vp, and thus he told his plaint.
Once in my heart (q, he) it chanced me to loue
Such one in who hath nature wrought, her conning for to proue.
And ſure I cannot ſay but many yeeres were ſpent,
With ſuch good will ſo recompenſt, as both we were content,
Whereto then I me bound, and ſhe likewiſe alſo,
The Sunne ſhould runne his courſe awry ere we this faith forgo.
Who ioyed then but I? who had this worldes bliſſe?
Who might compare a life to mine, that neuer thought on this?
But dwelling in this truth and my greateſt ioy,
Is me befallen a greater loſſe then Prian had of Troy.
She is reuerſed cleane and beareth me in hand,
That my deſerts haue giuen cauſe to breake this faithfull band.
And for my iuſt excuſe auaileth noe defenſe,
Now knoweſt thou all, I can no more, but ſhepheard hie the hence,
And gine him leaue to dye, that may no longer liue,
Whoſe record ſo I claime to haue, my death I doe forgiue:
And eke when I am gone, be bold to ſpeake it plaine,

Thou hast seene by the truest man, that euer loue did paine.
wherewith he turnd him round, and gasping oft for breath,
Into his armes a tree he raught, and said welcome my death.
welcome a thousand fold, now dearer vnto me,
Than should without her loue to liue, an Emperour for to be.
Thus in this wofull state, he yelded vp the ghost,
And little knoweth his Lady what a louer she lost,
whose death when I beheld, no maruaile was it right,
For pittie though my hart did bleede, to see so pitious sight.
My blood from heat to colde oft chaunged wonders sore,
A thousand troubles there I founde I neuer knewe before.
Tweene dread and dolour, so my spirites were brought in feare.
That long it was ere I could call to minde, what I did there,
But as eche thing hath ende, so had these paines of mine,
The furie past and I my wittes restored by length of time.
Then as I could deuise, to seeke I thought it best,
Where I might find some worthy place, for such a corps to rest.
And in my mind it came from thence not farre away,
Where Cressides loue, King Priams son, ỹ worthy Troylus lay.
By him I made his tomb, in token he was true,
And so to him belongeth well, I couered it with blewe.
Whose soule by angels power, departed not so sone,
But to the heauens loe it fled, for to receiue his dome.

Complaint of the absence of her louer being vpon the sea.

GOod Ladies, ye that haue your pleasures in exile,
Step in your foote cõe take a place, & mourne with me awhile.
And such as by their Lordes doe set but little price,
Let them sit still it skilles them not what chasice come on the dice.
But ye whom loue hath bound by order of desire
to loue your Lords whose good deserts nõe other would require:
Come ye yet once againe, and set your foote by mine,
Whose wofull plight and sorrowes great no tong may well define
My loue and Lord alas, in whom consists my welth
Hath fortune sent to passe the seas in hazard of his health:
Whome I was wont to embrace with well contented minde,
Is now amid the foming floods at pleasure of the winde,
Where God will him preserue, and hym home me send,

without

Without which hope my life, (alas) were ſhortly at an end.
Whoſe abſenſe yet although my hope doth tell me plaine,
With ſhort retourne comes anone, yet ceaſeth not my paine.
The fearefull dreames I haue, oft times doe greue me ſo,
That when I wake I ly in doubt wher they be true or no
Some time the roaring ſeas, me ſeeme do growe ſo hie,
That my deare Lord aye me alas, methinks I ſee him dye.
Another time the ſame doth tell me he is come.
And playing. where I ſhall him finde with his faire little ſonne.
So forth I goe a pace to ſee that lefeſome ſight,
And with a kiſſe me thinke I ſay, welcome my Lord and knight
Welcome my ſwete, alas, the ſtay of my welfare,
Thy preſence bringeth forth a truce a twixt me and my care.
Then liuely doth he looke, and ſalueth me againe,
And ſaieth my deare how is it now. that you haue all this paine?
Where with the heauie cares that heapt are in my breſt,
Breake forth and me diſcharged, cleane of all my huge vnreſt.
But when I me awake and finde it but a dreame.
The anguiſh of my former wo beginneth more extreme
And me tormenteth ſo that vneath may I finde
Some hidden place, wherein to ſlake the knawing of my minde.
Thus euery way you ſee, with abſence howe I burne
And for my wound noe cure I finde but hope of good returne.
Saue when I thinke by ſowre how ſweete is feelt the more.
It doth abate ſome of my paines, that I abode before.
And then vnto my ſelfe I ſay. when we ſhall meete,
But little while ſhall ſeme this paine the ioy ſhall be ſo ſweete.
ye windes I you coniure in cheefeſt of your rage,
That ye my Lord doe ſafely ſend, my ſorrowes to aſſwage.
And that I may not long abide in this exceſſe,
Doe your good will to cure a wight, that lineth in diſtreſſe.

A praiſe of his loue wherein he reproueth them that compare their Ladies with his.

GIue place ye louers here before
That ſpent your boaſtes and bragges in vaine
My Ladyes beautie paſſeth more
The beſt of yours I dare well ſayne
Then doth the ſunne the candle light,

Or bryghteſt day the darkeſt night
And there to hath a troth as iuſt,
as had Penelope the faire,
For what ſhe ſaith ye may it truſt.
as it by wryting ſealed were,
and vertues hath ſhe many moe
Than I with pen haue ſkill to ſhowe
I could rehearſe, if that I woulde
The wholl effect of natures plaint
when ſhe had loſt the perfite mould,
The like to whom ſhe could not paint,
with wringing hands how ſhe did cry,
And what ſhe ſaid, I know it I
I know ſhe ſwore with raging mind,
Her kingdome onely ſet a part,
There was no loſſe by law of kind,
That could haue gone ſo neere her hart.
And this was cheefly all hir paine,
She could not make the like againe.
Sith nature thus gaue her the praiſe
To be the cheefeſt worke ſhe wrought,
In faith me thinke ſome better waies
On your behalfe might be ſought.
Then to compare (as ye haue done)
To match the candle with the Sunne.

To the Ladie that ſkorned her louer.

ALthough I had a checke,
To giue the mate is harde.
For I haue found a necke
To keepe my men in garde
And you that hardy are
To giue ſo great aſſay
Unto a man of warre
To driue his men away:
I rede you take goodheede
And marke this fooliſh verſe,
For I will ſo prouide

That I will haue your fierce.
And when your fierce is had
And all your warre is done
Then ſhall your ſelfe be glad
To end that you begonne.
For if by chance I winne
Your perſon in the fielde,
To late then come you in,
Your ſelfe to me to yeelde.
For I will vſe my power
As captaine full of might,
And ſuch I will deuoure
As vſe to ſhewe me ſpight.
And for becauſe you gaue
Me checke in your degree,
This vantage loe I haue,
Nowe checke and garde to thee
Defend it if thou may,
Stand ſtiffe in thine eſtate,
For ſure I will aſſay
If I can giue thee mate.

A warning to the Louer how he is abuſed by his loue,

TO dearely had I bought my greene and youthfull yeres,
If in my age I could not find when craft for loue apperes
And ſeldome though I come in Court among the reſt,
Yet can I iudge in colours dimme, as depe as can the beſt.
where griefe torments the man that ſuffereth ſecret ſmart:
To breake it forth vnto ſome friend it eaſeth well the hart:
So ſtandes it now with me for my beloued friend.
This caſe is thine for whom I feele ſuch torment of my minde,
And for thy ſake I burne ſo in my ſecret breſt,
That till thou knowe my whole diſeaſe, my hart can haue no reſt.
I ſee how then abuſe hath wreſted ſo thy wits,
That all it yelds to thy deſire, and followes thee by fittes.
where thou haſt loude ſo long with heart and all thy power,
I ſee thee feed with fained wordes, thy freedome to deuower.
I know (though ſhe ſay nay, and would it well withſtand)

When in hir grace thou yeldest the most, she bare the but in hand
I see her pleasant cheere in cheifest of thy suite,
When thou art gone I see him come, that gathers vp the fruite.
And eke in thy respecte I see the base degree
Of him to whom she gaue the heart that promised was to thee.
I see (what would you more) stode neuer man so sure
On womans worde, but wisedome would mistrust to endure.

The forsaken louer discribeth and forsaketh loue.

O Lothsome place wher I
Haue seene and heard my deere.
When in my heart her eye
Hath made her thought appeare
By glinsing with such grace
As fortune it ne would,
That lasten any space
Betweene vs lenger should.
As fortune did aduaunce,
To farther my desire,
Euen so hath fortune chaunce
Throwen all amids the mire:
And that I haue deserued
With true and faithfull hart,
As to his hands reserued
That neuer felt the smart.
But happie is that man
That scaped hath the griefe
That loue well teach him can
By wanting his releife:
A scourge to quiet mindes
It is who taketh hede,
A common plague that bindes,
A trauaile with out meede.
This gift it hath also,
who so enioyes it most,
A thousand troubles growe
To ouer his wearied Gost,
And last it may not long

The trueſt thing of all.
And ſure the greateſt wronge
That is within this thrall.
But ſince thou deſert place
Canſt giue me no account,
Of my deſired grace
That I to haue was wont,
Farewell thou haſt me taught
To thinke me not the firſt,
That loue hath ſet aloft,
And caſten in the duſt.

The louer diſcribes his reſtleſſe ſtate.

AS oft as I behold and ſee
The Soueraigne beautie that me bound,
The nier my comfort is to mee,
Alas the freſher is my wound,
As flame doth quench by rage of fire.
And running ſtreames conſume by raine:
So doth the ſight that I deſire,
Appeaſe my griefe and deadly paine
Firſt when I ſawe thoſe criſtall ſtreames,
Whoſe beautie made my mortall woundꝛ
I little thought within her beames,
So ſwete a venom to haue founde.
But wilfull will did pricke me forth,
And blinde Cupide did whippe and guide,
Force made me take my griefe in worth,
My fruitles hope my harme did hide,
As cruell waues oft be found,
Againſt the rockes to roꝛe and cry,
So doth my hart full oft rebound
Againſt my breſt full bitterly.
I fall and ſee mine owne decay,
As one that beares flame in his bꝛeſt,
Forgets in paine to put away,
The thing that bꝛedeth mine vnreſt.

The louer excuſeth himſelfe of

such suspected change.

Though I regarded not
The promise made by mee,
Or passed not to spot
My faith and honestie.
Yet were my fansie strange,
And wilfull will to wite,
If I sought now to change,
A falkon for a kite.
All men might well dispraise,
My wit and enterprise,
If I esteamed a pease,
Aboue a pearle in price.
Or iudge the owle in sight
The sparhauk to excell,
Which flyeth but in the night,
As all men know right well
Or if I sought to saile
Into the brittle port,
Where ankerhold doth faile,
To such as doe resort,
And leaue the hauen sure
Where blowes no blustring wind,
Nor fickleneſſe in vre
So farre forth as I finde.
No thinke me not so light,
Nor of so churlish kinde,
Though it lay in my might,
My bondage to vnbinde:
That I will leaue the Hynde,
To hunt the Ganders so,
No no I haue no minde
To make exchanges so.
Nor yet to change at all,
For thinke it may not bee
That I should seeke to fall
From my felicitie.
Desirous for to winne,

And

And loth for to forgo,
Or new change to begin,
How may all this be ſo.
The fire cannot freeſe:
For it is not his kinde,
Nor true loue cannot leeſe
The conſtancy of minde
Yet as ſone ſhall the fire,
Want heat to blaſe and burne.
As I in ſuch deſyre,
Haue once a thought to turne.

A careleſſe man, ſcorning and diſcribing the ſuttle vſage of women towards their louers.

WRapt in my careleſſe cloke, as I walke to and fro,
I ſee, how loue can ſhew, what force there raineth in his bow.
And how he ſhooteth eke, an hardie hart to wound,
And where he glanceth by againe, that little hurt is founde.
For ſeldome is it ſeene, he woundeth hearts alike.
The tone may rage, when tothers loue is often farre to ſeeke,
All this I ſee, with more and wounder thinketh mee,
How he can ſtrike the one ſo ſore, and leaue the other free.
I ſee that wounded wight, that ſuffereth all this wrong,
How he is feed with yeas, and nayes and liueth all to long.
In ſilence though I keepe ſuch ſecrets to my ſelfe,
Yet doe I ſee, how ſhe ſometime doeth yeld a looke by ſtelth.
As though it ſemed ywis I will not loſe thee ſo,
When in hir hart ſo ſweete a thought did neuer truely grow.
Then ſay I thus, alas that man is farre from bliſſe,
That doeth receiue for his reliefe, none other gaine but this.
And ſhe that feedes him ſo, I fele and find it plaine,
Is but to glory in hir power, that ouer ſuch can raigne,
Nor are ſuch graces ſpent, but when ſhe thinkes that her:
A wery man is fully bent, ſuch fancies to let flee,
Then to retaine him ſtill, ſhe wreſteth new hir grace.
And ſmileth loe, as though ſhe would forthwith the man imbrace:
But when the proſe is made, to trie ſuch lookes withall,

He findeth then the place all void, and freighted full of gall.
Lord what abuse is this, who can such women praise,
That for their glory doe deuise, to vse such craftie wayes.
I, that among the rest doe sit, and marke the rowe,
Find that in hir is greater craft, then is in twentie moe.
Whose tender yeres alas, with wiles so well are spedde,
What will she doe, when hory heares, are powred in her hed.

An answere in the behalfe of a woman of an vncertaine author.

GOrt in my guiltlesse gowne as I sit here and sowe
I see that thinges are not indeede, as to the outward shewe.
And who so list to looke and note thinges somewhat nere,
Shal find wher plainenes seemes to haunt nothing but craft apere
For with indifferent eyes my selfe can wel discerne,
How some to guide a ship in stormes seek for to take the stern,
Whose practise if were prooued in calme to stir a barge.
Assuredly beleue it wel it were to great acharge.
And some I se againe sit stil and say but small,
That could doo ten times more then they that say they could do all
Whose goodly gifts are such, the more they vnderstand,
The more they seek to learn & know and take lesse charge in hand.
And to declare more plaine the time streets not so fast,
But I can beare ful wel in minde the song now sung and past,
The author wherof came wrapt in a crafty cloke.
With will to force a flaming fire where he could raise no smoke,
If power and wil had ioynd as it appeereth plaine,
Then truth nor right had tane no place their vertues had ben vain
So that you may perceiue, and may falsly see,
The innocent that giltles is, condemned should haue bee.

The constant Louer lamenteth.

SIns fortunes wrath enuieth the wealth,
Wherein I raigned by the sight
Of that that fed my eyes by stelth,
With sower, sweete, dread and delight:
Let not my greefe moue you to mone,
For I will weepe and waile alone.
Spite drane me into Boreas raigne,

wher

Where hory frosts the fruites doe bite,
when hils were spred and euery plaine
With stormy winter mantle white.
And yet my deare such was my heate,
when others freze then did I sweate.
And now though on the sunne I dsiue,
Whose feruent flame all thinges decaies,
His beames in brightnesse may not striue,
With light of your swete golden raies:
Nor from my brest this heate remoue,
The frosen thoughtes grauen by loue,
Ne may the waues of the salt floud,
Quench that your beautie set on fire.
For though mine eies forbare the foode,
That did relieue the hote desire,
Such as I was such will I bee,
Your owne, what would ye more of me,

A song written by the Earle of Surrey by a Lady that refused to daunce with him.

EAch beast can chose his feere according to his minde.
And eke can shew a friendly chere like to their beastly kinde.
A Lion saw I late as white as any snowe
Which seemed well to leade the race his port the same did showe.
Upon the gentle beast to gaze it pleased me,
For still me thought he seemed well of noble blood to be,
And as he praunced before still seeking for a make,
As who would say there is none here I trowe will me forsake
I might perceiue a woulfe as white as whales bone,
A fairer beast of fresher hue beheld I neuer none,
Saue that her lookes were coy and froward eke her grace.
Unto the which this gentle beast gan him adnaunce apace,
And with a becke full low he bowed at her feete,
In humble wise as who would say. I am to farre vnmeete.
But such a scornefull cheere wherewith she him rewarded.
Was neuer seene I trow the like to such as well deserued.
With that she start a side well nie a foote or twaine,
And vnto him thus gan she say with spite and greate disdaine.

Lion

Lion she said, if thou hadst knowne my mind before:
Thou hadst not spent thy trauaile thus nor all thy paine forlore:
Do waye, I let the wete thou shalt not play with me,
Go range about where thou maiest finde some meter fere for thee.
With that he bet his taile, his eies beganne to flame,
I might perceiue his noble hart much mooued by the same,
yet saw I him refraine and eke his wrath asswage,
And vnto her thus gan he say when he was past his rage.
Cruell you doe me wronge to set me thus so light,
Without desert for my good will to shew me such despight.
Howe can ye thus intreat a Lion of the race,
That with his pawes a crowned king deuoured in the place,
Whose nature is to pray vpon no simple foode.
As long as he may suck the flesh and drinke of nobles bloud.
If you be faire and fresh, am I not of your hue
And for my vaunt I dare well say, my bloud is not vntrue.
For you your selfe haue heard, it is not long agoe,
Sith that for loue one of the race did end his life for woe.
In Tower strong and hie for his assured truth,
Whereas in teares hee spent his breath, alas the more the ruth,
This gentle beast so died whom nothing could remoue,
But willingly to leese his life for losse of his true loue.
Other therebe whose liues doe linger still in paine
Against their willes preserued are, that would haue died faine.
But nowe I doe perceiue that nought it moueth you
My good entent my gentle hart, nor yet my kind so true.
But that your will is such to lure me to the trade.
As other some full many yeres to trace by craft yee made.
And thus behold our kindes how that wee differ farre
I seeke my foes and you your friends do threaten still with warre.
I faune where I am fed, you slay that seekes to you,
I can deuour no yelding pray you kill where you subdue.
My kind is to desire the honour of the field.
And you with bloud to slake your thirst on such as to you yelde.
Wherefore I would you wish that for your coied lookes,
I am no man that wilbe trapt, nor tangled with such hookes,
And though some lust to loue where blame full well they might
And to such beasts of currant sort that would haue trauaile bright:
I will obserue the lawe which nature gaue to mee,

To

To conquer ſuch as will reſiſt and let the reſt goe free.
And as a fawcon free that foꝛeth in the aire.
Which neuer fed on hand noꝛ lure, noꝛ foꝛ no ſtale doth care:
While that I liue and bꝛeath, ſuch ſhall my cuſtome be.
In wildnes of the woods to ſeeke my pꝛay where pleaſeth me.
Where many one ſhall rue, that neuer made offenſe,
Thus your refuſe againſt my power ſhall bote them no defenſe,
And foꝛ reuenge thereof I vow and ſwere therto,
A thouſand ſpoiles I ſhall commit I neuer thought to doe.
And if to light on you my lucke ſo good ſhall bee,
I ſhall be glad to feede on that that would haue feed on mee.
And thus fare well vnkinde to whom I bent and bowe,
I would you wiſt the ſhippe is ſafe that bare his ſaile ſo lowe.
Sith that a lions hart is foꝛ a woulfe no pꝛay,
With bloudy mouth go ſlake your thirſt on ſimple ſhepe I ſay,
With moꝛe deſpite and yꝛe then I can nowe expꝛeſſe,
Which to my paine though I refraine, the cauſe you may wel geſſe
As foꝛ becauſe my ſelfe was authoꝛ of the game,
It botes me not that foꝛ my wꝛath I ſhould diſturbe the ſame.

The faithful louer declareth his paines and his vncertaine ioyes, and with onely hope recomforted ſomewhat his woeful hart.

If ſome doe cauſe men cry why doe not I complaine,
If ech man doe bewaile his woe, why ſhewe I not my paine?
Since that amongeſt them all I dare ell ſay is none
So farre from weale, ſo full of woe oꝛ hath moꝛe cauſe to mone.
Foꝛ all thinges hauing life ſometime hath quiet reſt,
The bearing Aſſe, the dꝛawing Oxe, and euery other beaſt.
The peſant and the poſt, that ſerues at all aſſaies,
The ſhipboy and the gally ſlaue, haue time to take their eaſe
Saue I, alas, whom care of foꝛce doth ſo conſtraine,
To wayle the day and wake the night continually in paine.
From penſiueneſſe to plaint from plaint to bitter teares.
From yeares to paineful plaint againe, and thus my life it weares.
Nothing vnder the ſunne that I can heare oꝛ ſee,

But

But mooueth me for to bewaile my cruel deſteny:
For where men do reioice ſince that I cannot ſo,
I take no pleſure in that place, it doubleth but mine woe,
And when I heare the ſound of ſong or inſtrument:
Me thinke eche tune there doleful is, and helps me to lament.
And if I ſee ſome haue their moſte deſired ſight,
Alas think I ech man hath weale ſaue I moſte woful wight.
Then as the ſtriken deer with drawes him ſelf alone,
So doo I ſeek ſome ſecret place where I may make my mon.
There doo my flowing eyes ſhew forth my melting hart,
So that the ſtremes of thoſe two wels right wel declare my ſmart.
And in thoſe cares ſo could I force my ſelf a heat,
As ſick men in their ſhaking fits procure them ſelues to ſweat.
With thoughts that for the time dooth much appeaſe my paine,
But yet they cauſe a farther fear, and dred my wo againe.
Me think within my thought I ſee right plaine appere,
My harts delight, my ſorowes lech, mine erthly goddes here,
With euery ſundry grace that I haue ſeen her haue,
Thus I within my woful breſt her picture paint and graue.
And in my thought I role her bewtie to and froe,
Her laughing cheer her liuely looks, my hart that perced ſo,
Her ſtrangenes when I ſued her ſeruant for to be,
And what ſhe ſaid and how ſhe ſmilde when that ſhe pitied me.
Then coms a ſodain fear that rueth all my reſt,
Leſt abſence cauſe forgetfulnes to ſink within her breſt.
For when I think how far this earth doth vs deuide,
Alas, me ſeems loue thrues me downe, I feel how that I ſlide.
But when I think againe, why ſhould I thus miſtruſt,
So ſweet a wight, ſo ſad and wiſe, that is ſo true and iuſt.
For loth ſhe was to loue, and wauering is ſhe not,
The farther of, the more deſire, thus louers try their knot.
So in diſpaire and hope plunged am I bothe vp and downe,
As in the ſhip with winde and wane where Neptune liſt to frown.
But as the watery ſhowers delay the raging winde,
So dooth good hope clene put away diſpaire out of my minde.
And bids me for to ſerue and ſuffer patiently,
For what wot I that after weale that fortune wils to me.
For thoſe that cars doo knowe and taſted haue of trouble

When

When paſſed is their woful paine ioy ſhal ſeeme them double,
And bitter ſendes ſhe now to make me taſt the better,
The pleaſant ſwete when that it comes to mak it ſeme ſ ſweter.
And ſo determine I to ſerue vntill my breth,
Yea rather dye a thouſande times then once to falſe my faith.
And if my deadly corps through weight of wofull ſmart,
Do faile or faint, my will it is that ſtill ſhe kept my heart.
and when this carcas here to earth ſhall be reſard,
I doe bequeath my weried goſt to ſerue her afterward.

The meanes to attaine happie life.

MArtiall the thinges that doe attaine.
The happie life by theſe I finde,
The riches left not got with paine,
The frutefull ground, the quiet minde:
The egall friend no grudge, no ſtrife,
No charge of rule nor gouernance,
Without diſeaſe the healthfull life,
The houſhold of continnuance:
The meane diet no delicat fare
True wiſdome ioind with ſimplenes
The night diſcharged of all care,
Where wine the wit may not oppreſſe:
The faithfull wife without debate,
Such ſleepes as may beguile the night,
Content thy ſelfe with thine eſtate,
Ne wiſh for death ne feare his might.

Praiſe of manne and conſtant eſtate

OF thy life Thomas, this compaſſe well marke
Not ay with full ſailes the hie ſeas to beate,
Ne by coward dread in ſhonning ſtormes darke,
On ſhallow ſhores the keel in perill freet.
Who ſo gladly hallſeth the golden meane
Void of daungers aduiſedly hath his home
Not with lothſome mucke as a den vncleane
Nor Palace like, whereat diſdaine may glome,
The loſty pine the great winde often riues.

With violenter swey kalne turrets stepe
Lightnings assaut the hie mountaines and clives,
A hart well staid in ouerthwarts deepe,
Hoapeth amendes in swete, doth feare the sower
God that sendeth withdraweth winter sharpe,
No will not aye thus, once Phebus to lowte,
with bowe bent, shall cesse and frame to harpe
His voice in straight estate appeare thou stout
And so wisely when lucky gale of winde
All thy puft sailes shall fill, looke well about,
Take in a rift, hall is wast; proke doth finde.

Praise of certaine Psalmes of Dauid translated by Sir T.VV. the elder,

The great Macedone, that out of Persie chased,
Darius of whose huge power all Asia rong,
In the rich arke Dan Homers rimes he placed,
Who fained iestes of heathen princes song.
What holy graue: what worthie sepulcher
To wyats Psalmes should christians then purchase
Where he doth paint the liuely faith and pure,
The steadfast hope the swete returne to grace
Of iust Dauid by perfit penitence,
Where rulers may see in mirrour cleare,
The bitter fruite of false concupiscense,
How Iewry bought Vrias death full deare.
In princes hartes Gods scourge imprinted deepe.
Ought them awake out of their sinfull sleepe.

Of the death of the same sir T.VV.

Diuers thy death do diuersly bemone,
Some that in presense of thy liuelihed
Lurked whose brestes enuie with hate hath swolne,
Yeld Ceasars teares vpon Pompeius hed
Some that watched with the murderers knife,
With eager thirst to drinke the giltlesse bloud,
Whose practise brake by happie end of life,
with enuious teares to heare thy fame so good
But I, that knewe what harbred in that hed,

What vertues rare were tempered in that breſt,
Honour that ſuch a Jewell bred,
And kiſſe the ground whereas the corps doth reſt,
With vapored eies, from whence ſuch ſtreames auaile,
As Piramus did on Thiſbees breſt bewaile.

Of the ſame.

WHat reſteth here, that quick could neuer reſt,
Whoſe heauenly gifts increaſeth by diſdaine.
And vertue ſanke the deeper in his breſt,
Such profite he by enuy could obtaine,
A hed where wiſdome miſteries did frame
Whoſe hammers bet ſtill in that liuely braine,
As on a ſtithe, where that ſome worke of fame
Was dayly wrought to turne to Brittaines gaine.
A viſage ſterne, & milde, wher both did growe,
Vice to contemne, in vertue to reioice
Amid great ſtormes, whom grace aſſured ſo,
To liue vpright, and ſmile at fortunes choiſe:
A hand that taught, what might be ſaid in rime,
That reft Chaucer the glory of his wit:
A marke the which (imperfited for time)
Some may approch, but neuer none ſhall hit:
A tong that ſerued in forraine realmes his king,
Whoſe courteous talke to vertue did inflame
Ech noble heart a worthy guide to bring
Our engliſh youth by trauaile vnto fame.
An eye whoſe iudgement none effect could blind,
Friendes to allure and foes to reconcile,
Whoſe perſing looke did repreſent a mind
With vertue fraught, repoſed voide of guile.
A hart where dread was neuer ſo impreſt,
To hide the thought that might the troth aduaunce
In neither fortune loft nor yet repreſt.
To ſwell in wealth, or yeld vnto miſchaunce.
A valiant corps where force and beautie meete,
happie, alas, to happie, but for foes,
Liued, and ran the race, that nature ſet,

Of manhodes shape where she the mould did lose,
But when to the heauens that simple soule is fled
Which left with such as couet Christ to knowe,
Witnes of faith that neuer shall bee deade,
Sent for our health but not receiued so:
Thus for our guilt this Iewell haue we lost.
The earth his bones the heauens possesse his gost.

Of the same.

IN the rude age when knowledge was not rise,
If Ioue in Creete, and other were that taught,
Artes to conuert to profite of our life,
Wend after death to haue their temple sought
If vertue it on void vnthankfull time,
Failed of some to blast her endlesse fame,
A goodly meane both to deferre from crime,
And to her steppes her sequele to enflame:
In dayes of truth if Wiats friends then waile
The onely det that deade of quicke may claime,
That rare wit spent employed to our auaile,
Where Christ is taught we led to vertues traine,
His liuely face their brests how did it freete,
Whose cinders yet, with enuy they doe eate.

Of Sardanapalus dishonourable life, and miserable death.

THassirian king in peace with foule desire,
And filthy lustes that standes his regall heart
In warre that should set princely harts on fire,
Did yeld vanquisht for want of martiall art,
The dint of swordes from kisses seemed straunge,
And harder then his ladies side, his targe,
From glutton feastes, to souldiers fare a chaunge,
His helmet farre aboue a garlandes charge,
Who scarce the name of manhod did retaine,
Drenched in sloth, and womanish delight
Feeble of spirit impacient of paine,
When he had lost his honour and his right

Proud time of welth, in ſtormes appald with dread,
Murdred him ſelfe, to ſhewe ſome manful deed.

How no age is contēt with his owne eſtate, and how the age of children is the happieſt if they had skil to vnderſtand it.

LAyed in my quiet bed, In ſtudie as I were,
I ſaw within my troubled hed, aheap of thoughts appere,
And euery thought did ſhew ſo liuely in myne eyes,
That now I ſight, and then I ſmild as cauſe of thoughts did riſe.
I ſawe the litle boy, in though how oft that he
Did wish of God to ſcape the rod a tall yong man to be.
The yong man eke that feels his bone with paines oppreſt,
How he would be a rich olde man to liue at reſt.
The rich olde man that ſee his end draw on ſo ſore,
How he would be a boy againe to liue ſo much the more:
Whereat ful oft I ſmilde to ſee how al theſe thre,
From boy to man, from man to boy would chop and change degre
And muſing thus I think the caſe is very ſtrange,
That man from welth to liue in wo, doth ener ſeek to change.
Thus thoughtful as I lay, I ſaw my withered ſkin,
How it doth hew my dented chewes, the fleſh was worne to thin.
And eke my toothles chaps the gates of my right way,
That ops and ſhuts when I doo ſpeak do thus vnto me ſay:
The white and horiſh hears, the meſſengers of age.
That ſhew like lines of trew beleef, that this life dooth aſſwage.
Bids thee lay hand and feele them hanging on thy chin,
The which do write two ages paſt the third now coming in.
Hang vp therfore the bit, of thy yong wanton time,
And thou that therin beaten art, the happieſt life define.
Wherat I ſighed, and ſaid, farwel my wonted ioy,
Truſſe vp thy pack, and trudge from me to euery litle boy.
And tel them thus from me, their time moſt happy is
If to their time they reaſon had, to knowe the trueth of this.

Bonum eſt mihi quod
humiliaſti me.

The ſtoꝛms are paſt theſe clouds are ouerblown,
And humble cheer, great rigour hath exprẽſt:
Foꝛ the defaut is ſet a paine foꝛeknowne,
And patience graft in a determed bꝛeſt,
And in the hart where heaps of greef were growne:
The ſweet reuenge hath planted mirth and reſt,
No company ſo pleſant as mine owne.
Thꝛaldome at large hath made this pꝛiſon free,
Danger wel paſt remembꝛed woꝛks delight,
Of lingring douts ſuch hope is ſpꝛong pardie,
That naugh I finde diſpleſant in my ſight:
But when my glaſſe pꝛeſented vnto me,
The cureles wound that bleedeth day and night,
To think (alas) ſuch hap ſhould graunted be.
Vnto a wꝛetch that hath ſo oft been ſhed,
Foꝛ Bꝛitains ſake (alas) and now is dead.

An exhortation to learne by others trouble.

My Ratelife, when the reckles youth offends
Receiue thy ſcourge by others chaſtiſement:
Foꝛ ſuch calling, when it woꝛks none amends,
Then plagues are ſent without aduertiſement,
Yet Salomon ſaid, the wronged ſhall recure,
But wyat ſaid true, the ſcar dooth ay endure.

The fanſie of a wery ed loouer.

The fanſie which, that I haue ſerued long,
That hath alwaies been enemy to myne eaſe:
Seemed of late to rue vpon my wrong,
And bad me fly the cauſe of my miſeaſe,
And I foꝛthwith did preace out of the thꝛong,
That thought by ſlight my painful hart to pleaſe,
Some other way, til I ſaw faith more ſtrong,
And to my ſelf I ſaid; alas, thoſe dayes
In vaine were ſpent, to run the race ſo long,
And with that thought, I met my guide that plaine
Out of the way wherin I wandyed wꝛong,

Bꝛought

Brought me amids the hils in bace Bullane.
Where I am now, as restles to remaine,
Against my wil ful pleased with my paine.

SVRREY.

The louer for shamfastnes hideth his desire within his faithful hart.

THe one long looue, that in my thought I harbour,
And in my hart dooth keep his residence,
In to my face preaseth with bold pretence:
And there campeth, displaieth his banner,
She that me learnes to loue and to suffer,
And wils that my trust and lusts negligence,
Be reyned by reason, shame and reuerence,
With his hardines takes displesure,
Wherwith loue to the harts forest he flieth,
Leaueng his enterprises with paine and cry,
And there him hideth and not appeareth,
What may I doe? when my Maister feareth
But in the field with him to liue and dye,
For good is the life, ending faithfully.

The louer waxeth wiser, and will not dy for affection.

YEt was I of your loue neuer agreeued,
Nor neuer shall, while that my life doth last
But of hating my selfe that date is past.
And teares continually sore hath me weried,
I will not yet in my graue be buried,
Nor on my tombe your name haue fixed faste
As cruell cause, that did my sprite sone hast
From thunhappie bones by greate sighes stirred.
Then if an hart of amorous faith & will
Content your mind without doing griefe:
Please it you so to this to doe reliefe,
If otherwise you seeke for to fulfill.

Your wrath, you erre, and shall not as you wene,
And you your selfe the cause thereof haue bene.

The abused louer seeth his folly, and entendeth to trust no more.

WAs neuer file yet halfe so well ysilde,
To file a file for any smithes entent,
As I was made a filing instrument,
To frame other, while that I was beguiled:
But reason loe hath at my folly smiled,
And pardoned me since that I me repent
Of my lost yeres and of my time mispent:
For youth lead me and falshod me misguided,
Yet this trust I haue of great apparance,
Since that deceit aye returnable,
Of very force it is agreable,
That therewithall be done the recompence
Then gyle begiled, plaind should be neuer
And the reward is little trust for euer.

The louer discribeth his being striken with sight of his loue.

THe liuely sparkes that issue from those eies
Against the which there vaileth no defense,
Haue perst my hart, and done it none offense.
With quaking pleasure more then once or twise
Was neuer man could any thing deuise,
Sunne beames to turne with so great vehemence
To dase mans sight, as by their bright presence
Dased am I, much like vnto the gyse
Of one striken with dint of lightning,
Blind with the stroke, and crying here and there.
So call I for helpe. I not when nor where,
The paine of my fall patiently bearing,
For straight the blase (as is no wonder)
Of deadly noyse heare I the fearefull thunder,

The wauering louer willeth and dreadeth,

deth to moue his deſire.

SVch vaine thought as wonted to miſleade me
In deſert hope by well aſſured mone,
Makes me from company to liue alone,
In following her whom reaſon bids me flee,
And after her my heart would faine be gone,
But armed ſighes doe ſtoppe my way anone,
Twixt hope and dread lacking my libertie,
So flyeth ſhe by gentle, crueltie,
Yet as I geaſe vnder diſdaineful brow
One beame of ruth is in his cloudy looke,
Which comforts ẏ mind that earſt for feare ſhooke
That bolded ſtraight, the way then ſeeke I how
To vtter forth the ſmart I bide with in,
But ſuch it is, I not how to beginne.

The louer hauing dreamed enioying of his loue complaineth that the dreame is not either longer or truer.

VNſtable dreame according to the place,
Be ſteadefaſt ones or elſe at leaſt be true,
By taſted ſweteneſſe, make me not to rew
By good reſpect in ſuch a daugerous caſe,
Thou broughteſt not her into theſe tolling ſeas,
But madeſt my ſpirite to liue, my care tencreaſe,
My body in tempeſt her delight tembrace.
The body dead the ſpirite had his deſire,
Paineleſſe was thone, the other in delight,
Why then alas, did it not keepe it right,
But thus returne to leape into the fire,
And where it was at wiſh, could not remaine?
Such mockes of dreames to turne to deadly paine

The louer vnhappie biddeth happie louers reioiſe in May, while he waileth that moneth to him moſt vnlucky.

YE that in loue finde lucke & ſwete abondance,
And liue in luſt of ioyfull follitie,

Arise for shame, do way your sluggardy,
Arise I say doe Way some obseruaunce,
Let me in bed lie, dreming of mischaunce,
Let me remember my mishappes vnhappie,
That me betide in Way most commonly.
As one whom loue list litle to aduaunce.
Stephan said true that my natiuitie
Wischaunced was with the ruler of Way:
He gest (I proue) of that the veritie.
In Way my wealth and ere my wittes, I say
Haue stand so oft in such perplexitie,
Joy, let me dreame of your felicitie.

The louer confesseth him in loue with Phillis.

IF waker care, if sodains pale colour,
If many sighes with little spech to plaine,
Nowe ioy now woe, if they my chere distaine,
For hope of small, if much to feare therefore,
To hast or slake, my pace to lesse or more
Be signe of loue, then doe I loue againe,
If thou aske whom, sure since I did refraine,
Vnnet that set my wealth in such a roze,
Thunkained cheere of Phillis hath the place
That Vnnet had. she hath and euer shall,
She from my selfe now hath me in hir grace,
She hath in hand my wit, my will and all:
My heart alone well worthy she doth stay,
Without whose helpe skant do I liue a day.

Of other fained sorrow. and the louers fained mirth

CEsar when that the traitour of Egipt
With honorable head did him present
Couering his harts gladnes, did represent
Plaint with his teares outward, as it is writ,
Eke Hanniball when fortune him out shit

Clene

Clene from his reigne, and from all his entent,
Laught to his folke, whom ſorrow did torment,
His cruell diſpite for to diſgorge and quite,
So chaunced me that euery paſſion
The mind hideth by colour contrary.
With fained viſage, now ſad, now merry.
Whereby if that I laugh at any ſeaſon,
It is becauſe I haue none other way
To cloke my care, but vnder ſport and play.

Of change of minde.

EEch man me telth, I chaunge moſt my deuiſe
And on my faith me thinke it good reaſon
To chaunge purpoſe like after the ſeaſon:
For in ech caſe to keepe ſtill one guiſe,
Is meete for them that would be taken wiſe.
And I am not of ſuch manner condition,
But treated after a diuers faſhion,
And therevpon my diuerſeneſſe doth riſe,
But you this diuerſeneſſe that blame men moſt,
Chaunge you noe more but ſtil after one rate
Treate you me well, and keepe you in that ſtate:
And while with me doth dwell this wearied goſt
My worde nor I ſhall not be variable,
But alwaies one, your owne both firme and ſtable.

How the louer periſheth in his delight, as the fly in the fire.

SOme foules there be that haue no perfite ſight,
Againſt the ſunne their eies for to defend,
And ſome becauſe the light doth them offend,
Neuer appeare but in the darke or night:
Other reioyſe to ſee the fire ſo bright,
And weene to play in it, as they pretende,
But find contrary of it that they entend,
Alas of that ſort may I be by right:
For to withſtand her looke I am not able,
Yet eyne I not hid me in no darke place,

So followeth me remembrance of that face,
That with my teary eyen, swolne and vnstable.
My destinie to behold her doth me leade,
And yet I know I runne into the gleade.

Against his tong that failed to vtter his suites

BEcause I still kepe the from lies and blame.
And to my power alwaies the honoured,
Unkind tong, to ill hast thou me rendred,
For such desert to doe me wreek and shame:
In nede of succour most when that I am.
To aske reward thou standeth like one affraide,
Alway most colde, and if one word be said
As in a dreame vnperfite is the same,
And ye salt teares against my will ech night,
That are with me when I would be alone,
Then are ye gone, when I should make my mone
And ye so ready sighes, to make me shright,
Then are ye slacke, when that ye should out start
And onely doth my looke declare my hart.

Discription of the contrarious passions in a. louer.

I Find no peace and and all my warre is done
I feare and hope, I burne and freese like yse
I fly aloft, yet can I not then rise,
And nought I haue, all the world I season,
That lockes nor loseth, holdeth me in prison.
And holdes me nat, yet can I scape no wise,
Nor lettes me liue, nor dy at my deuise,
And yet of death it giueth me occasion
Without eye I see, without tounge I plaine
I wish to perish yet I aske for health,
I loue another and I hate my selfe,
I fede me in sorrowe, and laugh in all my paine,
Lo, thus displeaseth me both death and life,
And my delight is causer of this strife

The louer compareth his ſtate to a ſhippe in perilous ſtorme toſſed vppon the ſea.

My gally charged with forgetfulneſſe,
Thorough ſharpe ſeas, in winter night doth pas
Tweene rocke and rock and eke my foe(alas)
That is my Lord ſtereth with cruelneſſe,
And euery houre a thought in readineſſe,
As though that death were light in ſuch a caſe.
And endles winde doth teare the ſaile apace
Of forced ſighes & truſtye fearefulneſſe,
A raine of teare, a cloud of darke diſdaine
Haue done the weried coardes great hinderance.
Wretched with errour and with ignoraunce
The ſtarres be hidde, that leade me to this paine
Dround is reaſon that ſhould be my comfort
And I remaine diſpairing of the port.

Of doubtefull lotie.

Auyſing the bright beames of thoſe faire eies,
Where he abides that mine oft moiſts & waſteth
The wered minde ſtraight from the hart departeth
To reſt within his worldly Paradiſe.
And bitter findes the ſweete, vnder his gyſe.
What webs ther he hath wrought well he perceiueth,
That ſpurs with fire, and bridleth eke with yſe,
In ſuch extremitie thus is he brought,
Froſen now cold and now he ſtandes in flame
Twixt wo and welth, betwixt earneſt and game,
With ſeldome glad, and many a diuers thought,
In ſore repreſentance of his hardineſſe,
Of ſuch a roote loe commeth fruite fruiteleſſe.

The louer ſheweth how he is forſaken of ſuch as he ſometime enioyed.

They flee from me, that ſometime did me ſeeke
With naked foote ſtalking within my chamber,
Once haue I ſeene them gentle, tame and meke

That

That now are wild and doe non once remember
That sometimes they haue put themselues in dãger
To take bread at my hand, & nowe they range
Busily seeking in continuall change.
thanked be fortune, it hath beene otherwise
Twenty times but once, especiall
In thine array, after a pleasant guise
When her loose gowne did from her shoulders fall
And she me caught in her armes long and small
And therewithall so sweetly did me kisse,
And softly said: Deare heart how like you this?
It was no dreame for I lay broade awaking,
But all is turned nowe through my gentlenesse,
Into a bitter fashion of forsaking:
And I haue leaue to leaue to goe of her goodnesse,
And she also to vse newfanglenes,
But since that I vnkindly so am serued:
How like you this what hath she nowe deserued?

The Lady to aunswere directly with yea or no.

MAdame, withouten many wordes
Once I am sure you will or no,
And if you will then leaue your boordes.
And vse your wit and shew it so,
For with a becke you shall me call,
And if of one, that burnes alway,
Ye haue pittie or ruth at all,
Aunswer him faire with yea or nay,
If it be nay friends as before,
You shall another man obtaine,
And I mine owne and yours no more.

To his louer whom he had kissed against her will.

ALas madam for stealing of a kisse,
Haue I so much your mind therein offended?
Or haue I done so grieuously amisse.

That

That by no meanes it may not be amended:
Reuenge thou then thy readieſt way is this,
Another kiſſe my life it ſhall haue ended,
For to my mouth the firſt my heart did ſucke.
The next ſhall cleane out of my breſt it plucke.

Of the iealous man that loued the ſame woman and eſpied this other ſitting with her.

The wandering gadling in the ſommer tide,
That findes the adder with his retchles foote,
Startes not diſmaide ſo ſodainly aſide,
As iealous deſpite did, though there were no boote
When that he ſaw me ſitting by her ſide,
That of my health is very crop and roote.
It pleaſed me then to haue ſo faire a grace,
To ſting ỹ hart that would haue my place:

To his louer from whom he had gloues.

What nedes theſe threatning words & waſted winde?
All this cannot make me reſtore my praie,
To robbe your good, ywis is not my mind
Nor cauſeleſſe your faire hand did I diſplay,
Let loue bee iudge, or els whom nert we finde,
That may both heare what you and I can ſay,
She reft my heart and I a gloue from her,
Let vs ſee then, if one be worth the other.

Of the fained friend

RIght true it is, and ſaid full yore agoe,
Take hede of him that by the backe the claweth,
For none is woorſe then is a friendly foe,
Though the ſeeme good, all thing that the delighteth
Yet know it well that in thy boſome creepeth.
For many a man ſuch fire oft times he kindleth,
That with the blaſe his beard himſelfe he ſingeth.

The louer taught miſtruſteth allurements

IT may be good, like it who list.
But I do doubt who can me blame
For oft assured, yet haue I mist,
And nowe againe I fere the same.
The wordes that from my mouth last came,
Of sodaine chaunge make me agast
For dreade to fall, I stand not fast
Alas I treade an endlesse mase
That seeke taccorde two contraries,
And hope thus still and nothing hase,
Imprisoned in liberties,
As one vnheard and stil that cries,
Alwaies thirstie, & nought doth tast,
For dread to fall I stand not fast,
Assured I doubt I be not sure,
Should I then trust vnto such suertie
That oft hath put the prose in vre
And neuer yet haue found it trustye?
Nay for in faith it were great folly,
And yet my life thus doe I wast.
For dread to fall I stand not fast.

The louer complaineth that his loue doth not pittie him.

RESound my voice ye woods that heare me plaine
Both hills and vales causing reflexion
And riuers eke record ye of my paine,
Which haue oft forced ye by compassion,
As iudges loe to heare my exclamation.
Among whom ruth I finde yet doth remaine.
Where I seeke alas there is disdaine.
Oft ye riuers to heare my wofull sound,
Haue stopt your cours and plainely to expresse,
Many a teare by moisture of the ground,
The earth hath wept to heare my heauinesse,
Which causeles I endure without redresse.
The hugie okes haue roared in the winde,
Ech thing me thought complaining in their kinde

Why

Why then alas, doth not ſhe on me rue.
Or els is her hart ſo hard that no pittie,
May in it ſteke may ioy for to renewe?
O ſtony hart who hath thus framed thee
So cruell: that art cloked with beautie,
That from the may no grace to me procede,
But as reward death for to be my meede.

The louer reioyſeth againſt fortune that hindering his ſuite had happily made him forſake his folly,

In faith I wote not what to ſay,
Thy chaunces be ſo wonderous
Thou fortune with thy diuers plaies
That makeſt the ioyful dolorous,
yet though thy chaine hath me entwrapt
Spite of thy hap. hap hap hath well hapte
Though thou haſt ſeet me for a wonder,
And ſeekeſt by chaunge to doe me paine,
Wens minds yet mayeſt thou not ſo order.
For honeſtie if it remaine,
ſhall ſhine for all thy cloudy raine.
In vaine thou ſeekeſt to haue me trapt:
Spite of thy hap, hap hath well hapt.
In hindering me, me diddeſt thou further
And made a gap where was a ſtyle
Cruell wiles beene oft put vnder,
wenning to lower then didſt thou ſmile.
Lord how thy ſelfe thou diddeſt beguile:
That in my cares would haue me wrapt,
But ſpite of hap, hap hath well hapt.

A renouncing of hardly eſcaped loue.

Fare well the hart of cruelt ie,
Though that with paine my libertie
Deare haue I bought and wofully
Finiſh my fearefull tragedy,
Of force I muſt forſake ſuch pleaſure,

A good cause iust, since I endure
Thereby my wo which be ye sure
Shall therewith go me to recure.
I fare as one escapt that fleeth.
Glad he is gone and yet still feareth
Spieth to be caught and so dreadeth
That he for naught his paine leeseth
In ioyfull paine, reioise my hart,
Thus to sustaine of ech a part,
Let not this song from the estart,
Welcome among my pleasant smart.

The louer to his bed, with discribing of his vnquiet estate.

The restlesse state renuer of my smart,
The labours salue, encreasing my sorrow.
The bodies ease and troubler of my hart
Quieter of minde, mine vnquiet foe,
Forgetter of paine remembrer of my woe,
The place of sleepe wherein I do but wake
Besprent with teares, my bed, I the forsake,
The frosty snowes may not redresse my heate
Nor theate of sumne abate my fervent colde,
I knowe nothing to ease my paine so great,
Ech cure causeth increase by twentie folde,
Renuing cares vpon my sorrowes old,
Such ouerthwart effects in me they make
Besprent with teares my bed for to forsake.
But all for nought I finde no better ease
Inbed or out this most causeth my paine,
Where I doe seeke how best that I may please
My lost labour (alas) is all in vaine,
My hart once set I cannot it refraine,
No peace from me my griefe can take.
Wherefore with teares my bed I the forsake.

Comparison of loue to a streame falling from the Alpes.

From

FRom theſe hie hils as when a ſpring doth fall
It trilleth downe with ſtill and ſmtle courſe
Of this and that, it gathers aye and ſhall,
Till it haue inſt downe flowed to ſtreame and force
Then at the foote it rageth ouer all:
So fareth loue when he hath tane a courſe,
Rage is his raine, Reſiſtance vailleth none,
The firſt iſſue is remedy alone.

VViats complaint vpon loue to reaſon, with loues anſwer.

MYne old dere enemy, my froward maiſter,
Afore that Queene I cauſe to be aſſited,
Which holdeth the deuine part of our nature,
That like as golde, in fire he mought be tried.
Charged with dolour, there I me preſented,
With horrible feare as one that greatly dreadeth
A wrongful death and iuſtice alway ſeeketh.
And thus I layd once my left foot, Madam
When I was yong I ſet within his raigne:
Whereby other then direly burning flame,
I neuer felt but many a greuous paine
Torment I ſuffred anger and diſdaine:
That mine oppreſſed patience was paſt,
And I mine owne life hated at the laſt.
Thus hetherto haue I my time paſſed
In paine and ſmart what waies is profitable,
How many pleſant daies haue me eſcaped
In ſeruing this falſelier ſo deceiuable:
What wit haue words ſo preſt and forcible.
That may containe my great mishappines:
And iuſt complaints of his vngentlenes:
So ſmall hony, much aloes and gall,
In bitternes my blind life hath ytaſted,
His falſe ſemblance that turneth as a ball,
With faire and amorous daunce made me betraced,
And where I had my thought and mind eraced
From earthly frail meſſe. & from vaine pleaſure,

Me from my reſt he took, and ſet in errour.
God made he me regard leſſe than I ought,
And to my ſelfe to take rightlitleheed:
And for a woman hane I ſet at naugh,
Al other thoughts, in this only to ſpeed,
And he was onely counceller of this dede,
whetting alwaies my youthly fraile deſire
On cruel whetſtone tempered with fire.
But (oh alas) where had I euer wit:
Or other gift geuen me of nature:
That ſooner ſhall be changed my weried ſpyte,
Then the obſtinate wil that is my ruler.
So robbeth he my freedome with diſpleaſure,
This wicked traitor whom I thus accuſe.
That bitter life hath turned in pleſant vſe,
He hath me hasted through diuers regions,
Through deſert woods and ſharp hie mountaines,
Through froward peoples through bitter paſſiõs,
Through rockey ſeas, and ouer hils and plaines
With wery trauaile and with wery paines,
Alwayes in trouble and in tediouſnes,
All in errour and dangerous deſtreſſe.
But nother he nor ſhe my tother foe,
For all my flight did euer me forſake:
That though my timely death hath beene to ſlowe
That me as yet, it hath not ouertake,
The heauenly God of pitie doo it ſlake,
And note they this his cruell tirannie.
That feeds him with my care and miſery,
Since I was his, bower reſted I neuer,
Nor look to doo, and eke the waky nights
The baniſhed ſleep may in no wiſe recouer,
By guile and force ouer my thralled ſpyites,
He is ruler, ſince which bel neuer ſtriks,
That I heare not as ſounding to renew,
My plaints, him ſelfe he knoweth that I ſay true.
For neuer worms olde rotten ſtock haue eaten,
As he my hart where he is reſident,

Will

And dooth the ſame with death dayly threaten,
Thence come the teares, and thence the bitter torment
The ſighes the woꝛds, and eke the languiſhment,
That noy dooth me, and paraduenture other,
Judge thou that knoweſt the one and eke the other,
Mine aduerſary with ſuch greeuous repꝛoofe,
Thus he began heare ladie the other parte:
That the plain troth from which he dꝛaweth aloof,
This vnkinde man may ſhew ere that I parte
In his yong age, I took him from that art,
That telleth woꝛds and make a clattering Knight,
And of my welth I gaue him the delight.
Now ſhame he not on me foꝛ to complaine,
That held him euermoꝛe in pleſant gaine,
From his deſire that might haue been his paine,
yet thereby alone I bꝛought him to ſome frame.
Which now as wꝛetchednes he doth ſo blame,
And toward honour quickned I his wit,
Whereas as a daſtard els he might haue ſit.
He knoweth how great Atride, that made Troy treat
And Hanebal to Rome ſo troubelous,
Whom Homer honoured Achilles that great,
And Thaffricane Scipion the famous,
And many other by much honour,
Whoſe fame and acts did lift them vp aboue
I did let fall in baſe diſhoneſt loue,
And vnto him though he vnwoꝛthy were,
I choſe the beſt of many a million,
That vnder Sunne yet neuer was her pere
Of wiſdome, womanhod, and of diſcretion,
And of my grace I gaue her ſuch a facion
And eke ſuch way I taught her foꝛ to teach,
that neuer baſe thought his hart to hie might reach.
Euermoꝛe thus to content his miſtreſſe
That was his onely frame of honeſtie,
I ſtirred him ſtill toward gentleneſſe,
And cauſed him to regard fidelitie.
Dacience I taught him in aduerſitie

Such vertues learned he in my great schole
Whereof repenteth now the ignorant foole.
These were the same deceites and bister gall,
That I haue vsed the torment and the anger,
Sweter then euer did to other fall.
Of right good seed, il fruite so thus I gather,
And so shall he that the vnkinde doth further,
A serpent nourish vnder my wing,
And nowe of nature giueth he to sting.
And for to tell, at last my great seruise,
From thousand dishonestes haue I him drawen,
That by my meanes him in no manner wise,
Neuer vile pleasure once hath ouerthrowen,
Where indede shame hath him alwaies gnawen,
Doubting report that should come to her eare,
Whom nowe he blames, her wonted he to feare.
What enet he hath of any honest custome,
Of her, and me that holdes he euery whit.
But loe yet neuer was their nightly fantome
So farre in errour, as he is from his wit,
To plaim on vs, he striueth with the bit,
Which may rule him and doe him ease and paine,
And in one houre make all his grieke his gaine.
But one thing it there is aboue all other:
I gaue him winges, wherewith he might vp fly
To honour and fame, and if he would to higher
Then mortall thinges aboue the starry skie
Considering the pleasure, that an eye
Might giue in earth, by reason of the loue.
What should that be that lasteth still aboue:
And he the same himselfe had said ere this
But now forgotten is both that and I.
That gaue him hir his onely wealth and blisse
And at this word, with deadly shrieke and cry
Thou gaue her once (quoth I) but by and by
Thou tooke her ayen from me, that wo worth thee
Not I but price, more worth then thou quoth he
At last ech other for himselfe concluded.

I trembling ſtill, but he with ſmall reuerence,
Loe, thus as we ech other haue accuſed,
Deare Lady, now wee waite thine onely ſentence.
She ſmiling at the whiſted audience,
It liketh me quoth ſhe, to haue heard your queſtion,
But longer time doth aſke a reſolution.

The Louers ſorrowfull ſtate maketh him write ſorrowfull ſongs, but ſuch, his loue may change the ſame.

MAruel no more altho
The ſonges I ſing do mone
For other life then woe
I neuer proued none.
And in my hart alſo
Is grauen with letters deepe
A thouſand ſighes and mo
A flood of teates to weepe.
How many a man in ſmart
Find matter to reioiſe:
How many a morning hart
Set forth a pleaſant voice:
Play who ſo can that part,
Nedes muſt in me appere.
How fortune ouerthwart
Doth cauſe my mourning cheere,
Perdy there is no man,
If he ſawe neuer light,
That perfitly tell can,
The nature of the light.
Alas how ſhould I than,
That neuer taſt but ſorze,
But doe as I began,
Continually to lower.
But yet perchance ſome chance
May chance to chaunge my tune,
And whē ſuch chance doth chance

When shall I thanke fortune.
And if I haue (Such) chance
Perchance or it be long,
For (Such) a pleasant chance,
To sing some pleasant song,

The louer complaineth himselfe forsaken.

Where shall I haue at mine own will
teares to complaine wher shal I set
Such sigh that I may sigh my fill,
And then againe my plaints repeat,
For though my plaintes shall haue none ende
my teares cãnot suffice my woe
To mone my harme haue I no friend
For fortunes friend, is mishappes foe
Comfort (God wot) els haue I none,
But in ẏ winde to wast my wordes
Nought moueth you my dedly mone,
But still you turne it into bords.
I speake not how to moue your hart
That you should rue vppon my paine,
The sentence giuen may not reuert,
I know such labour were but vaine.
But since that I for you (my dere)
Haue lost that thing that was my best
Aright small losse it must appeare,
To lesse these words & all the rest.
But though they sparkell in the wind
Yet shal they shew your falshed faith
Which is returned to his kind.
For like to like the prouerbe saieth.
Fortune and you did me aduance
We thought I swam and cold not drowne
Happiest of all but my mischaunce
did lift me vp to throw me downe.
And you with her of cruelnesse
Did set your foote vpon my neck,

We

We and mywelfaze to oppreſſe.
Without offence your hart to wzecke.
Where are your pleaſant wozds (alas)
Where is your faith your ſtedfaſtneſſe :
There is no moze but all doth paſſe,
And I am left all comfoz tleſſe:
But ſince ſo much it doth you greue,
And alſo me my wzetched life,
Haue here my trouth nought ſhall releue,
But death alone my wzetched ſtrife.
Therefoze farwell my life, my death,
My gaine, my loſſe my ſalue, my ſoze,
Farewell alſo with you my bzeath:
Foz I am gone foz euer.

Of his loue that pricked hir finger with a nedle.

She ſate and ſowed that haue done me the wzong,
Whereof I plaine and haue done many aday:
And whileſt ſhe heard my plaint, in piteous ſong
She wiſht my hart the ſampler that it lay.
The blind maiſter whom I haue ſerued ſo long
Grudging to heare that he did heare her ſay.
Made her owne weapon do her finger blede,
To fele if pzicking were ſo good in dede.

Of the ſame.

What man hath heard ſuch cruelty befoze
That when my plaint remẽbzed her my wo
That cauſed it, ſhe cruell moze and moze,
Miſhed ech ſtitch, as ſhe did ſit and ſowe
Had pzickt my hart foz to encreaſe my ſoze.
And as I thinke ſhe thought it had bene ſo,
Foz as ſhe thought this is his heart indeede,
She pzicked hard and made her ſelfe to blede.

Requeſt to Cupid for reuenge of his vnkinde loue

BEthold loue, thy power how she displeth,
My greuous paine how little she regardeth
The solemne oth, whereof she takes no cure,
Broken she hath and yet she bideth sure
Right at her ease, and little there she dreadeth,
Weaponed thou art, and she vnarmed sitteth
To disdainefull all her life she leadeth
To me spitefull, without iust cause or measure,
Behold loue how proudly she triumpheth,
I am in hold, but if the pittie meueth,
Go bend thy bow that stonie harts breaketh.
And wh some stroke, reuenge the great displeasure
Of the and him that sorrow doth endure.
And as his Lord the lowly her intreateth.

Complaint for true loue vnrequited.

WHat vailleth trouth, or by it to take paine
To striue by steadfastnesse, for to attaine
How to be iust. and flee from doublenes.
Since all alike where ruleth craftinesse,
Rewarded is both craftie false and plaine:
Soneſt he spedes that most can lie and faine:
True meaning hart is had in high disdaine:
Against deceite and cloked dubbleneſſe
What vaileth trouth, or perfit stedfastneſſe.
Deceiued is he, by false and crafte traine
That meanes no gile and faithfull doth remaine
Within the trap without help or redreſſe,
But for to loue loe such a sterne maistreſſe
Where cruelty dwelles, alas it were in vaine.

The louer that fled loue, now followes it with his harme.

SOmetimes I fled the fire that me so brent,
By sea, by land, by water, and by winde,
And now the coles I follow, that be quent,
From Douer to Cales, with willing mind.

Lo how deſire is both ſtrong and ſpent,
And he may ſee, that wilom was ſo blinde
And all this labour laughes he now to ſcorne,
Weached in the briers that erſt was onely torne!

The louer hopeth of better chaunce.

HE is not deade, that ſometimes had a fall,
The ſunne returnes, that hid was vnder cloude
And when fortune hath ſpit out all her gall
I truſt good lucke to me ſhalbe allowed,
For I haue ſene a ſhip in hauen fall,
After the ſtorme hath broken both maſt and ſhroude,
The willow eke that ſtoupeth with the winde
Doth riſe againe, and greater wood doth binde.

The louer compareth his heart to the ouer charged gonne.

The furious gonne in his moſt raging ire,
When that the boule is rammed into ſore.
And that the flame cannot part from the fire
Crackes in ſunder and in the aire doe rore
The sheuered peces: So doth my deſire,
Whoſe flame increaſeth ay from more to more
Which to let out, I dare not looke nor ſpeake,
So inward force my hart doth alto breake.

The louer ſuſpected of chaunge praieth that it be not beleued againſt him

ACcuſed though I bee, without deſert,
Sith none can proue, beleeue it not for true,
For neuer yet, ſince that you had my hart,
Intended I to falſe, or be vntrue,
Sooner I would of death ſuſtaine the ſmart,
Then breake one word of that I promiſed you.
Accept therefore my ſeruice in good part,
None is aliue, that can ill tounges eſchew,
Hold them as falſe and let not vs depart

Our

Our friendship old, in hope of any newe,
Put not thy trust in such as vse to faine,
Except thou mind to put thy friend to paine.

The louer abused renounceth loue.

My loue to scorne, my seruice to retaine,
Therein me thought you vsed crueltie,
Since with good will I lost my libertie,
Might neuer woe yet cause me to refraine,
But onely this which is extremitie,
To giue me nought (alas) nor to agree
That as I was your man I might remaine,
But since that thus ye list to order me
That would haue bene your seruant true and fast
Displease you not my doting time is past,
And with my losse to leaue I must agree
For as there is a certaine time to rage,
So is there time such madnesse to asswage.

The louer professeth himselfe constant.

Within thy brest I neuer thought it gaine
Of gentle mindes the freedome for to lose
Nor in my hart sanke neuer such disdaine,
To be a forger fautlesse for to disclose:
Nor I cannot endure the truth to glose
To set a glose vpon an earnest paine,
Nor I am not in number one of those,
That list to blowe retreat to euery retaine.

The louer sendeth his complaints and teares to sue for grace.

Passe forth my wounted cries,
Those cruell cares to pearce,
Which in most hatefull wise
Doe still my plaines reuerse.
Doe you my teares, also

So wet her barraine heart:
That pitie there might grow,
And crueltie depart.
For though hard rockes among
She ſemes to haue ben bred,
And of the Tiger long
Bene nouriſhed and fed
ye ſhall not nature chaunge,
If pittie once win place
Whom as vnknowen and ſtrange
She now away doth chaſe.
And as the water ſoft.
Without forcing or ſtrength
Where that it falleth oft
Hard ſtones do pearce at length:
So in her ſtony hart
My plaints at laſt ſhall graue
And rigour ſet a part
Minne graunt of that I craue,
Wherefore my plaints preſent
Still ſo to her my ſute,
As ye through her aſſent
May bring to me ſome fruite,
And as ſhe ſhall me proue,
So bid her me regard,
And render loue for loue,
Which is a iuſt reward.

The louers caſe cannot be hidden how euer he diſſemble,

YOur lookes ſo often caſt
your eyes ſo friendly round.
your ſight fixed ſo faſt,
Alwayes one to behold:
Though hide it faine ye would.
It plainely doth declare,
Who hath your hart in hold,
And where good will ye beare.

Faine would ye finde a cloke,
Your brenning fire to hide,
Yet both the flame and smoke
Breakes out on euery side.
Ye can not loue so guide,
That it no issue winne,
Abrode needes must it glide,
That brennes so hote within,
  For cause your selfe doe wink
Ye iudge all other blinde,
And secret it you thinke,
Which euery man doth finde,
In waste oft spend ye winde
Your selfe in loue to quit,
For agues of that kinde
Will shewe who hath the fit.
  your sighes you fet from far
And all to wry your wo,
Yet are ye nere the narre
Men are not blinded so,
Depely oft swere ye no,
But all those othes are vaine,
So well your eye doth shewe,
Who puts your hart to paine.
  Thinke not therefore to hide,
That still it selfe betraies,
Nor seeke meanes to prouide
To darke the sunny dayes.
Forget those wonted waies,
Leaue of such frouning chere,
There will be found no staies.
To stoppe a thing so clere.

The louer praieth not to be disdained refused, mistrusted nor forsaken.

Disdain me not without desert,
Nor leaue me not so sodainely,

Since

Since well ye wot, that in my heart
I meane it not but honeſtlie.
Refuſe me not without cauſe why
For thinke me not to be vniuſt
Since that by lotte of fantaſie,
This carefull knot nedes knit I muſt.
Miſtruſt me not though ſome there be,
That faine would ſpot my ſtedfaſtneſſe
Beleue them not ſince that ye ſe,
The proſe is not as they expreſſe.
Forſake me not till I deſerue,
Nor hate me not till I offende:
Deſtroy me not till that I ſwerue,
But ſins ye know what I entende,
Diſdaine me not that am your owne
Refuſe me not, that am ſo true.
Miſtruſt me not till all be knowen,
Forſake me not, now for no newe.

The louer lamenteth his eſtate with ſuite for grace.

FOr want of will in wo I plaine,
Under colour of ſoberneſſe,
Renewing with my ſuite my paine,
My wanhope with your ſteadfaſtneſſe.
Awake therefore of gentlenes,
Regard at length I you require,
My ſwelling paines of my deſire.
Betimes who giueth willingly
Redoubled thankes aye doth deſerue.
And I that ſue vnfainedly,
In fruitleſſe hope alas do ſterue,
How great my cauſe is for to ſweme,
And yet how ſteadfaſt is my ſuite.
Lo here ye ſee where is the fruite,
As hound that hath his keeper loſt,
Seeke I your preſence to obtaine
In which my hart delighteth moſt

And

And shall delight though I be slaine.
you may release me hande of paine,
Lose then the care that makes me cry,
For want of helpe or els I dy,
I dy though not incontinent
By proceſſe yet conſumingly,
As waſt of fire which doth relent,
If you as willfull will deny
Wherfore ceaſe of ſuch crueltie,
And take me wholly in your grace,
Which lacketh will to chaunge his place,

The louer waileth his chaunged ioyes.

YF euery man might him auaunt
Of fortunes friendly chere,
It was my ſelfe I muſt it graunt,
For I haue bought it dere.
And derely haue I held alſo
The glory of her name,
In yelding her ſuch tribute. lo,
As did ſet forth her fame.
Some tyme I ſtoode ſo in her grace
That as I would require.
Ech ioy I thought did me imbrace.
That furdered my deſire,
And al thoſe pleaſures ſo had I,
That fanſie might ſuppoſe
And nothing ſhe did me denie,
That was vnto my comfort
I had (what would you more perdy)
Ech grace that I did craue.
Thus fortunes will was vnto me
All thing that I would haue
But al to raſh alas the while,
She built on ſuch a ground,
In little ſpace to great a guile
In her now haue I found.

For

For ſhe hath turned ſo her wheele,
That I vnhappie man
May waile the time that I did feele
Wherwith ſhe fed me than.
For broken now are her beheſtes
And pleaſant looke ſhe gaue,
And therfore now all my requeſtes,
From perill cannot ſaue.
yet would I well it might appeare
To her my cheife regard
Though my deſerts haue ben to dere
To merit ſuch reward.
Sins fortunes will is now ſo bent
To plague me thus poore man,
I muſt my ſelfe therewith content.
And beare it as I can.

To his loue that hath giuen him anſwer of refuſall,

The anſwer that ye made to me my deare
When I did ſue for my poore harts redreſſe,
Hath ſo appaid my countenance and my chere,
That in this caſe I am all comfortleſſe
Sins I of blame no cauſe can wel expreſſe,
I haue no wrong where I can claime no right
Nought tane me fro, where I haue nothing had
yet of my woe, I cannot ſo bequite,
Namely ſins that another may be glad.
With that that thus in ſorrow makes me ſad
yet none can claime (I ſay) by former grant,
That knoweth not of any grant at all.
And by deſert I dare well make anant.
Of faithfull will there is no where that ſhall
Beare you more truth more ready at your call.
Now good then call againe that bitter word
That toucht your frīd ſo nere with pangues of paine
And ſay my deare that it was ſaid in borde,
Late or to ſone, let it not rule the game,

Where-

Wherewith free will, doth true desert retaine.

So his Lady, cruell ouer her yelden louer,

SUch is the course that natures kinde hath wrought.
That snakes haue time to cast away their stinges,
Against chaind prisoners what nede defense be sought,
The fierce Lion will hurt no yelding things,
Why should such spite be nursed then by thought:
Sith all these powers are prest vnder thy winges,
And eke thou seest and reason hath the taught
What mischeife malice many waies it bringes,
Consider eke that spite availeth nought,
Therefore this song thy fault to the it sings
Displease the not, for saying thus (me thought)
Nor hate thou him from whom no hate foorth springs
For furies that in hell be erecrable,
For that they hate are made most miserable.

The louer complaineth that deadly sickneſſe cannot helpe his affection.

THe enimie to life decaier of all kinde,
That with his cold withers away the greene,
This other night me in my bed did finde,
And offred me to rid my feuer cleane
And I did graunt so did dispaire me blind,
He drew his bowe with arrowes sharp and kene,
And strake the place wher loue had hit before,
And draue the first part deeper more and more.

The louer reioyceth the enioying of his loue.

ONce as me thought, fortune me kist,
And bad me aske what I thought best,
And I should haue it as me list,
Therewith to set my heart in rest
I asked but my Ladies hart,

To haue for euermore my owne,
Then at an end were all my ſmart.
Then ſhould I neede no more to mone:
Yet for all that a ſtormy blaſt
Had ouerturnd this goodly nay:
And fortune ſeemed at the laſt
That to her promiſe ſhe ſaid nay,
But like as one out of diſpaire,
To ſodaine hope reuiued I:
Now fortune ſhewed her ſelfe ſo faire,
That I content me wonderouſly,
My moſt deſire my hand my reach,
My will is alwaie at my hand,
We nede not long for to beſeech
Her that hath power me to commande,
What earthly thing more can I craue?
What would I wiſh more at my will
Nothing on earth more would I haue,
Saue that I haue, to haue it ſtill.
For fortune now hath kept her promiſe
In graunting me my moſt deſire
Of my ſoueraigne I haue redreſſe,
And I content me with my hire.

The louer complaineth the vnkindnes of his loue.

My lute awake performe the laſte
Labour that thou and I ſhal waſt
And ende that I haue nowe begonne,
And when this ſong is ſong and paſt,
My lute be ſtill, for I haue done.
As to be heard where care is none.
As leade to graue in marble ſtone,
My ſong may pearce her hart as ſone,
Should we then ſigh or ſing, or mone?
No no, my lute for I haue done.
The rockes do not ſo cruelly
Repulſe the waues continually,

As he my suite and affection.
So that I am past remedy,
Whereby my lute and I haue done.
Proud of the spoile that thou hast gotte
Of simple harts through loues shot,
By whom vnkind thou hast them wonne.
Thinke not he hath his bowe forgot.
Although my lute and I haue done.
Vengeance shall fall on thy disdaine
That makest but game on earnest paine,
Thinke not alone vnder the sunne,
Unquiet to cause thy louers plaine,
Although my lute and I haue done
May chaunce thee lie withered and olde,
In winter nights that are so colde,
Plaining in vaine vnto the mone,
Thy wishes then dare not be tolde,
Care then who list for I haue done.
And then may chance the to repent
The time that thou hast lost and spent,
To cause thy louers sighe and swowne
Then shalt thou knowe beautie but lent,
And wish and want as I haue done,
Now cease my lute this is the laste,
Labour that thou and I shall waste,
And ended is that we begonne,
Now is this songe both song and past,
My lute be still for I haue done:

How by a kisse he found both his life and death.

NAture that gaue the Bee so feat a grace
To find honey of so wonderous a fashion,
Hath taught the spider out of ỳ same place
To fetch poison by strauge alteration,
though this be straunge, it is a stranger case
With one kisse by secret opperation,
Both these at once in those your lips to finde

In

In chaunge whereof, I leaue my hart behind

The louer diſcribeth his being taken with ſight of his loue.

VNwarely ſo was neuer no man caught,
With ſteadfaſt looke vppon a goodly face,
As I of late, for ſodainely me thought
My hart was torne out of his place,
Through mine eye the ſtroke from hers did ſlide
And down directly to my hart it ranne,
In helpe wereof the bloud thereto did glide,
And left my face both pale and wanne,
Then was I like a man for wo amazed,
Or like the foule that flieth into the fire,
For while that I vpon her beautie gazed,
The more I burnd in my deſire,
Anone the bloud ſtart in my face againe,
Inflamde with heate, that it had at my hart,
And brought therewith throughout in euery vaine
A quaking heate with pleaſant ſmart.
Then was I like the ſtrawe, when that ỳ flame,
Is driuen therein by force & rage of winde,
I cannot tell alas, what I ſhall blame,
Nor what to ſeeke nor what to finde.
But wel I wot ỳ griefe doth holde me ſore.
In heate and cold betwixt both hope and dread,
That but her help to health doth me reſtore,
This reſtles life I may not leade.

To his louer to looke vpon him.

ALl in thy loooke my life doth whole depende,
Thou hideſt thy ſelfe, and I muſt dye therefore,
But ſince thou maieſt ſo eaſily help thy friend.
Why doeſt thou ſticke to ſaiue that thou made ſore.
Why do I dy: ſince thou maieſt me defende,
And if I dy, thy life may laſt no more.
For ech by other doth liue, and haue reliefe

I in thy looke, and thou most grete.

The louer excuseth him of wordes wherewith he was vniustly charged.

PRetty I said it not,
Nor neuer thought to doe,
As well as I ye wot
I haue no power thereto
And if I did the lot
That first did me enchaine,
May neuer slake the knot,
But straite it to my paine,
And if I did eche thing
That may do harme or woe,
Continually may wring
My hart where so I goe.
Report may alwaies ring
Of shame on me for aye,
If in my hart did spring
The words that you do say,
And if I did eche starre
That is in heauen aboue,
May frowne on me to marre
The hope I haue in loue
And if I did, such warre
As they brought vnto Troy,
Bring all my life as farre
From all his lust and ioye.
And if I did so say,
The beautye that me bound,
Encrease from day to day
More cruell to my wounde,
withall the mone that may
To plaint may turne my song,
My life may lone decay
Without redresse by wrong.
If I be cleare from thought,
Why doe you then complaine

Why

Then is this thing but ſought,
To turne my hart to paine.
Then this thadyou haue wrought,
you muſt yet now redreſſe,
Of right therefore you ought
Such rigor to repreſſe.
And as I haue deſerued,
So graunt me now my hire,
you know I neuer ſwerued,
you neuer found me lier.
For Rachell haue I ſerued
For Lea carde I neuer,
And her I haue reſerued
Within my hart for euer.

Of ſuch as had forſaken him.

LAx my faire faulcon, and thy fellowes all,
How well pleaſant it were your libertie,
ye not forſake me, that faire might you fall,
But they that ſometime liked my company,
Like lyce away from dead bodies they crall.
Lo what a profe in light aduerſitie,
But ye my birdes I ſwere by all your belles.
yee be my friendes and very fewe elles

A preſcription of ſuch a one as would loue.

A Face that ſhould content me wonderous well,
Should not be faire, but louely to behold,
Of liuely looke all griefe for to repell
With right good grace, ſo would I that it ſhoulde
Speake without woord, ſuch words as none can tel
Her treſſe alſo ſhould be of criſped golde,
With wit and theſe, perchaunce I might be tride.
And knit againe with knot that ſhould not ſlide.

How vnpoſſible it is to finde quietnes in loue.

EAer my hap is slack and slow in comming
Desire increasing ay my hope vncertaine,
With doubtfull lone that but increaseth paine
For Tiger like so swift it is in parting,
Alas the snowe blacke shall it be scalding
The waterlesse and fish vpon the mountaine.
The temmes shall back returne into his fountaine,
And where he rose the sunne shall take his lodging
Ere I in this finde peace or quietnes.
Or that loue, or my Lady right wisely
Leaue to conspire against me wrongfully
And if I haue after such bitternesse,
One droppe of swete, my mouth is out of tast,
That all my trust and trauaile is but wast

Of loue, fortune and the louers minde.

LOue fortune, and my minde, which doe remẽber
Eke that is now. and that once hath bene,
Torment my hart so sore that very often
I hate and enuie them beyond all measure,
Loue fleeth my hart while fortune is deprines
Of all my comfort, the foolish mind then
Burneth and plaineth, as one that very seldome
Liueth in rest. So still in displeasure
My pleasant daies they fleete and passe.
And dayly doth myne ill change to the worse,
While more then halfe is runne now of my course,
Alas not of stele, but of brittle glasse,
I see that from my hand falleth my trust,
And all my thoughts are dashed into dust.

The louer praieth his offered hart to be receiued.

HOw oft haue I, my dere and cruell foe,
With my great paine to get from peace or truce
Giuen you my hart but you doe not vse,
In so high thinges, to cast your minde so lowe.

If

If any other looke for it, as you trowe.
Their vaine weake hope doth greatly them abuſe,
And that thus I diſdaine, that you refuſe.
It was once mine, it can no more be ſo,
If you it chafe, that it in you can finde
In this exile no manner of comfort.
Nor liue alone, nor where he is calde reſort,
He may wander from his naturall kinde.
So ſhall it be great hurt vnto vs twaine,
And yours the loſſe and mine the deadly paine

The louers life compared to Alpes.

LIke vnto theſe vnmiſerable mountaines
So is my painefull life the burden of yre,
For hie be they, and hie is my deſire,
And I of teares, and they be full of fountaines,
Vnder craggie rockes they haue barren plaines,
Hard thoughtes in me my wofull minde doth tire,
Small fruit & many leaues their tops do attire,
With ſmall effect great truſt in me remaines
The boiſtrous windes oft their high bows do blaſt
Hotte ſighes in me continually be ſhed,
Wilde beaſtes in them, fierce loue in me is fed,
Vnmouable am I, and they ſtedfaſt,
Of ſinging birdes they haue the tune and note,
And I alwaies plaintes paſſing through my throte

Charging of his loue as vnpiteous and louing other

IF amorous faith, or if an hart vnfained
A ſweete langour, a great lonely deſire,
If honeſt will kindled in gentle fire,
If long errour in a blind maſe chained,
If in my viſage ech thoughe diſtained,
Or my ſpeaking voice, lower, or hyer,
Which feare and ſhame, ſo wofully doth tyre,
If pale colour, which loue alas hath ſtained,

It to haue another then my selfe more dere.
If wailing or sighing continually,
With sorrowfull anger feeding busily
If burned farre of, and if frising nere,
Are cause that I by loue my selfe destroy,
yours is the fault and mine the great annoy.

A renouncing of loue.

FAre well loue, and all thy lawes for euer.
Thy baited hookes shall tangle me no more.
Senec and Plato call me from thy loue,
To perfit weith my wit for to endure.
In blind error when I did perseuer,
Thy sharpe repulse that pricketh ay so sore,
Taught me in trifles that I set no store,
But scape forth thence, since libertie is liefter.
Therefore fare well go trouble yonger hartes
And in time claime no more auctoritie.
With ydle youth goe vse thy propertie,
And thereon spend thy many brittle dartes,
For hetherto though I haue lost my time,
Me list no longer rotten bowes to clime.

The louer forsaketh his vnkinde loue.

My hart I gaue thee not to doe it paine,
But to preserue, loe it to thee was taken
I serued the not that I shold be forsaken
But that I should receiue reward agains
I was content thy seruant to remaine.
And not to be repaied on this fashion.
Now since in thes there is none other reason,
Displease thee not if that I doe refraine,
Vnsaciat of my wo, and thy desire,
Assured by craft for to excuse thy fault,
But, since it pleaseth the to faine default,
Farewell I say departing from the fire,
For he that doth beleeue bearing in hand,

Plaineth

Ploweth in the water and ſoweth in the ſand.

The louer diſcribeth his reſtleſſe ſtate.

The flaming ſighes that boile within my breſt
Sometime breake forth & they can well declare
The harts vnreſt and how that he doth feare
The paine thereof the griefe and all the reſt.
The ſhattered eyen from whence the teares do fall
Do fele ſome force or els they would be dry.
The waſted fleſh of colour dead can try
And ſometime tell what ſwetneſſe in the gall.
And he that luſt to ſee and to diſcerne,
How care can ſize within a wearied mind,
Come he to me, I am that place aſſinde,
But for all this no force it doth me harme,
The wound alas happe in ſome other place:
From whence no toole away the ſkarre can race,
But you which of ſuch like haue had your part
Can beſt be iudge, wherefore my friend ſo deare,
I thought it good my ſtate ſhould now appere
To you and that there is no great deſert.
And where as you in weightie matters great,
Of fortune ſaw the chaddowe that you knowe,
For trifling thinges I now am ſtricken ſo
That though I fele my hart doth wound and beat,
I ſit alone ſaue on the ſeconde day.
My fever comes with whome I ſpend my time
In burning heate while that ſhe liſt aſſigne.
And who hath health and libertie alway,
Let him thanke God and let him not mynde
To haue the like of this my painefull ſtroke.

The louer laments the death of his loue.

The piller perfight is whereto I lent,
The ſtrongeſt ſtay of mine vnquiet minde,
The like of it no man againe can finde

From

From eaſt to weſt ſtill ſeeking though he went,
To mine owne happe for hap away hath rent.
Of all my ioy the very barke and rinde,
And I (alas) by chaunce am thus affinde,
Daily till death doth it relent.
But ſince that thus it is by deſtiny,
What can I more but haue a wofull hart,
My pen in plaint, my voice in carefullcry,
My mind in woe my body full of ſmart,
And I my ſelfe, my ſelfe alwayes to hate,
Till dreadfull death do eaſe my dolfull ſtate.

The Louer ſendeth ſighes to mone his ſute.

GO burning ſighes vnto the froſen hart,
Go breake the iſe which pities painefull dart
Might neuer pearce, and if that mortall praier
In heauen be heard, at leaſt I yet deſire.
That death or mercy ende my wofull ſmart.
Take with the paine, whereof I haue my part,
And eke the flame from which I cannot ſtart:
And leaue me then in reſt I you require.
Goe burning ſighes fulfill that I deſire.
I muſt goe worke I ſee my craft and art,
For truth and faith in her is laid a part,
Alas., I cannot therefore now aſſaile her,
With pitifull complaint and ſcalding fier,
That from my breſt diſceanably doth ſtart.

Complaint of the abſence of his

Louer

Iouer.

SO feble is the threde, that doth the burden ſtay,
Of my poore life in heauie plight, that falleth indecaie,
That but it haue elſwhere ſome aide or ſome ſuccour,
The running ſpindle of my fate anone ſhall ende his courſe,
For ſince thunhappy hower, that did me to depart,
From my ſweete weale one only hope hath ſtaied my life apart,
Which doth perſwade ſuch wordes vnto my ſored minde.
Maintaine thy ſelfe O wofull wight, ſome better lucke to finde
For though thou be depriued from thy deſired ſight,
Who can the tell if thy returne, be for thy more delight?
Or who can tell thy loſſe, if thou mayeſt once recouer?
So pleaſant hour thy wo may wrap and thee defend, and couer,
Thus in this truſt as yet it hath my life ſuſtained,
But now (alas) I ſee it faint, and I by truſt am trained.
The time doth fleete, and I ſee howe the hours do bende
So faſt that I haue ſcant the ſpace to marke my comming ende.
Weſtward the ſunne from out the Eaſt ſcant ſhewes his light,
When in the weſt he hies him ſtraite, within the darke of night.
And comes as faſt where he began his path awry
From eaſt to weſt, from weſt to Eaſt ſo doth his iourney lye,
The life ſo ſhort ſo fraile that mortall men liue here,
So great a weight ſo heauy charge, the bodies that we bere
That when I thinke vpon the diſtance and the ſpace,
That doth ſo farre deuide me from my dere deſired face
I knowe not how tattaine the winges that I require,
To lift me vp, that I might fly, to follow my deſire.
Thus of that hope. that doth my life ſome thing ſuſtaine
Alas, I feare, and partly feele, full little doth remaine.
Ech place doth bring me grieke where I doe not behold
Thoſe liuely eyes which of my thoughts were wōt ẏ keis to holde.
Thoſe thoughtes were pleaſant ſwete, whilſt I enioyed the grace,
My pleſure paſt, my preſent paine, when I might well embrace,
And forbecauſe my want ſhould more my wo increaſe
In watch and ſlepe, both day and night my will doth neuer ceaſe
That thing to wiſh whereof ſince I did loſe the ſight,

Songes.

Was neuer thing that mought in ought my wofull hart delight,
Thuneasie life I leaddoth teach me for to meete
The flouds, the seas, the land. the hils ẏ doth them entermete
Twene me and those shene lights, that wonted for to cleere
My darked pags of cloudy thoughts, as bright as Pheb' sphere
It teacheth me also what was my pleasant state,
The more to fele by such record, how that my wealth doth hate,
If such record (alas) prouoke themflamed minde
Which sprong that day, that I did leaue the best of me behind,
If loue forgeat himselfe by length of absence let,
Who doth me guide (O wofull wretch) vnto his baited net:
Where doth increase my care, much better were for me,
As dumme as stone all thing forgot still absent for to be.
Alas, the clere cristall, the bright transplendent glasse,,
Doth not bewray the colours hid, which vnderneath is base:
As doth thaccumbred spirite the thoughtfull throwes discouer,
Of teares delight, of feruent loue, that in our hartes we couer,
Out by these eyes, it sheweth that euermore delight.
In plaint and teares to seeke redresse, and eke both day & night
Those kindes of pleasures most weerein men so reioise,
To me they doe redubble stil of stormy sighes the voice
For I am one of them, whom plaint doe well content,
It fits me well my absence welth me seemes for to lament,
And with my teares tassay to charge mine eyes twaine
Like as my hart aboue the brinke is fraughted full of paine.
And for because therto, that these faire eies doe treate,
Do me pronoke, I will returne, my plaint thus to repeate.
For there is nothing els. so touched me with in,
Wher they rule all, and I alone nought but the case or skin.
Wherfore I shall returne to them, as well, or spring,
From whom discends my mortall wo, aboue all other things
So shall mine eyes in paine accompanie my hart,
That were the guides, that did it lead of loue to feele the smart,
The crisped golde that doth surmount Appollos pride,
The liuely streames of pleasant. starres that vnder it doth glide,
Wherein the beames of loue do stil increase their heate,
Which it so farre touch me to nere, in cold to make me sweate
The wise and pleasant tallr so rare, or els alone

That

That gaue to me the curties gift, that erſt had neuer none,
We farre from me, alas, and euery other thing.
I might forbare with better will, then this that did me bring
With pleaſant word and cheere, redreſſe of lingred paine,
And wonted oft in kindled will to vertue me to traine.
Thus am I forſt to heare, and harken after newes
Wy comfort ſcant my large deſire in doubtfull truſt renewes.
And yet with more deſire to mone my wofull caſe,
I muſt complaine thoſe handes, theſe armes ẏ firmely doe imbrace
Me from my ſelfe, and rule the ſterne of my poore life.
The ſweete diſdaines the pleaſant wraths & eke the louely ſtrife,
That wonted well to tune in temper iuſt and meete,
The rage that oft did make me erre, by furour vndiſcreete,
All this is hid fro me, with ſharpe and raged hilles,
At others will my long abode, my deepe diſpaire fulfills,
And of my hope ſometime riſe vp, by ſome redreſſe.
It ſtumbleth ſtraight, for feable faint, my feare hath ſuch excelle
Such is the ſort of hoape: the leſſe for more deſire,
And yet I truſt ere that I die, to ſee that I require.
The reſting place of loue, where vertue dweles and growes,
Where I deſire my wery life, ſometime may take repoſe,
Wy long thou ſhalt attaine, to finde the pleaſant place
Where ſhe doth line by whō I line may chaſice to haue this grace
When ſhe hath read: and ſeene the griefe, wherein I ſerue,
Betwene her breſts ſhe ſhall the put, there ſhall ſhe the reſerue.
Then tell her that I come, ſhe ſhall me ſhortly ſee,
And if for waight the body faile, the ſoule ſhall to her flee,

The louer blameth his loue for renting of the letter he ſent her.

Satisfied not (Madame) that you did teare,
My wofull hart, but this alſo to rent,
The weping paper that to you I ſent,
Whereof ech letter was written with teares
Could not my preſent paines (alas) ſuffiſe,
Your greedy hart? and that my hart doth feele
Torments ẏ pricke more sharper then the ſteele,
But newe and newe muſt to my lot arriſe?

As

Vse then my death, so shall your cruelty,
Spite of your spite rid me from al my smart,
And I no more such torments of the heart
Feele as I doe, this shall you gaine thereby.

The louer curseth the time when first he felt in loue.

When first my eies did veiwe and marke
Thy faire beautie to beholde,
And when my eares listned to harke
The plesant words that thou me tolde,
I would as then I had bene free,
From eares to heare and eies to see.
And when my lips gan first to mone,
Whereby my hart to thee was knowne
And when my tong did talke of loue,
To the that hast true loue downe throwen
I would my lips and tong also
Had then bene domme, no deale to goe,
And when my hands haue handled ought
That they haue kept in memory,
And when my feete haue gone and sought,
To finde and get thy company,
I would ech hand a foote had bene,
And I ech foote a hand had seene,
And when in minde I did consent,
To follow this my fancies will.
And when my hart did first relent,
To tast such baite my life to spill,
I would my hart had bene as thine,
Or els thy hart had bene as mine.

The louer determineth to serue faithfully.

Since loue will nedes, that I shall loue,
Of very force I must agree.
And since no chaunce may it remoue
In wealth and in aduersitie.

I ſhall alway my ſelfe apply,
To ſerue and ſuffer patiently,
Though for good will I finde but hate,
And cruelly my life to waſt,
And though that ſtill a wretched ſtate.
Should pine my daies vnto the laſt:
Yet I profeſſe it willingly
To ſerue and ſuffer patiently.
For ſince my hart is bound to ſerue,
And I not ruler of mine owne,
What ſo befall till that I ſterue.
By profe full well it ſhal be knowen
That I ſhal ſtil my ſelfe applie
To ſerue and ſuffer patiently.
yea though my griefe find no redreſſe,
But ſtil increaſe before mine eies,
Though my reward be cruelnes
With al the harme hap can deuiſe,
Yet I profeſſe it willingly,
To ſerue and ſuffer patiently
Yea though for tue her pleaſant face
Should ſhew to ſet me vp aloft,
And ſtraight my welth for to deface
Should with away, as ſhe doth oft
Yet would I ſtil my ſelfe applie
To ſerue and ſuffer patiently.
There is no griefe no ſmart no wo.
That yet I fele or after ſhal
That from this minde may make me go
And what ſoeuer me befal,
I do profeſſe it willingly
To ſerue and ſuffer patiently.

The louer ſuſpected blameth ill tonges.

MIſtruſtfull mindes be moued
To haue me in ſuſpect,
The trouth it ſhal be proued,

Which time shall once detect:
Through falshed go about
Of crime me to accuse.
At lenght I doe not doubt
But truth shall me excuse
Such sauce as they haue serued
To me without desert,
Euen as they haue deserued
Thereof God send them part.

The louer complaineth and his Lady comforteth.

Louer. IT burneth yet alas my hartes desire.
Lady. what is the thing that hath enflamed thy harte?
Louer. A certaine point as feruent as the fire,
Lady. The heat shall cease, if that thou wilt conuert,
Louer. I cannot stop the feruent raging yre.
La. What may I do, if thy selfe cause thy smart?
Lo. Heare my request, and rew my weping chere.
La. With right good wil say on, lo, I the heare.
Lo. That thing would I, that maketh to content,
La. Thou seekest perchaunce of me, that I may not,
Lo. would God, thou wouldest, as thou maiest, wel assent
La. That I may not the griefe is mine, God wot,
Lo. But I it feele, what so thy word haue ment,
La. Suspect me not my words be not forgot,
Lo. Then say, alas shall I haue helpe or no.
La. I see no time to answer, yea but no,
Lo. Say, yea, dere hart, and stand no more in doubt,
La. I may not grant a thing that is so dere,
Lo. Lo with delaies thou driuest me still about.
La. Thou wouldest my death it plainely doth appere,
Lo. First may my hart his bloud, and life blede out,
La. Then for my sake alas thy will forbeare.
Lo. From day to day thus walketh my life away.
La. Yet for the best suffer some small delay,
Lo. Now good, say yea, do once so good a deede,
La. If I said yea, what should thereof ensue?

An

Lo An hart in paine of ſuccour ſo ſhall ſpede
Twixt yea, and nay, my dout ſhall ſtill renew.
My ſweete ſay yea, and do away this dread,
La Thou wilt nedes ſo beit ſo, but then be trewe,
Lo Nought would I els, nor other treaſure none,
Thus harts be wonne by loue, requeſt and mone.

VVhy loue is blinde.

OF purpoſe, loue choſe firſt for to be blinde,
For he with ſight of that that I beholde,
Manquiſht had ben, againſt all godly kinde
His bow your hand, and trulle ſhould had vnfold.
And he with me to ſerue had ben aſſinde,
But, for he blinde, and reckleſſe would him holde,
And ſtill by chaunce, his dredly ſtroks beſtow,
With ſuch as ſee, I ſerue, and ſuffer wo.

To his vnkind loue.

VVHat rage is this what furour? of what kinde?
what power? what plague doth wery thus minde
Within my bones to rankle is aſſinde, minde
When poiſon pleaſant ſweete?
Lo, ſee mine eyes flow with continuall teares
The body ſtill away flepeleſſe it weares
My foode nothing my fainting ſtrength repaires
Nor doth my limmes ſuſtaine.
In depe wide wound the deadly ſtroke doth turne,
To cureleſſe ſkarre that neuer ſhall returne
Go to triumph, reioyſe the goodly turne,
Thy friend thou doſt oppreſſe.
Oppreſſe thou doſt, and haſt of him no cure,
Nor yet my plaint no pitie can procure.
Fierce Tiger fell, hard rocke without recure,
Cruell rebell to loue.
Once may thou loue, neuer beloued againe,
So loue thou ſtill, and not thy loue obtaine,
So wrathfull loue, with ſpites of iuſt diſdaine,
Pay threat thy cruell hart.

Songes

The louer blameth his instant desire.

DEsire (alas) my maister, and my foe,
So sore altered thy selfe, how maist thou see
Sometimes thou seekest and driuest me to and fro,
Sometime thou leadest, that leadeth the and me,
What reason is to rule thy subiecte so
By forced law, and mutabilitie?
For where by thee I doubted to haue blame,
Euen now by hate againe I doubt the same.

The louer complaineth his estate.

I See, that chaunce hath chosed mee,
Thus secretly to liue in paine,
And to another giuen the free,
Of all my losse to haue the gaine,
By chance assinde thus doe I serue,
And other haue that I deserue.
Unto my selfe sometime alone
I do lament my wofull case,
But what availeth me to mone,
Since trouth and pittie hath no place
In them to whome I sue and serue,
And other haue what I deserue.
To seeke by meane to change this minde
Alas, I proue it will not bee,
For in my hart I cannot finde,
Once to refraine but still agree,
As bound by force, alway to serue:
And other haue that I deserue.
Such is the fortune that I haue,
To loue them most, that loue me lest,
And to my paine to seeke and craue
The thing, that other haue possest
So thus in vaine alway I serue,
And other haue that I deserue.
And till I may appeale the heate,

If that my happe will happe ſo well,
To waile my wo my hart ſhall freat
Whoſe penſife paine my tong can tell,
Yet thus vnhappie muſt I ſerue.
And other haue that I deſerue.

Of his loue called Anna.

WHat word is that, that changeth me
Though it be turnde and made in twaine
It is mine Anna, God it wot,
The onely cauſer of my paine.
My loue that medeth with diſdaine.
Yet is it loued, what will you more
It is my ſaiue, and eke my ſore.

That pleaſure is mixed with euery paine.

VEnemous thornes that are ſo ſharpe and kine,
Beare flowers we ſee full freſh and faire of hue
Poiſon is alſo put in medicine,
And vnto man his health doth oft renewe,
The fire that all things eke conſumeth clene
May hurt and heale then if that this be true,
I truſt ſometime my harme may be my health.
Sins euery wo is ioyned with ſome wealth.

A riddle of a gift giuen by a Ladie.

A Lady gaue me a gift ſhe had not,
And I receiued her gift which I toke not
She gaue it me willingly, and yet ſhe would not,
And I receiued it albeit, I could not,
If ſhe giue it me, I force not,
And if ſhe takes it againe ſhe cares not,
Conſter what this is and tell not
For Iam faſt ſworne I may not.

That ſpeaking or profering

brings alway speding.

SPeake thou & speede Where will or power ought helpeth
where power doth want, will must be wonne by welth,
For nede will speede, where will workes not his kinde,
And gaine thy foes thy friends shall cause the finde.
For suite and golde, what do not they obtaine?
Of good and bad triers are these twaine.

He ruleth not though he raigne ouer
realmes, that is subiect to his
owne lustes.

IF thou wilt myghtie be: flee from the rage
Of cruell well, and se thou keepe the free
From the foule yoke of sensuall bondage,
For though thine empire stretche to Indean sea,
And for thy feare trembleth the fardest Thisce
If thy desire haue ouer the thy power,
Subiect then art thou and no gouernour,
If to be noble and high thy minde be moued,
Consider well the ground and thy beginning,
For he that hath ech starre in heauen fired,
And giues the mone her hornes and her eclipsing
A like hath made the noble in his working,
So that wretched no way may thou bee,
Except foule lust and vice do conquere thee,
All were it so thou had a floud of golde.
Vnto thy thirst yet should neuer suffice,
And though with Indian stones a thousand folde,
More precious then can thy selfe deuise,
Ycharged were thy backe, thy couetise,
And busie biting yet should neuer let,
The wretched life.ne do thy death profit.

VVhether libertie by losse of life or
life in prison and thraldome
be to be preferred.

LIke as the birde within the cage enclosed,

The

The doze vnſparred her foe the hauke without,
Twixt death and priſon piteouſly oppreſſed,
Whether foz the choſe ſtandeth in dout,
Lo ſo do I which ſeke to bring about,
Which ſhould be beſt by determination,
By loſſe of life libertie,oz life by priſon.
O miſcheife by miſcheife to be redreſſed,
Where paine is beſt,there lieth but little pleaſure
By ſhozt death better to be deliuered,
Then bide in painefull life,thraldome and dolour.
Small is the pleaſure, where much paine we ſuffer
Rather therefoze to choſe me thinketh wiſdome,
By loſſe of life libertie, then by life priſon,
And yet me thinkes although I liue and ſuffer
I do but waite a time and foztunes chaunce,
Oft many thinges doe happen in one houre,
That which oppreſt me now may me aduance.
In time is truſt which by deaths greeuaunce
Is wholly loſt,Then were it not reaſon
By death to choſe libertie,and not life by priſon.
But death were deliuerance where life lengthēs
Of theſe two illes let ſee now choſe the beſt : paine
This bird to deliuer that here doth plaine,
What ſay ye louers:which ſhall be the beſt:
In cage thraldome,oz by the hauke oppreſt
In which to choſe make plaine concluſion,
By loſſe of life libertie,oz life by priſon.

Againſt hourders of money.

FOz ſhamefaſt harme of great,and hatefull dede,
In deepe diſpaire, as did a wzech go.
With redy cozde out of his life to ſpeede,
His ſtumbling foote did find an hoozde,lo
Of gold , I ſay,where he prepard this deed,
And in eſchange.he left the cozde tho.
He that had hid the gold,and found it not,
Of that he found he ſhapt his necke a knot.

Description of a gonne.

VUlcane begat me, Minerua me taught
Nature my mother. craft norisht me yere by yere
Three bodyes are my fode, my strength is in naught
Anger wrath wast and noise. are my children dere
Gesse friend, what I am and how I am wraught
Monster of sea. or of land. or of els where,
Know me, and vse me, and I may the defend,
And if I be thine enemie, I may thy life ende.

VViat being in prison, to Brian.

SIghes are my foode, my drinke are my teares,
Clinking of fetters would such musike craue,
Stinke, and close aire, away my life it weares.
Poore innocence is all the hope I haue,
Raine wind or weather, iudge I by my eares
Malice assaults that righteousnesse should haue
Sure am I Brian, this wound shall heale againe,
But yet alas the scarre shall still remaine,

Of dissembling woordes.

THroughout the world if it were sought,
Faire wordes ynough a man shall finde
They be good cheepe they cost right nought,
Their substance is but onely winde,
But well to say and so to meane.
That sweete accord is seldome scene.

Of the meane and sure estate.

STand who so list vppon the slipper wheele,
Of high estate, and let me here reioise,
And vse my life in quietnesse ech dele,
Vnknowen in court that hath the wanton foes.
In hidden place my time shall slowly passe
And when my yeres be past withouten noyse,

Let

Let me die old after the common trace,
For gripes of death doth he to yarely paſſe,
That knowne is to all, but to himſelfe alas
He dieth vnknowne, dazed with dreadfull face.

The courtiers life.

IN court to ſerue decked with freſh array,
Of ſugred meates feeling the ſweete repaſt,
The life is bankets, and ſundry kindes of play.
Amid the preſſe of worldly lookes to waſt,
Hath with it ioined oft times ſuch bitter taſt
That who ſo ioyes ſuch kind of life to holde
In priſon ioies fettered with chaines of golde.

Of diſapointed purpoſe by negligence.

OF Carthage he that worthy warriour
Could ouercome, but could not vſe his chance
And I likewiſe of all my long indeuour
The ſharpe conqueſt though fortune did auance
Ne could I vſe. The hold that is giuen ouer,
I vnpoſſeſſe, ſo hangeth now in balance
Of warre my peace, reward of all my paine,
At Mountzon thus I reſtleſſe reſt in Spaine.

Of his returne from Spaine.

TAgus farewell ẏ weſtward with thy ſtreames,
Turnes vp the graines of gold already tried
For I with ſpurre and ſale, go ſeeke the Temmes,
Gaynward the ſunne ẏ ſheweth her welthy pride,
And to ẏ towne that Brutus ſought by dreames
Like bended moone that leaues her luſty ſyde
Wy king my countrey, I ſeke for whom I liue
O mightie Ioue the windes for this me giue.

Of ſodaine truſting.

DRiuen by deſire I did this dede
To daunger my ſelfe without cauſe why,
To truſt thuntrue not like to ſpede,
To ſpeake and promiſe faithfully,
But now the proſe doth vereſie,
That who ſo truſteth ere he knowe,
Doth hurt himſelfe and pleaſe his foe.

Of the mother that eate her child at ſiege of Ieruſalem.

IN doubtfull breſt whiles motherly pittie,
With furious famine ſtandeth at debate,
The mother ſaith, O child vnhappie,
Retourne thy bloud where thou hadſt milke of late
Yeld me thoſe limmes that I made vnto thee,
And enter there where thou were generate,
For of one body againſt all nature,
To another muſt I make ſepulture.

Of the meane and ſure eſtate written to Iohn Peines.

MY mothers maides when they do ſow and ſpin,
They ſing a ſong made of the fieldiſh mouſe,
That for becauſe her liuelode was but thinne,
Would nedes goe ſee her towniſh ſiſters houſe.
She thought her ſelfe indured to grenous paine,
The ſtormy blaſtes her caue ſo ſore did ſouce
That when the furrous ſwemmed with the raine,
She muſt lie colde, and wet in ſory plight,
And wooſe then that bare meate there did remaine
To comfort her when ſhe her houſe had dight,
Sometime a bareley corne, ſometime a beane,
For which ſhe laboured hard both day and night
In harueſt time, while ſhe might go and gleane.
And when her ſtore was ſtroied with the ſloud,
Then welaway for ſhe vndone was cleane,
Then was ſhe faine to take inſteade of foode

Slepe

Slepe if ſhe might her hunger to beguile,
My ſiſter quoth ſhe, hath a liuing good,
And hence from me ſhe dwelleth not a mile,
In cold and ſtorme, ſhe lieth warme and dry
In bed of downe the durt doe not defile
Her tender foote, ſhe labours not as I.
Richly ſhe feeds and at the rich mans coſt,
And for her meate ſhe nedes not craue nor cry,
By ſea by land, of delicats the moſt,
Her cater ſeekes and ſpareth for no perell,
She feedes on boild meate bake meat and on roſt,
And hath therefore no whit of charge nor trauell.
And when ſhe liſt the liquour of the grape
Doth glad her hart, till that her belly ſwell,
And at the iourney makes ſhe but a iape,
So forth ſhe goes, truſting of all this wealth,
With her ſiſter her part ſo for to ſhape,
That if ſhe might there kepe her ſelfe in health,
To liue a ladie while her life doth laſt.
And to the dore now is ſhe come by ſtealth,
And with her foote anone ſhe ſcrapes ful faſt,
Thother for feare, durſt not well ſcarſe appeare,
Of euery noiſe ſo was the wretch agaſt,
At laſt ſhe aſked ſoftly who was there,
And in her language as well as ſhe could,
Pepe (quoth the other) ſiſter I am here.
Peace (quod the towne mouſe) why ſpeakeſt thou ſo (loud
And by the hand ſhe tooke her faire and wel,
Welcome quoth ſhe my ſiſter by the roode.
She feſted her, that ioy it was to tell
The feare they had, they drank the wine ſo clere
And as to purpoſe now and then it fell,
She chered her with how ſiſter what chere:
Amid this ioy befell a ſory chaunce,
That well away, the ſtraunger bought full deare
The feare ſhe had For as ſhe lookt aſkance:
Under a ſtole ſhe ſpied two ſteming eies,
In a round heade, with ſharpe eares. In France

Mas

Was neuer mouſe ſo fard for the vnwiſe
Had not ysene ſuch a beaſt before.
Yet nature taught her after her guiſe
To knowe her foe and dread him euermore.
The towne mouſe fled, ſhe knewe whether to goe,
Thy other had no ſhift, but wounders ſore
Ferde of her life, at home ſhe wiſht her tho,
And to the dore alas as ſhe did ſkippe.
The heauen it would leſe eke her chance was ſo
At the threſholde her lely foote did trippe,
And ere ſhe might recouer it againe,
The traitour cat had caught her by the hippe,
And made her there againſt her will remaine,
That had forgot her poore ſuertie, and reſt,
For ſeeking wealth, wherein ſhe thought to raigne.
Alas (my Poines) how men do ſeeke the beſt,
And finde the worſe, by errour as the ſtray,
And no maruaile, when ſight is ſo oppreſt,
And blindes the guide, anone out of the way
Goeth guide, and all, ſeeking quiet life.
O wretched mindes, there is no gold that may
Graunt that ye ſeeke, no warre, no peace, nor ſtrife,
No no, although thy hedde were hoopt with golde.
Sergeãt with mace, with hawbert ſword nor knife
Cannot repulſe the care that follow ſhould,
Ech kinde of life, hath with him his diſeaſe,
Liue in delites, euen as thy luſt would,
And thou ſhal finde, when luſt doth moſt the pleaſe
It yrketh ſtraight, and by it ſelfe doth fade.
A ſmall thing is it, that may thy minde appeaſe.
None of you all there is, that is ſo madde.
To ſeeke for grapes on brambles or on briers.
For none I trowe that hath a wit ſo bad.
To ſet his hay for connies ouer riuer,
Nor ye ſet not a dragge net for a hare.
And yet the thing that moſt is your deſire,
You do miſlike with more trauaile and care
Make plaine thine hart, that it be not knotted.

With

With hope or dread: and ſee thy will be bare
From all affects whom vice hath neuer ſpotted:
Thy ſelfe content with that is the aſſinde,
And vſe it well that is to the alotted,
Then ſeeke no more out of thy ſelfe to finde,
The thing that thou haſt ſought ſo long before,
For thou ſhalt feele it ſticking in thy minde
Wade if ye liſt to continue your ſore,
Let preſent paſſe, and gape on time to come.
And depe thy ſelfe in trauaile more and more
Henceforth (my poines) this ſhall be all and ſome,
Theſe wretched fooles ſhall haue nought els of me,
But to the greate God and to his dome,
None other paine pray I for them to be,
But when the rage doth leade them from the right
That looking backward, Vertue they may ſee,
Euen as ſhe is, ſo goodly faire and bright,
And whilſt they claſpe their luſtes in armes acroſſe
Graunt them good Lord as thou maiſt of thy might
To freat inward, for loſing ſuch a loſſe.

Of the courtiers life written to Iohn Poines.

MIne owne Iohn Poines, ſins ye delight to kno
The cauſes why that homeward I me drawe,
And flee the preace of courtes, where ſo they goe
Rather then to liue thrall vnder the awe
Of lordly lookes wrapped within my cloke
To will and luſt learning to ſet a lawe,
It is not that becauſe I ſcorne or mocke
The power of them whom fortune here hath lent
Charge ouer vs, of right to ſtrike the ſtroke,
But true it is that I haue alwayes ment
Leſſe to eſteeme them then the common ſort
Of outward thinges, that iudge in there entent
Without regard what inward doth reſort,
I grant ſometime of glory that the fire
Doth touch my my hart, Me liſt not to report,

Blame

Blame by honour, and honour to desire,
But how may I this honour now attaine,
That cannot die the colour blacke a lier,
My Poines I cannot fraime my tune to faine.
To cloke the truth for praise without desert,
Of them that list all vile for to retaine.
I cannot honour them, that seeth their part
With Venus and Bacchus, all their life long.
Nor hold my peace of them, although I smart,
I cannot crutch nor kneele to such a wrong,
To worship them like God on earth alone.
That are as wolues these sely lambes among.
I cannot with my words complaine and mone.
And suffer nought nor smart without complaint,
Nor turne the word that from my mouth is gone,
I cannot speake and looke like a saint.
Use wiles for wit, and make deceite a pleasure,
Call craft counsaile for lucre still to paine
I cannot wrest the lawe to fill the coffer,
With innocent bloud to feede my selfe fatte,
And do most hurt where that most helpe I offer.
I am not he that can alowe the state
Of hie Ceasar, and damne Cato to dye,
That with his death did scape out of the gate,
From Ceasars hands if Liuy doth not lie,
And would not liue, where libertie was lost
So did his hart the common welth applie,
I am not he such eloquence to bost
To make the crow in singing, as the swanne,
Nor call the Lion of coward beasts the most
That cannot take a mouse as the cat can.
And he that dieth for hunger of the golde,
Call him Alexander and say that pan
Passeth Apollo in musicke many folde,
Praise sir Copas for anoble tale,
And scorne the story that the knight tolde,
Praise him for councell, that is drunke of ale,
Grimme when he laughs that beareth all the sway,

Frowne

Frowne whē he frownes and grone whē he is pale,
On others luſt, to hang both night and day,
None of theſe pointes would euer frame in me.
My wit is nought, I cannot learne the way,
And much the leſſe of thinges that greater bee.
That aſken helpe of colours to deuiſe
To ioine the meane with ech extremitie,
With nereſt vertue ay to cloke the vice,
And as to purpoſe likewiſe it ſhall be fall,
To preſſe the vertue that it may not riſe,
As drunkenneſſe good fellowſhep to call.
The friendly foe, with his faire dubble face,
Say he is gentle and curties therewithall,
Affirme that fauill hath a goodly grace
In eloquence. And crueltie to name
zeale of Juſtice, and change in time and place.
And he that ſuffereth offence without blame,
Call him pittifull, and him true and plaine,
That ſaileth reckleſſe vnto ech mans ſhame.
Say he is rude, that cannot lie and faine,
The lecher a louer, and tiranny
To be right of a Princes raigne.
I cannot I, no no, it will not be.
This is the cauſe that I could neuer yet
Hang on their ſleues, that weigh (as thou maieſt ſee)
A chippe of chance, more then a pound of wit,
This maketh me at home to hunt and hauke
And in foule weather at my booke to ſit
In froſt and ſnow, then with my bowe ſtalke,
No man doth marke where ſo I ride or goe,
In luſty leas at libertie I walke,
And of theſe newes I fele nor weale nor woe
Saue that a clogge doth hang yet at my hele.
No force for that for it is ordered ſo
That I may leape both hedge and dike full welle.
I am not now in france, to iudge the wine,
With ſawery ſauce thoſe delicates to ſele,
Nor yet in Spaine where one muſt him incline,

Rather

Rather then to be outwardly beseeme.
I meddle not with wits that be so fine,
Nor Flaunders cheere lets not my sight to dimme
Of blacke, and white, nor takes my wits away
With beastlines, such do thole beasts esteme,
Nor I am not where truth is giuen in pray.
For mony, prison, and treason of some
A common practise vsed night and day,
But I am here in kent and Christendome
Among the muses where I reade and rime.
Where if you list. mine owne Iohn Poines to come
Thou shalt be iudge, how I doe spend my time.

How to vse the court and himselfe therein, written to syr Frauncis Brian.

A Spending hand that alway powreth out,
Had neede to haue a bringer in as fast,
And on the stone that still doth turne about,
There groweth no mosse: These prouerbs yet do last
Reason hath set them in so sure a place,
That length of yeres their force can neuer wast.
When I remember this and eke the case
Wherin thou standst, I thought forthwith to write
(Brian) to thee, who knowes how great a grace,
In writing is to counsaile man the right
To thee therfore, that trottes still vp and downe,
And neuer restes, but running day and night,
From realme to realme, from citie, strete, & townes
Why doest thou weare thy body to the bones?
And mightest at home slepe in thy bed of downe,
And drink good ale so nappie for the nones.
Fede thy selfe fatte and heape vp pound by pound
Likest thou not this? No, why? for swines so groins
In sty and chaw doung moulded on the ground.
And driuell on pearles, with head still in the man-
Do of the harpe the asse doth heare the sound, ger

So ſackes of durt be fild, The neat courtier
So ſerues for leſſe, then doe theſe fatted ſwine
Though I ſeeme leane and dry withouten moiſter
yet will I ſerue my Prince my lord and thine
And let them liue to feede the paunch that liſt,
So I may liue to feede both me and mine.
By God well ſaid, But what and if thou wiſt,
How to bring in, as faſt as thou doſt ſpende?
That would I learne, and it ſhall not be miſt
To tell the how. Now harke what I intende,
Thou knoweſt well firſt, who can ſeeke to pleaſe
Shall purchaſe friendes where trouth ſhal but offende
Flee therefore truth, it is both welth and eaſe:
For though that trouth of euery man hath praiſe,
Full neare that wind goeth truth in great miſeaſe
Uſe vertue as it goes now a daies,
In word alone to make thy language ſweete,
And of thy deede, yet doe not as thou ſaies,
Els be thou ſure, thou ſhalt be farre vnmeete
To get thy bread, ech thing is now ſo ſkant.
Seeke ſtill thy profit vpon thy bare feete,
Lend in no wiſe, for feare that thou doe want
Vnleſſe it be as to a calfe a cheeſe,
But if thou can be ſure to winne a cant
Of halfe at leaſt it is not good to leeſe.
Learne at the ladde. that in a long white coate
From vnder the ſtale, withouten land or fee
Hath lept in the ſhop, who knowes by rote
This rule that I haue told the here before.
Sometime alſo rich age beginnes to dote,
Be thou when there thy gaine may be the more
Stay him by the arme where ſo he walke or goe,
Be nere alway, and if he cough to ſore
What he hath ſpit tread out, and pleaſe him ſo,
A diligent knaue that pikes his maiſters purſe
May pleaſe him ſo that he withouten mo
Executor is. And what is he the worſe?
But if ſo chance, thou get nought of the man.

The

The widdowe may for all thy paine disburse
A riueled skinne a stinking breath, what than
A toothlesse mouth shal do thy lippes no harme.
The gold is good and though she curse or banne,
Yet where thou list thou maist ly good and warme,
Let the old mule bite vpon the bridle,
Whilest there doe lie a sweter in thy arme,
In this also see that thou be not idle,
Thy nece, thy cosen, sister or thy daughter,
If she be faire if handsome be her middle,
If thy better hath her loue besought her,
Aduaunce his cause, and he shall helpe thy nede,
It is but loue, trane thou it to a laughter
But wary I say so gold the helpe and spede,
That in this case thou be not so vnwise
As pander was in such a like deede.
For he the foole of conscience was so nice,
That he no gaine would haue for all paine,
Be next thy selfe for friendship beares no price
Laughest thou at me why? do I speake in vaine?
No not at thee, but at thy thriftie iest,
Wouldest thou, I would for any losse or gaine,
Change that for gold, that I haue tane for best,
Nert godly thinges, to haue an honest name?
Sould I leaue that, then take me for a beast.
Nay then farewell, and if thou care for shame
Content thee then with honest pouertie,
With free tong, what the mislikes, to blame,
And for thy truth, sometime aduersitie.
And therewithal this gift I shall the giue,
In this world now little prosperitie.
And quoine to keepe, as water in a siue.

The Song of Iopas vnfinished.

When Dido feasted first the wandring Troyan knight, (light
whom Amos wrath w storme did force in Libick sandes to
That mightie Atlas taught, the supper lesting longe

With

With crisped lockes on holden harpe, Iopas sang in song:
That same (quoth he) that we the woꝛld do call and name,
Of heauen and earth with al contentes, it is the very frame,
Of thus, of heauenly powers by moꝛe power kept in one
Repugnant kindes, in mids of whom the earth hath place alone.
Firme, round of liuings the mother place and nource,
Without the which in egal weight, this heauen doth hold his courſ
And it is cald by name, the first and mouing heauen,
The firmament is placed next, conteining other seuen,
Of heauenly powers that same is planted full and thicke
As shining lightes which we call starres, ẏ them cleane and sticke.
With great swift sway the first, and with his restles sours,
Cariethit selfe, and all those eight, in euen continuall course
And of this woꝛld so round within that rolling cale,
two pointes there be that neuer moue, but firmely kepe their place
The tone we see alway, the other stands obiect,
Against that same deuiding iust the groumd by line direct.
Which by imagination, dꝛawne the one from the other
Toucheth the centre of the eaꝛth, foꝛ way ther is none other,
And these be cald the Poles, discribd by starres, not bꝛight
Artike the one noꝛthward we see, Antartike the other high
The line that we deuise from thone to thother lo,
As axell is vpon the which the heauens about do go.
Which of water noꝛ, of aire noꝛ fyꝛe haue kinde.
Therefoꝛe the substance of those same were hard foꝛ man to finde,
But they be uncoꝛrupt simple and pure unmixt,
And so we say ben all those starres, that in the same be fixt.
And eke those erring seuen, in circle as they stray,
So cald, because against the first they haue repugnant way.
And smaller bywayes too, scant sensible to man,
To busie woꝛke, foꝛ my pooꝛe harpe, let sing them he that can.
The widest saue the first, of all these mine aboue,
Out hundꝛeth yere doth aske of space, foꝛ one degree to mous
Of which degres we make in the first mouing heauen.
Three hundꝛed and threeschoꝛe in parts, iustlie deuided euen,
And yet there is another betweene those heauens two,
Whose mouing is so slie so slacke: I name it not foꝛ now,
The seauenth heauen oꝛ the shell nert to the starry skye,

All those degrees that gathereth vp with aged pace so sly,
And doth perfoꝛm the same, as elders count hath bene,
In nine and twentie yeres complete and daies almost sixteene,
Doth carrie in his bought the Starre of Saturne old,
A threatner of all liuing things with dꝛought and ẅ his colde,
The sirt whom this conteines, doth stalke with yonger pace,
And in twelue yere doth somewhat moꝛe then thothers viage was
And this in it doth beare the starre of Joue beninge,
Twene Saturnes malice and vs men friendly defending signe,
The sirt beares bloudy Mars, that in thꝛeehundꝛed dayes
And twise eleuen with one full yere, hath finisht all those waies
A yere doth aske the fourth. and howers therto sire.
And in the same the daies eye, the sunne therein he stickes.
The third that gouerned is by that, that gouerns me,
And lone foꝛ loue, and foꝛ no loue pꝛouokes, as oft we see.
In like space doth perfoꝛme the course, that did the tother,
So dothe nert vnto the same, that second is in oꝛder,
But it doth beare the starre that cald is Mercury,
That many a craftie secret steppe doth treade, as Calcars try
That skye is last, and sirt nert vs those weies hath gone,
In seuen and twenty common dayes, and eke the third of one,
And beareth with his sway, the diuers Moone about,
Now bright now bꝛowne, now, bẽt now full & now her light is
Thus haue they of their owne two mouinges all these seuen,
Out wherein they be carried still, ech in his seuerall heauen:
Another of them selues, where there bodies be laide
In by wayes, and in lesser roundes as I afoꝛe haue said,
Saue of them all the sunne doth stray least from the streight,
The starry skye hath but one course that we haue cald the eight.
And all these mouings eight are ment from west to east.
Although they seeme to clime aloft. I say from East to west
But that is but by foꝛce of their first mouing skye:
In twise twelue howers frõ East to east ꝑ carrieth them by & by.
But marke me will alo the mouing of these seauen,
Be not about the exeltree of the first mouing heauen
Foꝛ they haue their two Poles directly tone to the tother, &c.

S. T. WYAT the elder.

Vncertaine Auctours.

The complaint of a louer with ſute for pittie.

IF euer woſull man might moue your hart to ruth,
Good ladyes heare his wofull plaint, whoſe death ſhall try his (truth
And rightfull iudges be on this his true repoꝛt,
If he deſeruꝛ a louers name among the faithfullſoꝛt,
Fiue hundꝛed times the Sunne hath lodgd him in the weſt
Since in my hart I harbꝛed firſt of all the goodlieſt gueſt,
Whoſe woꝛthineſſe to ſhew my wittes are all to faint,
And I lacke cunning of the ſcheles, in colours her to paint.
But this I bꝛiefly ſay in woꝛds of egall weight,
So void of vice was neuer none, noꝛ with ſuch vertues freight
And foꝛ hir beauties pꝛaiſe, no wight that with her warres,
Foꝛ where ſhe comes ſhe ſhewes her ſelfe as ſun among the ſtarres
But Loꝛd thou waſt to blame to frame ſuch perfitneſſe,
And puts no pittie in her hart my ſoꝛꝛows to redꝛeſſe.
Foꝛ if ye knewe the paines and pangs that I haue paſt,
A wonder would it be to you, how that my life hath laſt.
When all the Gods agreed, that Cupid with his bowe.
Should ſhote his arrow from hir eyes, on me his might to ſhew,
I knew it was in vaine my foꝛce to truſt vpon,
And well I wiſht it was no ſhame, to yeld to ſuch a one:
Then did I me ſubmit with humble hart and minde,
To be her man foꝛ euermoꝛe, as by the Gods aſſinde.
And ſince that day, no woe wherewith loue might toꝛment,
Could moue me from this faithfull band, oꝛ make me once repent
Yet haue I felt full oft the hotteſt of his fire.
The bitter teares the ſcalding ſighes, the burning hotte deſire.
And with a ſodaine ſight the trembling of the hart,
And how the bloud doth come and goe, to ſuccour euery part.
When that a pleaſant looke hath lift me in the aire,
A frowne hath made me fall as faſt into a deepe diſpaire
And when that I ere this my tale could well by hart,
And that my tong had learned it ſo, that no woꝛd might ſtart,
The ſight of her that ſet my wits in ſuch a Ray,

That to be lord of all the world, one word I could not say.
And many a lodaine cramp my hart hath pinched so,
That for the time my sences all, felt neither wele nor woe,
Yet sawe I neuer thing, that might my minde content,
But wisht it hers, and at her will if she could so content.
Nor neuer heard of wo that did hir will displease,
But wisht the same vnto my selfe so it might do her ease.
Nor neuer thought that faire nor neuer liked face,
Unlesse it did resemble her, or some part of her grace.
No distance yet of place could vs so farre deuide,
But that my hart and my good will did still with her abide,
Nor yet it neuer lay in any fortune power,
To put that swete out of my thought one minute of an hower,
Nor rage of drenching sea, nor woodnes of the winde,
Nor cānons w̄ their thundring crackes could put her frō my minde.
For when both sea and land, a sunder had vs set,
My whole delight was onely then, my selfe alone to get.
And thetherward to looke, as nere as I could gesse,
Whereas I thought that she was then ẏ might my wo redresse.
Full oft it did me good that wayes to take my wind,
So pleasant aire in no place els, me thought I could not finde.
I saying to my selfe, my life is yonder way.
And by thy winde I haue her sent, a thouland sighes a day.
And said vnto the sunne, great gifts are giuen to thee.
For thou maiest see mine earthly blisse where euer that she be
Thou seest in euery place, would God I had thy might.
And I the ruler of my selfe, then should she knowe no night.
And thus from wish to wish, my wits haue bene at strife,
And wanting all that I haue wisht, thus haue I leade my life
But it cannot last, that in such wo remaines,
No force for that, for death is swete, to him that feeles such paines.
Yet most of all me greues, when I am in my graue,
That she shall purchase by my death a cruell name to haue
Wherefore all you that heare this plaint, or shall it see,
Wish that it may so pearce her heart, that she may pitie mee
For and it were her will, for both it were the best,
To saue my life, to kepe her name, and let my hart at rest.

Of the death of Maiſter Deuorox the Lord Feres ſonne.

Who iuſtly may reioice in ought vnder the ſkie?
As life or landes a friends or fruits, which onely liue to dye?
Or who doth not well knowe all worldly workes are vaine,
And g'ueth nought but to thee lendes, to take the ſame againe,
For though it liſt ſome vp as we long vpward all
Such is the ſort of ſlipper welth, all thinges do riſe to fall.
Thuncertainetie is ſuch experience teacheth ſo.
That what thinges men do couet moſt, them ſooneſt they forgoe.
Lo Deuoror where he lieth, whoſe life men helde ſo deare,
That nowe his death is ſorrowed ſo that pitie it is to heare.
His birth of ancient blond his parents of great fame,
And yet it in vertue farre before, the formoſt of the ſame,
His king and countrey both he ſerued to ſo great gaine
That with the Brutes, record doth reſt, and euer ſhall remaine.
No man in warre ſo mete, an enterpriſe to take,
No man in peace that pleaſurd more of enimies friends to make.
A Cato for his counſaile, his head was ſurely ſuch:
Ne Theſeus frēdſhip was ſo great, but Deuoror was as much
A graffe of ſo ſmall groth, ſo much good fruite to bring.
Is ſeldome heard, or neuer ſeene, it is ſo rare a thing,
A man ſent vs from God, his life did well declare.
And now ſent for by God againe, to teach vs what we are.
Daath and the graue that ſhall accompany all that liue,
Hath brough him heuē though ſōwhat ſone, which life could neuer
God graunt wel al that ſhall profeſſe as he profeſt:
To liue ſo well to dy no worſe, and ſend his ſoule good reſt.

They of the meane eſtate are happieſt.

IF right be ract and ouercome
And power take part with open wronge
If feare by force do yeld to ſone,
The lack as like to laſt to long.
If goods ſhall be vnplaced,

If right for riches looses his shape,
If world for wisdome be embraced,
The gesse is great much hurt may hap.
Among good things I proue and finde,
The quiet life doth most abound,
And sure to the contented minde,
There is no riches may be found.
For riches hates to be content
Rule is enemie to quietnes,
Power is most part impatient,
And seldome likes to line in peace.
I heard a heard man once compare
That quiet nightes he had mo kept,
And had mo merry daies to spare,
Then he which ought the beastes he kept.
I would not haue it thought hereby
The Dolphin swimme I meane to teach,
Nor yet to learne the Faulcon flye.
I rowe not so farre past my reache.
But as my part aboue the rest,
Is well to wishe and well to will,
So till my breath shall faile my brest,
I will not cease to wish you still.

Comparison of life, and death.

The life is long that lothsomely doth last,
The doleful daies drawe slowly to the date,
The present pangs & painefull plagues forepast,
Peld griefe ay grene to stablish his estate,
So that I feele in this great stormе and strife,
That death is sweete that endeth such a life.
Yet by the stroke of this straunge ouerthrowe.
At which conflict in thraldome I was thrust
The Lord be praised, I am well taught to knowe
From whence man came, and eke whereto he must,
And by the way vpon how feeble force.
His terme doth stand til death doth end his course
The pleasant yeres that seme so swift that runne

The

The merry daies to end, ſo faſt that fleete,
The ioyfull nightes, of which day dawneth ſo ſoone
The happie howers which they do miſſe then meete,
Doe all conſume as ſnow againſt the ſunne.
And death makes end of al that life begunne,
Since death ſhall dure till all the woꝛld be waſt,
What meaneth man to dꝛead death then ſo ſoꝛe?
As man migh: make that life ſhould alway laſt.
Without regarde the Loꝛd hath led befoꝛe
The daunce of death, which all muſt runne on rowe
Though how, oꝛ when the Loꝛd alone doth bꝛing
What greeuous crimes to God he doth commit
what plagues what pãgs, what perils therby ſpꝛing
With no ſure howꝛe in all his daies to ſit.
He would ſure thinke as with great cauſe I do,
The day of death were better of the two,
Death is a poꝛt whereby we paſſe to ioy,
Life is a lake, that dꝛowneth all in paine,
Death is ſo deare, it ceaſeth all annoy.
Life is ſo leud, that all it yelds is vaine:
And as by life to bondage man is bꝛought
Euen ſo likewiſe by death was freedome wꝛought.
Therefoꝛe with Paule, let al men wiſh and pꝛay
To be diſſolued of this foule fleſhly maſſe,
Oꝛ at the leſt be armd againſt the day,
That they be found good pꝛeſt to paſſe
From life to death, from death to life againe
To ſuch a life, as euer ſhall remaine.

The tale of Pigmalion with concluſion vpon the beautie of his loue.

IN Greece ſometime there dwelt a man of woꝛthy fame,
To graue in ſtone his cunning was Pigmalion was his name
To make his fame indure: when death hath him bereft.
He thought good of his owne hand ſome filed woꝛke were left
In ſecret ſtudy then ſuch woꝛke he gan deuiſe,
As might his cunning beſt commend, and pleaſe the lookers eies.

A courser faire he thoughte to graue, barbed for the field,
And on his back a semely knight, wel armde w speare & shield.
Or else some foule or fish to graue he did deuise,
And stil win his wandering thoughts new fansies did arise
Thus varied he in minde, what enterprise to take,
Till fansie moude his learned hand a woman faire to make,
Whereon he staied and though such perfet forme to frame
Whereby he might amase all Grece and winne immortall name
Of yuory white he made so faire a woman than,
That nature scorned her perfectnes so taugh by craft of man,
well shaped were her limmes, full comely was her face,
Ech little liuely coucht, ech part had semely grace,
Twixt nature and Pigmalion, there might appeare great strife,
So semely was this image wrought, it lackt nothing but life,
His curious eye beheld his own deuised worke,
And gasing oft thereon he found much venom there to lurke,
For all the featured shape so did his fansie moue,
That with his idoll, whom he made Pigmalion fell in loue.
To whom he honour gaue, and decked w garlands swete
And did adorne with iewels rich, as is for louers meete,
Sometimes on it he fawnd, sometimes in rage would cry,
It was a wonder to behold how fansie bleard his eye.
Since that this ymage domme inflamed so wise a man,
Why dere alas since I you loue, what wonder is it then?
In whom hath nature set the glory of her name,
And brake her mould in great dispite, your like she could not frame.

The louer sheweth his wofull state and praieth pittie.

LIke as the Larke within the Marlian foote,
With pereous tunes doth chirpe her yelden laye:
So sing I now, seing none other boote,
My rendring seng, and to your will obey.
Your vertue mountes aboue my force so hie.
And with your beautie ceased I am so sure,
That there anailes reluitance none in me,
But patiently your pleasure to indure,
For on your will my fansie shall attend,

My life my death I put both in your choiſe,
And rather had my life by you to ende,
Then liue by other alwaies to reioice,
And if your crueltie do thirſt my bloud,
Then let it fourth if it may do you good.

Vpon conſideration of the ſtate of his life he waſteth death.

The longer life, the more offence,
The more offence the greater payne,
The greater payne the leſſe defence,
The leſſe defence the leſſer gaine.
The loſſe of gaine long ill doth try,
Wherefore come death and let me die.
The ſhorter life, leſſe count I finde,
The leſſe account the ſoner made,
The count ſone made, the merrier minde,
The merrier minde doth thought euade,
Short life in truth this thing doth try,
Wherefore come death and let me dye.
Come gentle death the ebbe of care,
The ebbe of care the floud of life,
The floud of life the ioyfull fare,
The ioyfull fare the ende of ſtrife
The ende of ſtrife that thing wiſh I,
Wherefore come death and let me dye,

The louer that once diſdained loue, is now become ſubiect being caught in his ſnare.

TO this my ſong giue eare who liſt,
And mine entent iudge as ye will,
The time is come, that I haue miſt,
The thing whereon I hoped ſtill,
And from the top of all my truſt,
Miſhap hath throwen me in the duſt,
The time hath ben and that of late
We hart and I might leape at large
And was not ſhut within the gate,

Of loues desire, nor tooke no charge
Of any thing that did pertaine...
As toue'zing loue in any paine,
My thought was free, my hart was light.
I marked not who lost, who saught,
I plaid by day, I slept by night
I forced not who wept, who laught.
My thought from all such thinges was free
And I my selfe at libertie.
I toke no hid to taunteson toies,
As leefe to see them frowne as smile,
Where fortune laught I scornd their toies.
I found their fraud and euery wile,
And to my selfe ofttimes I smilde,
To see how loue had them beguilde,
Thus in the net of my conceit.
I masked still among the sort,
Of such as fede vpon the baite,
That Cupid laid for his disport,
And euer as I saw them caught,
I them behild and thereat laught,
Till at the length when Cupid spied
My scornefull will and spitefull vse,
And how I past not who was tied,
So that my selfe might still liue lose,
He set himselfe to lie in waite,
And in my way he threw a baite:
Such one as nature neuer made,
I dare well say saue she alone,
Such one she was that would inuade
A hart more hard then marble stone,
Such one she is, I knew it right,
Her nature made to shew her might,
Then as a man in a mase,
When vse of reason is a way,
So I began to stare and gase,
And sodainly, without delay,
Or euer I had the wit to looke,

I ſhallowed vp both baite and hooke,
which daily greues me moze and moze
By ſundzy ſozts of carefull woe,
And none aliue may ſalue the ſoze.
But onely ſhe that hurt me.
In whom my life doth now conſiſt.
To ſaue oz ſlay me as ſhe liſt.
But ſeing now that I am caught,
And bound ſo faſt I cannot flye,
Be ye by mine enſample taught,
That in your fanſies feele you free,
Diſpiſe not them that louers are,
Leſt you be caught within his ſnare.

Of Fortune and fame.

THe plague is great where foztune frownes,
One miſchefe dzinges a thouſand woes
Where trumpets giue their warlike ſownes
The weake ſuſtaine ſharpe ouerthzowes
No better life they taſt and feele
That ſubiect are to foztunes wheele.
Her happie chaunce may laſt no time,
Her pleaſure thzeatneth paine to come,
She is the fall of thoſe that climes
And yet her whele auanceth ſome.
No fozce where that ſhe hates oz loues,
Her fickle mind ſo oft remoues
She giues no gift, but craues ſo faſt
She ſoone repents a thankfull deede,
She turneth after euery blaſt,
She helps them oft that hath no neede,
Where power dwells, and riches reſt,
Falſe foztune is a common geſt,
Let ſome affirme and pzoue by ſkill,
Foztune is not a flying fame.
She neuer can do good noz ill.
Se hath no fozme yet beares a name,
Then we but ſtriue againſt the ſtremes

To frame such toies on fanties dreames.
If she haue shape or name alone,
If she doe rule or beare no sway.
If she haue body life or none,
Be she a spyte I cannot say:
But well I wot some cause there is,
That causeth wo and sendeth blisse.
The causes of thinges I will not blame,
Lest I offend the prince of peace,
But I may chide and braule with fame,
To make her cry and neuer cease.
To blowe the trompe within hir eares
That may appease my woful teares.

Against wicked tounges.

O Euill tongs, which clap at euery winde,
Yea slea the quicke, and the dead defame.
Those that liue well, some faute in them ye finde,
Ye take no thought in slaundering there good name
ye put iust men oft times to open shame
ye ring so loude ye sound vnto the skies,
And yet in proofe ye sowe nothing but lies.
ye make great warre, where peace haue bene of lōg
ye bring rich realmes in ruen and decay,
ye pluckt downe. ye doe enhaunce the wrong,
ye turne sweete mirth to wo, and wellaway,
Of mischeifs all ye are the ground I say,
Happie is he that lines on such a sort,
That nedes not feare such tongs of false report.

Hell tormenteth not the damned goostes so sore as vnkindnes the louer.

The restles rage of deepe deuouring hel,
The blasting brandes that neuer do consume.
The roring rout in Plutoes den that dwell.
The fiery breath, that from those ymps doth fume
The dropsy drieth, that Tantale in the flood,
Endureth ay all hopelesse of relieke,
The hungerstaruen, where frute is ready foode,
So wretchedly his soule doth suffer griefe

The liuer gnawne of guilefull Prometheus
Which Vulturnes fel with ſtrained talent tire,
The labour loſt of wearied Siſiphus.
Theſe helliſh hounds with paines of quenchles fire,
Cannot ſo ſore the ſily ſoules torment
As her vntruth my hart hath al to rent.

Of the mutabilitie of the VVorld.

By fortune as I lay in bed, my fortune was to finde,
Such fanſies as my carefull thought had brought into my mind
And when ech one was gone to reſt full ſoft in bed to lie,
I would haue ſlept, but then the watch did follow ſtill myne eye
And ſodainely I ſaw a ſea of wofull ſorrows preſt,
Whoſe wicked wayes of ſharpe repulſe bred mine vnquiet reſt,
I ſaw this world and how it went, ech ſtate in his degree
And that from wealth ygraunted is, both life and libertie,
I ſaw how enuie it did raine, and beare the greateſt price,
ye greater priſon is not found within the Cocatrice.
I ſaw alſo how that diſdaine oft times to forge my woe,
Gaue me the cuppe of bitter ſweete to pledge my mortall foe.
I ſawe alſo how that deſire to reſt no place could finde,
But ſtill conſtraind in endleſſe paine to follow natures kinde.
I ſaw alſo moſt ſtraunge of all how nature did forſake,
The bloud ẏ in her womb was wrought as doth ẏ lothed ſnake.
I ſaw how fanſie would retaine to linger then her luſt,
And as the winde howe ſhe doth chaunge, and is not for to truſt.
I ſaw how ſtedfaſtnes did flee with winges of often chaunge,
A flying birde, but ſeldome ſe, her nature is ſo ſtrange.
I ſawe how pleaſant times did paſſe, as flowers doe in the mede,
To day that riſeth red as roſe, to morrow falleth dede
I ſaw my time how it did runne as ſand out of the glaſſe,
Euen as ech hower appointed is from time and tide to paſſe,
I ſawe the yeres that I had ſpent, and loſſe of all my gaine,
And how the ſpot of youthfull plaies my folly did retaine.
I ſaw how that the little Ant in ſommer ſtill did runne,
To ſeeke her foode, whereby to liue in winter for to come.
I ſawe eke vertue how ſhe ſate, the threde of life to ſpinne,

Which sheweth the ende of euery worke, before it doth beginne.
And when all these I thus behelde with many more pardy
In me me thought, ech one had brought a perfect property.
And then I said vnto my selfe, a lesson this shall be
For other that shall after come, for to beware by me.
Thus all the night I did deuise, which way I might constraine.
To forme a plot, that wit might work these branches in my braine.

Harpalus complaint of Phillidaes loue bestowed on Corin who loued her not and denied him that loued her

Phillida was a faire maide.
As fresh as any flower,
Whom Harpalus the heard man praisde
To be his paromour.
Harpalus and eke Corin
Were herdmen both yfere:
And Phillida could twist and spinne
And thereto sing full clere.
But Phillida was all to coy,
For Harpalus to winne.
For Corin was her onely loy,
Who forst her not a pinne
How often would she flowers twine
How often garlants make:
Of Cowsleps and of Culumbine
And all for Corins sake.
But Corin he had haukes to lure.
And forced more the fielde:
Of louers law he tooke no cure
For once he was beguilde.
Harpalus prevailed naught
His labour all was lost,
For he was farthest from her thought
And yet he loued her most.
Therfore war he both pale and leane
And dry as clod of clay
His flesh it was consumed cleane
His colour gone away,

his

His beard it had not long ben shaue,
His heare hung al vnkempt,
A man most fit euen for the graue
Whom spiteful loue had shent.
His eyes were red and all for wache
His face besprent with teares,
It seemed vnhap had him long hatche
In midſ of his dispaires.
His clothes were blacke and also bare
As one forlorne was he.
Upon his head he alwaies ware
A wreath of willow tree
His beastes he kept vpon the hill,
And he sate in the dale,
And thus with sighes and sorrowes shrill,
He gan to tell his tale,
Oh Harpalus (thus would he saie)
Unhappiest vnder sunne,
The cause of thine vnhappie day
By loue was first begunne.
For thou wenest first by suite to seeke
A Tigre to make tame,
That sets not by thy loue a leeke
But makes thy griefe her game.
As easie it were to conuert
The frost into the flame,
As for to turne a froward hart
Whom thou so faine wouldst frame,
Corin he liueth careleſſe,
He leapes among the leaues.
He eates the fruites of thy redreſſe,
Thou reapest he takes the sheaues
My beasts awhile your foode refraine
And harke your heardmens sound,
Whom spitefull loue alas hath slaine
Through giet with many a wound.
O happy be ye beasts wild
That here your pasture takes,

Songes.

I see that yee be not beguile
Of these your faithfull makes
The hart he fedeth by the hinde
The Buck hard by the do,
The turtle doue is not vnkinde
To him that loues her so.
The Ewe she hath by her the Ramme
The yong Cowe hath the Bull,
The Calfe mith with many a lusty lambe
Doe feede their hunger full.
But wellaway that nature wrought
Thee Phillida so faire.
For I may say that I haue bough:
Thy beautie all to deare.
What reason is that crueltie
With beautie should haue part.
Or els that such great tiranny
Should dwell in womans hart.
I see therefore to shape my death
She cruelly is prest,
To thend that I may want my breath
My dayes ben at the best.
O Cupid graunt this my request
And do not stop thine eares,
That she may feele within her brests
The paines of my dispaires
Of Corin that is careless
That she may craue her fee,
As I haue done in great distresse
That loued her faithfully.
But since that I shall dy her slaue
Her slaue and eke her thrall:
Write you my friends vpon my graue
Thus chaunce that is befall
Here lieth vnhappie Harpalus
By cruell now slaine.
Whom Philida vniustly thus
Hath murdered with disdaine.

Vpon

Vpon ſir Iames VVilfords death.

LO here the end of man the cruell ſiſters three
The web of Wilfords life vneth had halfe eſponne,
When raſh vpon miſdeede, they all accorded be
To breake vertues courſe ere halfe the race were runne,
And trip him on his way that els had wonne the game,
And holden higheſt place within the houſe of fame.
But yet though he be gone, thong ſenſe with him be paſt,
Which trode the euen ſteps that leaden to renowne,
We that remaine aline, ne ſuffer ſhall to waſt,
The fame of his deſerts, ſo ſhall he looſe but ſowne,
The thing ſhall ay remaine. ay kept as freſh in ſtore
As if his eares ſhould ring of that he wrought before.
Waile not therefore his want, ſith he. ſo left the ſtage
Of care and wretched life, with ioy and clap of handes
Who plaieth longer partes, may well haue greater age,
But few ſo well may paſſe the gulfe of fortunes landes
So triedly did he treade, ay preſt at vertues becke,
That fortune found no place to giue him once a checke,
The fates haue rid him hence who ſhall not after goe?
Though earthed be his corps, yet flouriſh ſhall his fame.
A gladſome thing it is, that ere he ſtept vs fro.
Such mirrours he vs left our life thereby to frame,
Wherefore his praiſe ſhall laſt ay freſh in Brutons ſight
Till ſunne ſhall ceaſe to ſhine, and lend the earth his light,

Of the wretchedneſſe in this world.

WHo liſt to liue vpright, and hold himſelfe content,
Shal ſee ſuch wõders in this world, as neuer erſt was ſent
Such groping for the ſweete, ſuch taſting of the ſowre,
Such wandering here for worldly wealth that loſt is in one houre
And as the good or badde, get vp in high degree,
So wades the world in right or wrong, it may none other bee:
And looke what lawes they make ech man muſt them obey,
And yoke himſelfe with patient hart to driue and draw that way,
Yet ſuch as long ago, great rulers were eſtemde,
Both liues and lawes are now forgot & worne cleane out of mind,
So that by this I ſee, no ſtate on earth may laſte

But as their times appointed be, to rise and fall as fast,
The goods that gotten bee, by good and iust desert,
Ye t vse them so that needy hands may helpe to spend the part.
For looke what help thou hoordst, of rustie golde in store,
Thine enimies shall wast the same that neuer swat therefore.

The repentant sinner in durance and aduersitie.

VNto the liuing Lord for pardon do I pray,
From whom I graunt, euē frō ỹ well, I haue run still astray:
And other liues there none (my death shall well declare)
On whom I ought to grate for grace, as faultie folkes do fare:
But the O Lord alone, I haue offended so
That this small scourge is much to scāt for mine offence I knowe.
I ranne without returne, the way the world like best,
And what I ought most to regard, that I respected lest:
The through wherein I thrust, hath throwen me in such case
That lood my soule is sore beset without thy greater grace.
My giltes are growen so great, my power doth so appeare,
That with great force they argue ofr and mercy much dispaire.
But then with faith I flee to thy prepared store,
Where there lieth helpe for euery hurt, and salue for euery sore.
My lost time to lament, my vaine waies to bewayle.
No day, no night no place, no howre, no moment I shall faile.
My soule shall neuer cease with an assured faith,
To knocke, to craue, to call, to cry to thee, for helpe with faith.
Knocked it shall be heard, but aske and giuen it is.
And all that like to keepe this course, of mercy shall not misse.
For when I call to minde how the one wandering shepe
Did bring more ioy with his retourne, then all the flocke did kepe
It yeldes full hope and trust my straied and wandering ghoste
Shall be receiued and held more deere, then those were neuer lost,
O Lord my hope behold, and for my helpe make hast.
To pardon the forepassed race that careiesse I haue past,
And but the day drawe neere that death must pay the det,
For loue of life which thou hast lent and time of paiment set.
From this sharp shower me shilde which threatned is at hand,
Whereby thou shalt great power declare, & I the storm withstande,
Not my will Lord but thine fulfilled be in eth case,

To

To whoſe great will & mighti power al powers ſhal onte giue place
My faith, my hope my truſt, my God and eke my guide,
Stretch forth thy hand to ſaue the ſoule, what so the body bide,
Refuſe not to receiue that thou so deare hast bought,
For but by the alone, I knowe all saftie in vaine is sought.
I know and knowledge eke, albeit very late,
That thou it is I ought to loue and dread in ech estate.
And with repentant hart, do laud the Lord on hie,
That hath so gently set me straight, that erst walkt so awry.
Now graunt me grace my God, to stand thine strong in spirite.
and let ẏ world then worke such waies as to ẏ world seemes meete

The louer here telleth of his diuers ioies and aduersities, in loue, and lastly of his ladies death.

Syth singing gladdeth oft the hearts,
Of them that feele the pangs of loue
And for the while doth ease the smartes
My selfe I shall the same way proue.
And though that loue hath smit that stroke
Whereby is lost my libertie,
Which by no meanes I may revoke,
Yet shall I sing how pleasantly
Nye twentie yeres of youth I past,
Which all in libertie I spent,
And so from first vnto the last,
Ere aught I knewe what louing ment,
And after shall I sing the wo,
The paine the griefe the dedly smart,
When loue this life did ouerthrow,
That hidden lies with in my hart:
And then the ioies that I did feele,
When fortune lifted after this,
And set me hie vpon her wheele,
And changed my wo to pleasant blisse.
And so the sodaine fall againe,
From all the ioyes that I was in,
All you that list to heare of paine,

Songes

Giue eare for nowe I do beginne.
Lo: first of all when lone began,
With hote desires my hart to burne,
We thought his might anaild not than
From libertie my hart to turne.
For I was free and did not knowe,
How much his mights mans heart might greeue,
I had profest to be his foe,
His lawe I thought not to beleue,
I went vntied in lustie leas,
I had my wish alwaies at will,
There was no wo, might me displease,
Of pleasant ioies I had my fill.
No painefull thought did passe my heart
I spilt no teare to wet my brest:
I knewe no sorrow sigh nor smart,
My greatest griefe was quiet rest,
I brake no sleepe I tossed not
Nor did delight to sitte alone
I felt no chaunge of cold and hotte,
Nor nought a nights could make my mone
For all was ioy that I did feele,
And of void wandering I was free
I had no clogge tide at my hele,
This was mylife at libertie.
That yet me thinkes it is a bliſſe,
To thinke vpon that pleasure past.
But forth withall I finde the misse,
For that it might no longer last.
Thole daies I spent at my desire,
Without wo or aduersitie,
Till that my hart was set on fire,
With lone, with wrath with ielousie,
For on a day (alas the while)
To heare my harme how it beganne,
The blinded Lord the God of guile
Had list to ende my freedome than
And through mine eye into my hart

All

All ſodainely I felt it glide,
He ſhot his sharped fiery dart,
The head (alas) doth ſtill remaine.
And ſince could I neuer knowe,
The way to wring it out againe,
Yet was it nie three yeres agoe,
This ſodaine ſtroke made me agaſt,
And it began to vexe me ſore,
But yet I thought it would haue paſt,
As other ſuch haue done before
But it did not that (wo is me)
So depe imprinted in my thought
The ſtroke abode that yet I ſee. (wrought
Me thinkes my harme how it was
Kinde taught me ſtraight that this was loue
And I perceiued it perfetly.
Yet thought I thus: Nought ſhall me moue,
I will not thrall my libertie
And diuers waies I did aſſay,
By flight. by force, by friend. by foe.
This fiery thought to put away,
I was to loth for, to forgoe.
My libertie that me was leuer.
Then bondage was where I heard ſay
Who once was bound was ſure neuer
Without great paine to ſcape away.
But what for that, there is no choiſe
For my miſhap was ſhapen ſo,
That thoſe my daies that did reioiſe,
Should turne my bliſſe to bitter wo.
For with that ſtroke my bliſſe tooke ende
Inſtead whereof forthwith I caught,
Hote burning ſighes that ſince haue brend
My wretched heart almoſt to naught.
And ſince that day O Lord my life,
The miſery that it hath felt.
That nought hath had, but wo and ſtrife

And hote desires my hart to melt.
O Lord how sodaine was the change,
From such a plesant libertie:
The very thraldome seemed strange,
But yet there was no remedie.
But I must yeld and giue vp all,
And make my guide my cheifest foe,
And in this wise became I thrall,
Lo, loue and hap would haue it so.
I suffered wrong and held my peace,
I gaue my teares good leaue to runne,
And neuer would seeke for redresse,
But hopt to liue as I begonne.
For what it was that might me ease
He liued not that might it knowe:
Thus dranke I all mine owne disease
And all alone bewaild my wo.
There was no sight that might me please
I fled from them that did reioise.
And oft alone my hart to ease,
I would bewaile with wofull voice.
My life my seate my misery.
And curse my selfe and all my daies.
Thus wrought I with my fantasie,
And sought mine helpe none other waies
Saue sometime to my selfe alone,
When farre of was my helpe God wot
Loude would I cry, My life is gone
My dere if that you helpe me not,
Then wish I straight that death may ende
These bitter pangs and all this griefe
For nought me thought might it amende.
Thus in dispaire to haue relife.
I lingered forth til I was brought
With pining in so piteous cale.
That all that sawe me said me thought
Lo death is painted in his face.
I went no where, but by the waye

I saw

I ſaw ſome ſight before mine eies
That made me ſigh and oft times ſaye
My life alas I the diſpiſe.
This laſted well a yere and more,
Which no Wight knewe, but only I
So that my life was nere forlore,
And I diſpaired vtterly.
Till on a day as fortune would,
(For that, that ſhall be needes muſt fal)
I ſat me downe as thoughe I ſhould
Haue ended then my life and all,
And as I ſate to write my plaint
Meaning to ſhew my great vnreſt.
With quaking hand and hart full faint
Amid my plaintes among the reſt
I wrote with inke and bitter teares,
I am not mine, I am not mine,
Behold my life away that weares,
And if I dy the loſſe is thine.
Herewith a little hope I caught.
That for a while my life did ſtay:
But in effect all was for naught,
Thus liued I ſtill till on a day
As I ſat staring on theſe eyes
Thoſe ſhining eies, that firſt me bound,
My inward thought tho cried, ariſe,
Lo mercy where it may be found
And therewithall I drewe me neere,
With feeble hart and at a braid
(But it was ſoftly in her eare)
Mercy Madam, was all I ſaid,
But wo was me, when it was tolde,
For therewithall fainted my breath,
And I ſate ſtill for to behold,
And heare the iudgement of my death.
But loue nor hap would not conſent
To end me then but wellaway
There gaue me bliſſe that I repent

To thinke I liue to see this day:
For after this I plained still
So long and in so piteous wise,
That I my wish had at my will.
Graunted as I would it deuise.
But Lord who euer heard or knew,
Of halfe the ioy that I felt than:
Or who can thinke it may be true,
That so much blisse had euer man.
Lo Fortune thus set me aloft,
And more my sorrowes to relieue,
Of pleasaunt ioyes I tasted oft,
As much as loue or hope might giue,
The sorrowes old, I felt before,
About my heart, were driuen thence,
And for ech griefe I felt afore,
I had a blisse in recompence,
Then thought I all the time well spent,
That I in plaint had spent so long,
So was I with my life content,
That to my selfe I sayd among,
Sins thou art rid of all thine ill,
To shew thy ioyes set forth thy voice,
And since thou hast thy wish at will,
My happy heart reioyce, reioyce.
Thus felt I ioyes a great deale mo,
Then by my song may well be told:
And thinking on my passed woe,
My blisse did double manifold,
And thus I thought with mans blood,
Such blisse might not be bought to deare,
In such estate my ioyes then stoode,
That of a change I had no feare.
But why sing I so long of blisse:
It lasteth not that will away,
Let me therefore bewaile the misse,
And sing the cause of my decay.
Yet all this while there liued none,

That led her life moꝛe pleaſauntly,
Noꝛ vnder hap there was not one,
We thought ſo well at eaſe as I.
But O blinde ioy, who may thee truſt:
Foꝛ no eſtate thou canſt aſſure,
Thy faithfull vowes ꝓoue all vniuſt.
Thy fayꝛe beheſt be full vnſure,
Good ꝓꝛoofe by me, but of late,
Not fully twentie dayes ago,
Which thought my life was in ſuch ſtate,
That nought might woꝛke my hart this woe
Yet hath the enemie of mine eaſe,
Cruell miſhap that wꝛetched wight,
Now when my life did moſt me pleaſe,
Deuiſed me ſuch cruell ſpight.
That from the higheſt place of all.
As to the pleaſing of my thought,
Downe to the deepeſt am I fall,
And to my helpe auaileth nought,
Lo, thus are all my ioyes quite gone,
And I am bꝛought from happineſſe,
Continually to wayle and mone,
Lo ſuch is foꝛtunes ſtableneſſe.
In which I thought ſuch ſuretie,
That pleaſure ſhould haue ended neuer,
But now alas, aduerſitie,
Doth make my ſinging ceaſe foꝛ euer,
O bꝛittle ioy, O welth vnſtable.
Who feeles the moſt they ſhall not miſſe,
At length to be made miſerable.
Foꝛ all muſt end as doth my bliſſe,
There is none other certaintie,
And at the end the woꝛſt is his,
That moſt hath knowne ꝓoſꝑeritie.
Foꝛ he that neuer bliſſe aſſayed,
Way well away with wꝛetchedneſſe,
But he ſhall finde that hath it layde,
A paine to part from pleaſant neſſe.

Songes

As I do now, for ere I knew
What pleasure was, I felt no grieke.
Like vnto this, and it is true
The bliss hath brought me in this mischeike
But yet I haue not longen how
This mischeike came but I intend
With wofull voice to sing it nowe.
And therewithall I make an ende.
But Lord now that it is begunne,
I feele my spirits are vered lore,
Oh giue me breath till this be done,
And after let me liue no more,
Alas the enimy of this life,
The enner of all pleasantnes,
Alas he bringeth al this strife,
And causeth al this wretchednesse,
For in the mids of all thy welth,
That brought my hart to happines,
This wicked death he came by stelth,
And robde me of my ioifulnes
He came when that I little thought
Of ought that might me vere so lore,
And sodainely he brought to naught
My pleasantnesse for euer more.
He slewe my ioy, alas the wretch,
He slewe my ioy or I was ware,
And now, alas, no might may stretch
To set an end to my great care.
For by this cursed deadly stroke,
My blisse is lost and I forlore,
And no helpe may the losse reuoke,
For lost it is for euermore.
And closed vp are those faire eyes
That gaue me first the signe of grace,
My faire sweete foes mine enimies,
And earth doth hide her pleasant face.
The looke which did my life vphold,
And all my sorrowes did confound,

With

Which which more bliſſe then may be tolde
Alas now lieth it vnder ground,
But ceaſe for I will ſing no more.
Since that my harme hath not redreſſe,
But as a wretch for euermore
My life will waſt with wretchedneſſe.
And ending this my wofull ſong,
Now that it ended is and paſt,
I would my life were but as long,
And that this word might be my laſt.
For lothſome is that life (men ſay)
That liketh not the liuers minde,
Lo thus I ſeeke mine owne decay,
And will till that I may it finde.

Of his loue named white.

FAll faire and white ſhe is and white by name,
Whoſe white doth ſtriue with lillies white to ſtaine
Who may contemne the blaſt of black defaine
Who in darke night can bring day bright againe
The ruddy roſe impreſeth with cleare hew,
In lippes and cheekes right orient to beholde,
That the neerer gaſer may that rewe,
And feele diſperſt in limmes the chilling cold,
For white all white his bloudleſſe face will be.
The aſhye pale ſo alter will hys cheere,
But I that doe poſſeſſe in full degree
The hartie loue of this my hart ſo deare,
So oft to me as ſhe preſents her face,
For ioy do feele my heart ſpring from his place.

Of the louers vnquiet ſtate

WHat thing is that which I both haue & lacke
With good will graunted, it is denied:
How may I be receiued and put abacke,
Alway doing and yet vnoccupied,
Moſt ſlow in that which I haue moſt applied,
Still thus to ſeeke, and leeſe that I winne,

And

And that was done is newest to begin,
In riches finde I wilfull pouertie,
In great pleasure liue I in heauinesse.
In much freedome I lack my libertie,
Thus am I both in ioy and in distresse,
And in few words if that I shall be plaine
In Paradise I suffer all this paine.

VVhere good will is, some proofe will appeare.

IT is no fire that giues no heate,
Though it appeare neuer so hot,
And they that run and cannot sweate,
Are very leane and drie God wot.
A perfite leach applieth his wits,
To gather hearbes of all degrees.
And feuers with their feruent fits,
Be cured with their contraries,
New wine will serch to finde a vent,
Although the caske be set so strong.
And wit will walke when will is bent,
Although the way be neuer so long.
The Rabbets run vnder the rocks,
The snailes do clime the highest towers,
Gunpouder cleanes the sturdy blocks,
A feruent will all thing deuoures.
When wit with will and diligent,
Apply themselues and match as mates,
There can no want of resident,
From force defend the castell gates.
Forgetfulnesse makes little hast,
And Sloth delights to liue full soft,
That telleth the deaft, his tale doth wast,
And is full drie that craues full oft.

Verses written on the picture of sir Iohn VVilford Knight.

ALas that euer death such vertues should forset,
As compasse was within his coppes, whose picture is here set.

Oh that it euer lay in any fortunes might,
Through deep diſdain to end his life, that was ſo worthy a wight,
For ſith he firſt began in armour to be clad,
A worthier Champion than he was, yet England neuer had.
And though recure be paſt, his life to haue againe,
Yet would I wiſh his worthineſſe in writing to remaine
That men to mind might call, how far he did excell,
At all aſſayes to win the fame, which were to long to tell,
And eke the reſtleſſe race that he full oft hath run,
In painfull plight from place to place, where ſeruice was to done,
Then ſhould men well perceiue, my tale to be of troth,
And he to be the worthieſt wight that euer nature wrought.

The Lady praieth the returne of her Louer, abiding on the Seas.

Shall I thus euer long, and be no whit the neare,
And ſhall I ſtill complaine to thee, the which me will not heare,
Alas, ſay nay, and be no more ſo done,
But open thou thy manly mouth and ſay that thou ſhalt come.
That thou wilt come thy word to ſware, if thou aliues man be,
The roaring hugie waues, they threaten my poore ghoſt,
And toſſe thee vp and downe the ſeas, in daunger to be loſt.
Shall they not make me feare that they haue ſwallowed thee?
But as thou art moſt ſure aline, ſo wilt thou come to mee?
Whereby I ſhall go ſee thy ſhippe ride on the ſtrand,
And thinke and ſay, loe where he comes, and ſure here will he land,
And then I ſhall lift vp to thee my little hand,
And thou ſhalt thinke thine heart in eaſe, in health to ſee me ſtand,
And if thou come in deede (as Chriſt thee ſend to doe)
Thoſe armes that miſſe thee yet, ſhal then embrace thee to,
Ech vaine to euery ioint the liuely blood ſhall ſpread,
Which now for want of thy glad ſight doth ſhew ful pale & dead,
But if thou ſlip thy troth, and do not come at al,
As minutes in the clock do ſtrike, ſo cal for death I ſhall.
To pleaſe both thy falſe hart, and rid my ſelfe from wo,
That rather had to die in troth then liue forſaken ſo.

The

The meane estate is best.

The doubtfull man hath feuers strange,
And constant hope is oft diseasde,
Dispaire cannot but breede a chaunge,
Nor fleeting harts cannot be pleasde,
Of all these bad, the best I thinke,
Is well to hope, though fortune shrinke
Desired thinges are not ay prest,
Nor thinges denied left all vnsought,
Nor new thinges to be beloued best,
Nor all offers to be set at nought,
Where faithfull hart hath bene refusde,
The cholers wit was there abusde.
The wofull ship of carefull spirite,
Fleting on seas of wayling teares,
With sayles of wishes broken quite,
Hanging on waues of dolefull teares,
By surge of sighes at wreck nere hand,
May fast no anker hold on land,
What helpes the Diall to the blinde,
Or else the clock without it sound:
Or who by dreames doth hope to finde
The hidden gold within the ground,
Shall be as free from cares and teares,
As he that holds a wolfe by the eares
And how much mad is he that thinks,
To climbe to heauen by the beames,
What ioy alas hath he that winkes,
At Titan or his golden streames,
His ioyes not subiect to his reasons lawes,
That ioyeth more then he hath cause
For as the Phenix that climeth hie,
The sunne lightly in ashes burneth,
Agayne, the Faulcon so quick of eye,
Soone on the ground the net masketh,
Experience therefore the meane assurance,
Prefers before the doubtful pleasance.

The

The Louer thinkes no paine too great. whereby he may obtaine his Lady.

SIth that the way to wealth is wo,
And after paine is pleaſure preſt,
Why ſhould I than diſpaire ſo.
Ay bewailing mine vnreſt,
Or let to leade my life in paine.
So worthy a Lady to obtayne.
The fiſher man doth count no care,
To caſt his nets to wrack or waſt,
And in reward of eth mans ſhare,
A Gogen gift is much embraſt,
Should I then grudge in greeke or gall,
That looke at length to whelme a Whale.
The poore man ploweth his ground for gaine,
And ſoweth his ſeede increaſe to craue,
And for the expence of all his paine,
Oft holds it hap his ſeede to ſaue:
Theſe pacient paines my hart doth ſhew,
To long for loue ere that I know,
And take no ſcorne to ſcape from ſkill,
To ſpend my ſpirites to ſpare my ſpeeche.
To win for welth the want of will,
And thus for reſt to rage I reche,
Running my race as rect vpright,
Til teare of truth appeaſe my plight:
And plant my plaint within her breſt.
Who doubtleſſe may reſtore agayne,
My harmes to health, my ruth to reſt.
That laced is within her chaine.
For earſt ne are the griefes ſo great,
As is the ioy when loue is met,
For who couets ſo high to clime,
As doth the bird that pitfal tooke:
Or who delights ſo ſwift to ſwimme,
As doth the fiſh that ſcapes the booke,
If theſe had neuer entred wo,
How mought they haue reioyced lo?

But

But yet alas ye louers all.
That heare my ioy thus lesse reioice,
Judge not amisse what so befall,
In me there lieth no powre of choise,
It is but hope that doth me moue,
Who standerde bearer is to lone,
On whose ensigne when I behold,
I see the shadow of her shape,
Within my faith so fast yfold,
Through dread I die, through hope I scape,
Thus ease and wo full oft I finde,
What will you more, she knoweth my minde.

Of a new maried Student that played fast or lose.

A Student at his booke so placed,
That welth he might haue wone,
From boke to wife did fleete in hast,
From welth to wo to runne.
Now, who hath played a feter cast,
Sinse iugling first begonne?
In knitting of himselfe so fast,
Himselfe he hath vndone.

The meane estate is to be accounted the best.

WHo craftly casts to stere his boate,
And safely scoures the flattring floud,
He cutteth not the greatest waues,
For why that way were nothing good.
Ne sleeteth on the crooked shore.
Lest harme him hap a wayting guest,
But wins a way betweene them both,
As who would say the meane is best.
Who wayteth on the golden meane,
Ne put in point of sickernesse,
Hides not his head in sluttish cotes,
Ne shroudes himselfe in filthinesse,

Ne

Ne ſits aloft in hie eſtate,
Where hatefull harts enuie his chance,
But wiſely walkes betwixt them twaine,
Ne proudly doth himſelfe auance.
The higheſt tree in all the wood
Is rifeſt rent with bluſtring windes,
The higher hall the greater fall
Such chance haue proude and loftie mindes,
When Iupiter from hie doth threat,
With mortall mace and dint of thunder,
The higheſt hilles bene battered eft,
When they ſtood ſtill that ſtoden vnder.
The man whoſe head with wit is fraught,
In wealth will feare a worſer tide
When fortune failes diſpaireth nought,
But conſtantly doth ſtill abide,
For he that ſendeth grielly ſtormes
with whiſking windes and bitter blaſtes,
And foulth with haile the winters face,
And frotes the ſoyle with hoyry froſts,
Euen he adawth the force of colde,
The ſpring in ſends with ſomer hote,
The ſame full oft to ſtormy harts
Is cauſe of bale, of ioy the roote.
Not alwayes ill though ſo be now
when cloudes be driuen, then rides the rack
Phœbus the freſh ne ſhoteth ſtill,
Sometime he harpes his muſe to wake,
Stand ſtiffe therefore pluck vp thy hart,
Loſe not thy port though fortune faile.
Againe when wind do ſerue at will,
Take heede to hie to hoiſe thy ſaile.

The louer refuſed, lamenteth his eſtate.

I Lent my loue to loſſe, and gaged my life in vaine,
If hate for loue, and death for life of louers is the gaine.
And curſe I may by courſe, the place the time and houre,
That nature firſt in me did forme to be a liues creature.

Sith that I must absent my selfe so secretly,
In place desert, where neuer man my secrets shall espie,
In doling of my dayes among the beasts so brute,
Who with their tongues may not bewray the secrets of my sute,
Nor I in like to them may once to moue my minde,
But gase on them, and they on me, as beasts are wont of kinde
Thus ranging as refusde, to reach some place of rest,
Al rufte of haire, my nailes vnnoct as of such seemeth best,
That wander by their wits deformed so to be,
That men may say, such one may curse the time that he first gan see
The beauty of her face, her shape in such degree.
As God himselfe may not discerne, one place mended to bee.
Nor place it in like place, my fancie for to please,
Who would become a heardmans hire, one houre to haue of ease,
Whereby I might restore to me some stedfastnesse.
That haue mo thoughts heapt in my head, thē life may long digest
As oft to throw me downe vpon the earth so cold,
Whereas with teares most rufully, my sorrowes doe vnfolde.
And in beholding them, I chiefly call to mind,
What woman could find in her hart such bonding for to binde,
then rashly forth I yede to cast me from the care,
Like as the byrd for foode doth flie, and lighteth in the snare,
From whence I may not meue, vntill my race be ronne,
So trained is my truth through her that thinks my life wel wonne
thus tosse I too and fro, in hope to haue releefe,
But in the fine I find not so, it doubleth but my greefe,
Wherefore, I will my want a warning for to bee,
Unto all men wishing that they, a mirrour make of mee,

The felicitie of the mind imbracing vertue that beholdeth the wretched desires of the world.

When dreadful swelling seas through boisterous windy blasts
So tosse the ships, ꝑ al for nought serues anker saile, & masts
Who takes not pleasure then, safely on shore to rest,
And see with drede and deepe dispaire, how shipmen are distrest.
Not that we pleasure take, when ōthers selen smart,
Our gladnesse groweth to see their harmes, and yet to fele no part.
Delight we take also, wel ranged in aray,

When

When armes meete to ſee the ſight, yet free be from this fray.
But yet among the reſt no ioy may match with this,
T'aſpire vnto the temple hie, where wiſedome throned is,
Defended with the lawes of hoꝛie heads expert.
Which cleare it keepe from erroꝛs miſt, ꝑ might the truth peruert
From whence thou maiſt looke downe, and ſee as vnder foote,
Mans wandꝛing wil & doubtful life from whence they tooke theiꝛ
how ſome by wit contend by pꝛowes ſome to raiſe. (roote,
Riches and rule to gaine and hold, is all that men deuiſe.
O miſerable mindes, O harts in folly dꝛent,
Why ſee you not what blindneſſe in this wꝛetched life is ſpent?
Body deuoyde of greefe, mind free from care and dꝛead,
Is all and ſome that nature craues wherewith our life to feede.
So that foꝛ natures turne few thinges may well ſuffiſe,
Dolour and greefe cleane to expell and ſome delight ſuꝛpꝛiſe.
Yea and it falleth oft, that nature moꝛe content,
Is with the leſſe, then when the moꝛe to cauſe delight is ſpent.

All worldly pleaſures vade.

The winter with his grieſly ſtoꝛmes no lenger dare abide,
The pleaſant graſſe with luſtie green, ꝑ earth hath newly dide,
The trees hath leaues, the bowes done ſpꝛead, new chãged is ꝑ yere
the water bꝛokes are cleane ſonke downe, ꝑ pleaſant banks appeare.
the ſpꝛing is come, the goodly nimpes now daunce in euery place,
Thus hath the yere moſt pleaſauntly of late ꝑchaunged his face.
Hope foꝛ no immoꝛtalitie, foꝛ wealth will weare away.
As we may learne by euery yeare, yea howers of euery day.
Foꝛ Zephirus doth mollifie, the cold and bluſtring windes,
The ſummers dꝛought doth take away the ſpꝛing out of our minds
And yet the ſommer cannot laſt but once muſt ſtep aſide,
Then Autumn thinks to keepe his place, but Autumn cannot bide,
Foꝛ whẽ he hath bꝛought foꝛth his fruits, & ſtuft the barns w̃ coꝛne
Then winter eates and empties all, and thus is Autumne woꝛne,
then hoꝛy frоſts poſſeſſe the place, then tempeſts woꝛk much harme,
Thẽ rage of ſtoꝛmes doe make al cold, which ſommer had made ſo warm
wherefoꝛe let no man put his truſt in that that will decay.
Foꝛ ſlipper welth will not continue, pleaſure will weare away.
Foꝛ when that we loſt haue our life, and lie vnder a ſtone,
What are we then we are but earth, then is our pleaſure gone.

No man can tell what God almight of euery wight do cast,
No man can say to day I liue, til morne my life shall last.
For when thou shalt before the iudge stand to receiue thy dome,
What sentence Minos doth pronounce that must of thee become.
Then shall not noble stock and blood redeeme thē from his hands
Nor sugred talke with eloquence shal lose thee from his bands.
Nor yet thy life vprightly led can helpe thee out of hell,
For who descendeth down so deepe must there abide and dwell.
Diana could not thence deliuer chast Hipolitus,
Nor Theseus could not call to life his friend Perithous.

A complaint of the losse of liberty by loue.

IN seeking rest vnrest I finde,
I find that wealth is cause of woe,
Wo worth the time that I enclinde,
To fire in mind her beauty so.
That day be darkened as the night
Let furious rage it cleane deuoure,
Ne sunne nor moone therein giue light,
But it consume with streame and showre.
Let no small birds straine foorth their voyce,
With pleasaunt tunes ne yet no beast,
Find cause whereat he may reioyce
That day when chaunced mine vnrest.
Wherein alas, from me was raught
Mine owne free choyse and quiet minde,
My life my death in balance braught,
And reason raide through barke and rinde
And I as yet in floure of age,
Both wit and will did still aduaunce,
Ay to resist that burning rage,
But when I durst then did I glaunce,
Nothing to me did seeme so hie,
In mind I could it straight attaine
Fansie perswaded me thereby,
Loue to esteeme a thing most vaine,
But as the birde vpon the brier,
Doth prick and proine her without care,
Not knowing alas (poore foole) how neere

She is vnto the fowlers snare.
So I amid disceitfull trust,
Did not mistrust such wofull happe,
Till cruell loue ere that I wist,
Had caught me in his carefull trappe,
Then did I feele and parely know
How little force in me did raigne,
So soone to yeeld to ouerthrow
So fraile to flit from ioy to paine.
For when in welth will did me lead,
Of libertie to hoise my saile,
To hale at shete and cast my leade,
I thought free choise would still preuaile.
In whose calme streames I sayld so farre,
No raging storme had in respect,
Untill I raisde a goodly starre
Whereto my course I did direct.
In whose prospect in dolefull wise,
My tackle faild my compasse brake,
Through hote desires such stormes did rise,
That sterne and toppe went all to wrack.
Oh cruell happe, oh fatal chaunce,
O fortune why were thou unkinde,
Without regard thus in a traunce,
To reue from me my ioyfull mind.
Where I was free, now must I serue,
Where I was lose now am I bound,
In death my life I doe preserue,
As one through girte with many a wounde.

A prayse of his Lady.

GIue place you Ladies and be gone,
Boast not your selues at all,
For here at hand approcheth one,
Whose face will staine you all.
The vertue of her liuely lookes
Excels the precious stone,
I wish to haue none other bookes
To read or looke vpon.

In

In ech of her two chrystal eyes,
Smileth a naked boy,
It would you all in hart suffise,
To see that lambe of ioy.
I thinke nature hath lost the mould,
Where she her shape did take.
Or else I doubt if nature could
So faire a creature make
She may be well comparde,
Unto the Phenix kinde,
Whose like was neuer seene or heard,
That any man can finde.
In life she is a Diana chast,
In troth Penelopey,
In word and eke in deede stedfast.
What will ye more we say.
If all the world were sought so farre,
Who could find such a wight,
Her beautie twinckleth like a starre,
Within the frosty night.
Her roseall colour comes and goes,
With such a comly grace,
More ruddier too then doth the rose,
Within her liuely face.
At Bacchus feast none shall her meete,
Ne at no wanton play,
Nor gasing in an open streete,
Nor gadding as a stray,
The modest mirth that she doth vse,
Is mixt with shamefastnesse
All vice she doth wholy refuse,
And hateth idlenesse.
O Lord it is a world to see,
How vertue can repaire,
And deck in her such honestie,
Whome nature made so faire.
Truly she doth so farre exceede,
Our women now adayes,

As doth the Ielliflowre, a weede,
And more a thouſand wayes.
How might I do to get a graffe,
Of this vnſpotted tree?
For all the reſt are plaine but chaffe,
Which ſeeme good corne to bee.
This gift alone I ſhall her giue,
When death doth what he can,
Her honeſt fame ſhall liue,
Within the mouth of man.

The poore eſtate to be holden for the beſt.

EXperience now doth ſhew what God vs taught before,
Deſired pompe is vayne, and ſeldome doth it laſt,
Who climbs to raigne with Kings may rue his fate full ſore,
Alas the wofull end that come with care full faſt,
Reiect him doth renowne his pompe full low is caſt,
Deceiued is the bird by ſweeteneſſe of the call,
Expell that pleaſant taſt wherein is bitter gall.
Such as with otes cakes in poore eſtate abides,
Of care they haue no cure, the crab with mirth they roſt.
More eaſe feele they then thoſe that from their height down ſlides
Exceſſe doth breede their wo they ſaile in Scillaes coſt,
Remaining in the ſtormes till ſhip and all be loſt.
Serue God therefore thou poore, for lo, thou liueſt in reſt,
Eſchew the golden hall, thy patched houſe is beſt.

The complaint of Theſtilis amid the deſert wood.

THeſtilis a ſtely man, when loue did him forſake,
In mourning wiſe amid ẏ woods thus gan his plaint to make
Ah wofull man (quod he) fallen in thy lot to mone,
And pine away with carefull thoughts vnto thy loue vnknowne.
Thy Lady thee forſakes whom thou didſt honour ſo.
That ay to her thou were a friend, and to thy ſelf a foe,
Ye louers that haue loſt your harts deſired choice,
Lament with me my cruell happe, and helpe my trembling voyce,
Was neuer man that ſtood ſo great in fortunes grace,
Nor with his ſweete alas to deare poſſeſt ſo high a place.
As I whoſe ſimple hart aye thought himſelfe full ſure,

But now I see hie springing tides they may not aye indure,
She knowes my giltles hart and yet she lets it pine,
Of her vntrue professed loue, so feeble is the twine,
What wonder is it than, if I berent my heares,
And crauing death continually, do bath my selfe in teares.
When Cresus king of Lide was cast in cruell bands,
And yelded goods and life also into his enimies handes.
What toung could tell his wo, yet was his griefe much lesse,
Then mine, for I haue lost my loue which might my wo redresse.
Ye woods that shroud my lims giue now your hollow sounde,
That ye may helpe me to bewaile the cares that me confounde.
Ye riuers rest awhile and stay the streames that runne,
Rew Thestilis most wofull man that restes vnder the sunne.
Transport my sighes ye windes vnto my pleasant foe,
My trickling teares shall witnes beare of this my cruell woe.
O happy man were I if all the goddes agreed,
That now the sisters three should cut: in twaine my fatall threede.
Till life with loue shall ende. I here resigne all ioy,
Thy pleasant swete I now lament, whose lacke breeds mine annoy.
Farewell my deare therefore farewell to me well knowne,
If that I dy it shall be sayd that thou hast slaine thine owne.

An aunswere of comfort.

THestilis thou sily man, why dost thou so complaine,
If needes thy loue will the forsake, thy mourning is in vaine.
For none can force the streames against their course to runne.
Nor yet vnwilling loue with teares or wailing can be wonne.
Cease thou therefore thy plaintes let hope thy sorrowes ease,
The shipmen though their saile be rent, yet hope to scape the seas
Though straunge she seeme awhile, yet thinke she will not change
Good causes driue a ladies loue, sometime to seeme full straunge.
No louer that hath wit, but can foresee such happe,
That no wight can at wish or will sleepe in his ladies lappe.
Archilles for a time faire Bzises did forgo,
Yet did they meete with ioy againe. Then thinke thou maiest do so
Though he and louers all in loue, sharpe stormes do finde,
Dispaire not thou pooe Thestilis, though thy loue seeme vnkinde
Ah thinke her grafted loue cannot so soone decay
Hie springes may cease from swelling still, but neuer dry away.

Oft

Oft ſtormes of louers yre doe more their loue encreaſe.
As ſhining ſunne refreſh the fruites, when raining gines to ceaſe
When ſpringes are waren lowe, then muſt they flowe againe,
So ſhall my hart aduanced be, to pleaſure out of paine
When lacke of thy delight moſt bitter griefe apperes,
Thinke on Etraſcus worthy loue, that laſted thirtie yeres
Which could not long atchiue, his harts deſired choiſe,
yet at the ende he found reward, that made him to reioice,
Synce he ſo long in hope with patience did remaine,
Cannot thy feruent loue forbare thy loue, a month or twaine?
Admit ſhe minde to chaunge and nedes will the forgot,
Is there no mo may the delight but ſhe that paineth thee ſo?
Thiſtilis draw to the towne and loue as thou haſt done,
In time thou knoweſt by faithfull loue, as good as ſhe is wonne.
And leaue the deſert woods and wailyng thus alone,
And ſeeke to ſalue thy ſore els where, if all her loue be gonne.

The louer praieth pittie ſhewing that nature hath taught his dog as it were to ſue for the ſame by kiſſing of his Ladies handes.

NAture that taught my ſely dog God wot
Euen for my ſake to like where I do loue,
Inforced him whereas my lady ſate,
With humble ſute before her falling flatte,
As in his lort he might her pray and moue
To rue vpon his Lord and not forgeat.
The ſtedfaſt faith he beareth her, and loue,
Kiſſing her hand whom ſhe could not remoue.
Away that would for frowning nor for threat
As though he would haue ſaid in my behooſe,
Pitty my lord your ſlaue that doth remaine.
Leſt by his death you giltles ſlay vs twaine.

Of his ring ſent to his Lady.

SInce thou my ring maieſt goe, where I ne may
ſince thou maiſt ſpeake where I muſt hold my peace:
Say vnto her that is my liues ſtaye,
Grauen within which I doe here expreſſe,
That ſooner ſhall the ſunne not ſhine by day,
And with the raine the floodes ſhall waren leſſe,

Soner

Sooner the tree the hunter shall bewray,
Then I for change or choise of other loue,
Do euer seeke my fansy to remoue.

The changeable estate of louers.

FOr that a restles hed must somewhat haue in vre.
Wherewith it may acquainted be, as falcon is with lure,
Fansy doth me awake out of my drouzey sleepe,
In seeing how the little mouse, at night begins to creepe,
So the delirous man, that longs to catch his pray
In spying how to watch his time, lieth lurking still by day.
In hoping for to haue and fearing for to find
The salue that should recure his sore, & sorroweth but the minde
Such is the gulfe of loue,, and the vncertaine state.
That some should haue their hoped happe, and other hard estate,
That some should seme to ioy in that they neuer had,
And some againe shall frowne as fast, where causeles they be sad.
Such trades doe louers vse. when they be most at large
That guided ẏ stere when they themselues ly freted in the barge
The grennesse of my youth cannot thereo expresse
The processe for by proue vnknowen, all this is but by gesse,
Wherefore I holde it best, in time to hold my peace,
But wanton will it cannot hold, or make my penne to cease,
A pen of no auaile, a fru itlesse labour eke.
My troubled hed with fansies fraught, doth paine it selfe to seeke
And if perhaps my words of none auaile doe pricke
Such as doe feele ẏ hidden harmes, I would not they should kicke
As causelesse me to blame which thinketh them no harme,
Although I seeme by others fire, sometime my selfe to warme,
Whichclerely I deny, as giltlesse of the crime,
And though wrong deemed I be therein, truth it will try in time

A praise of Audley.

When Audley had runne out his race, and ended were his daies
His fame stept forth & bad me writ of him sõe worthy praise.
What life he lad, what actes he did, his vertues and good name.
Whereto I clad for true report, as witnes, to the same.
Well borne he was wel bẽt by kinde, whose mind did neuer swerue
A skilfull hed, a valiant heart a redy hand to serue

Wrought

Wrought vp and trained in fetes of war long time beyond the seas
Cald home againe to serue his prince who still he sought to please,
What turney was there he refusde, what seruice did he shoone?
Where he was not nor his aduise what great exploit was doone.
In towne a lambe in field full fierce, a Lion at the neede.
In sober wit a Salomon, yet one of Hectors seede:
Then shame it were that any tong should defame his dedes,
That in his life a mirrour was to all that him succeedes.
No poore estate nor high renowne his nature could pernert,
No hard mischaunce ꝑ him befel could moue his constant hart,
Thus long he liued, loued of all, as one mislikt of none
And where he went who cald him not the gentle Paragon,
But course of kind did cause ech fruite to fall when it is ripe
And spitefull death will suffer none to scape his greeuous gripe.
yet though the ground receiued haue his corps into her wombe,
This Epitaph ygrauen in brase, shall stand vpon his tombe.
Lo here he lies that hated vice, and vertuous life imbrast.
His name in earth, his spirite aboue, deserues to be well plaste,

Time trieth truth.

ECh thing I see hath time, which time must try my truth.
Which truth deserues a speciall trust on trust gret frendship gro-
And friendship may not faile where faithfullnes is founde, (weth,
And faithfulnesse is full of fruite, and fruitefull thinges be founde
And sound is good at proofe, and proofe is prince of praise,
And precious praise is such a pearle, as fildome nere decayes:
All these thinges time tries fourth, which time I must abide,
How should I boldly credit craue till time my trust haue tride
For as I found a time to fal in fanſies frame,
So I do wish a lucky time for to declare the same.
If hap may aunswere hope, and hope may haue his hire,
Then shall my hart possesse in peace, the time that I desire,

The louer refused of his loue embraceth vertue.

My youthfull yeres are past,
My ioyfull daies are gone
my life it may not last,
My grant and I am one.
My mirth and ioyes are fled

And

And I a man in wo,
Desirous to be dead,
My mischiefe to forgo.
I burne and am a cold
I freese amidst the fire:
I see she doth withhold,
That is my most desire.
I see my helpe at hand
I see my life also,
I see where she doth stand
That is my deadly foe:
I see how she doth see:
And yet she will be blinde,
I see in helping me
She seekes and will not find.
I see how shee doth wrie,
When I begin to mone,
I see when I come nie,
How faine she would be gone,
I see what will ye more,
She will me gladly kill,
And you shall see therefore
That she shall haue her will,
I cannot liue with stones,
It is too hard a foode,
I will be dead at once,
To doe my Lady good.

The Picture of a Louer.

BEhold my picture here wel protrayed for the nones,
With hart consumed, and falling flesh behold the very bones,
Whose cruel chaunce alas, and destenie is such,
Onely because I put my trust in some folke all to much.
For since the time that I did enter into this pine,
I neuer saw the rising sunne but with my weeping eyne,
Nor yet I neuer heard so sweete a voice or sound,
But that to me it did increase the dolour of my wound:
Nor in so soft a bed alas I neuer lay:
But that it seemed hard to me or euer it was day.

Yet

Yet in this body bare that naught but life retaines,
The ſtrength whereof clean paſt away, the care yet ſtill remaines
Like as the Cole in flame doth ſpend it ſelfe you ſee,
To vaine and wretched cindre duſt til it conſumed be:
So doth this hope of mine enforce my feruent ſute,
To make me for to gape in vaine whilſt other eat the fruit,
And ſhal doe till that death doe giue me ſuch a grace
To rid this fiely wofull ſpirite out of this dolefull caſe,
And then would God were writ in ſtone or elſe in lead,
This Epitaph vpon my graue, to ſhew why I am dead.
Here lieth the louer lo, who for the loue he aught,
Aliue vnto his Lady deare, his death thereby he caught,
And in a ſhield of black lo here his armes appeares,
With weeping eyes as you may ſee, wel poudred al with teares,
Lo here you may behold aloft vpon his breſt,
A womans hand ſtraining the hart of him that loues her beſt
Wherefore al you that ſee this corpes for loue that ſtarues,
Example make vnto you all, that thankleſſe louers ſarues.

Of the death of Phillips.

BEwayle with me all ye that haue profeſt,
Of muſick thart, by though of coard or winde,
Lay downe your Lutes, and let your gitterns reſt,
Phillips is dead whoſe like you cannot finde,
Of muſick much exceeding all the reſt,
Muſes therefore of force now muſt ye wreſt,
Your pleaſaunt notes into another ſounde,
The ſtring is broke, the lute is diſpoſſeſt,
The hand is colde, the body in the ground,
The lowring lute lamenting now therefore,
Philips her friend that can her touch no more.

That al thing ſometime finde eaſe of their paine, ſaue only the Louer.

ISee there is no ſort
Of thinges that liue in griefe,
Which at ſome time may not reſort
Whereas they haue reliefe.
The ſtricken Dere by kinde
Of death that ſtandes in awe,

For his recure an hearbe can finde,
The arrow to withdraw.
The chased Dere hath soyle,
To coole him in his heate,
The Asse after his weary toile,
In stable is vplet.
The Cony hath his caue,
The little bird his nest,
From heate and cold themselues to saue,
At all times as they list,
The owle with feeble sight,
Lyes lurking in the leaues,
The sparrow in the frosty night
May shroude her in the eaues,
But wo to me alas,
In sunne nor yet in shade,
I cannot finde a resting place,
My burden to vnlade:
But day by day still beares,
The burden on my backe,
With weeping eye and watrie teares,
To hold my hope aback.
All thinges I see haue place,
Wherein they bow or bende,
Saue this alas my wofull case,
Which no where findeth end.

The assault of Cupid vpon the Fort where the Louers hart lay wounded, and how he was taken.

When Cupid scaled first the fort,
Wherein my hart lay wounded sore,
The battrie was of such a sort,
That I must yeeld or die therefore.
There saw I loue vpon the wall,
How he his banner did display,
Alarme alarme he gan to call,
And bad his souldiers keepe aray.
The armes the which that Cupid beare,

Were

Mere pearced harts with teares beſprent,
In ſiluer and ſable to declare
The ſtedfaſt loue he alwayes meant,
There might you ſee his hand all dreſt,
In colours like to white and black,
With poulder and with pellets preſt,
To bring them foorth to ſpoile and ſacke.
Good will the maiſter of the ſhot,
Stoode in the Rampier braue and proude,
For expence of poulder he ſpared not,
Aſſault aſſault to crie aloude.
There might you heare the Cannons rore,
Ech peece diſcharged a Louers looke,
Which had the power to rent and tore,
In any place where as they tooke.
And euen with the trumpets ſowne
The ſcaling ladders were vp ſet,
And beauty walken vp and downe,
With bow in hand and arrowes whet
Then firſt Deſire began to ſkale
And ſhrouded him vnder his targe,
As one the worthieſt of them all,
And apteſt for to giue the charge,
The puſhed ſouldiers with their pikes,
And holberds with handy ſtrokes,
The hargabuſh in fleſh it lights,
and dimps the aire with miſtie ſmokes.
And as it is now ſouldiers vſe,
When ſhot and pouder gins to want,
I hanged vp my flag of truce,
And pleaded for my liues graunt
When fanſie thus had made her breach
And beautie entred with her band,
With bagge and baggage fiely wretch,
I yeeld into beauties hand.
Then beautie had to blow retreite,
And euery ſouldier to retire,
And mercy mild with ſpeede to ſet

We captiue bound as Prisoner,
Madame (quoth I) sith that this day,
Had serued you at all assayes,
I yeeld to you without delay,
Here of the Fortresse all the keyes,
And sith that I haue bene the marke,
At whome you shot at with your eye,
Needes must you with your handy warke
Or salue my sore or let me die.

The aged louer renounceth loue.

Loth that I did loue,
In youth that I thought sweete,
As time requires for my behoue,
Me thinkes they are not meete,
My lustes they doe me leaue,
My fansies all are fled,
And tract of time begins to weaue,
Gray heares vpon my head.
For age with stealing steps
Hath clawde me with his crouche,
And lusty life away she leapes,
As there had bene none such.
My muse doth not delight
Me as she did before,
My hand and pen are not in plight,
As they haue bene of yore.
For reason me denies
This youthly idle time,
And day by day to me she cries,
Leaue of these toyes in time.
The wrinckles in my brow,
The furrowes in my face,
Say limping age will lodge him now,
Where youth must giue him place.
The harbinger of death,
To me I see him ride,
The cough, the cold, the gasping breath.

Doth

Doth bid me to mould
A picke axe and a ſpade,
And eke a ſhéeding ſheete,
A houſe of clay for to be made,
for ſuch a geſt moſt mete.
Me thinkes I heare the clarke
That knowles the carefull knell,
And bids me leaue my woefull warke
ere nature me compell.
My keepers knit the knot,
That youth do laugh to ſcorne.
Of me that cleane ſhall be forgot
As I had not bene borne.
Thus muſt I youth giue vp,
Whoſe badge I long did weare,
To them I yeld the wanton cup,
That better may it beare
Lo here the barehed ſkull.
By whoſe bald ſigne I knowe,
That ſtouping age away ſhall pull,
Which youthfull yeres did ſowe.
For beautie with her band
Theſe croked cares hath wrought
And ſhipped me into the land,
From whence I firſt was brought.
And ye that bide behinde,
Haue ye no other truſt,
As ye of clay were caſt by kinde,
So ſhall ye waſt to duſt.

Of the Ladie Ventworths death.

TO liue to dy and dye to liue againe,
with good renown of fame well ſed before,
Here lieth ſhe that learned had the lore
Whom if the perfet vertues woulded dayne,
To be ſet forth with folie of worldly grace
Was noble borne, and matcht in noble race,
Lord wentworths wife, nor wanted to attaine

In natures gifts her praise among the rest
But that they gaue her praise aboue the best
Not fame, her wedlockes chastnesse durst disdaine
Wherein with child, deliuering of her wombe
Thus timely birth hath brought them both in tombe
So left she life by death to liue againe.

The louer accusing his loue for her vnfaithfulnesse purposeth to liue in libertie.

The smoky sighes the bitter teares,
That I in vaine haue wasted,
The broken sleepes the woe and feares
That long in me haue lasted,
The loue and all I owe to thee,
Here I renownce and make me free.
Which freedome I haue by thy guilt
And not by my deseruing,
Since so vnconstantly thou wilt
Not loue but stil be swerving
To leaue me off which was thine owne.
Without cause why as shall be knowen,
The fruits wer faire the which did grow
Within my garden planted.
The leaues were greene of euery bough
And moisture neuer wanted,
Yet ere the blosomes gan fall,
The catterpeller wasted all.
The body was the garden place,
And surgred wordes it beareth,
The blosomes al thy faith it was,
Which as the canker weareth
The caterpiller is the same,
That hath wonne the and lost thy name
I meane the louer loued now,
By the pretensed holy,
Which will proue like thou shale finde how
Vnto a tree of holly
That barke and bery beares alwaies

The

The one, birds feedes, the other ſlaies
And right well mightſt thou haue thy wiſh,
Of thy loue new acquainted,
For thou art like vnto the diſh.
That Adrianus painted.
Wherein were grapes protraine ſo faire
That foules for foode did there repaire.
But I am like the beaten foule.
That from the net eſcaped,
And thou art like the rauening owle,
That all the night hath waked,
For none entent but to betray,
The ſleeping foule before the day.
Thus hath thy loue bene vnto me.
As pleaſant and commodious
As was the fire made on the ſea
By Naulus hate ſo odious,
Therewith to traine the Greekiſh hoſt.
From Troys retourne where they were loſt.

The louer for want of his deſire, ſheweth his death at hande.

AS Cipres tree that rent is by the roote,
As braunch or ſlip better from whence it growes
As well ſowne ſeede for drought that cannot ſprout
As gaping ground that ramleſſe cannot cloſe
As Mowles that when the earth to do them bote,
As fiſh on land to whom no water flowes,
As Chamelon that lackes the aire ſo ſote
As flowers do fade when Phebus rareſt ſhowes,
As Salamandra repulſed from the fire.
So wanting my wiſh I dye for my deſire.

A happie end exceedeth all pleaſures and riches of the worlde.

THe ſhining ſeaſon to ſome.
The glory in the worlds ſight,
Renowned fame thoughe fortune wonne
The glittering gold the eyes delight.

The sensuall like that seemes so swets,
The hart with ioyfull dayes repleate.
The thing whereto ech wight is thrall
The happie end exceedeth all.

Against an vnsteadfast woman.

O Temerous taunters that delightes in toyes,
Tumbling cock boate tottring to and fro,
Jangling iesters, depravers of swete ioies
Ground of the grafte whēce all my griefe doth grow
Sullen serpent enuironed with despite
That ill for good at all times doth requite.

A praise of Petrarche and Laura his Ladye.

O Petarche head and prince of Poets all.
Whose liuely gift of flowing eloquence
Well may we seeke but finde not how or whence,
So rare a gift with the did rise and fall,
Peace to thy bones and glory immortall
Be to thy name, and to her excellence,
Whose beautie lightned in thy time and sence,
So to be set forth as none other shall.
Why hath not our pēnes rimes so perfet wroughte,
Ne why our time forth bringeth beautie such:
To try our wits as golde is by the touch,
If to the stile the matter aided ought:
But there was never Laura more then one,
And her had Petrarch for his Paragone.

That Petrak cannot be passed but notwithstanding that Laura is far surpassed

With Petrarch to cōpare there may no wight,
Nor yet attaine vnto so high a stile,
But yet I wot full wel where is a file,
To frame a learned man to praise a right.
Of stature meane of seemely forme and shape,
Ech lime of iust proportion to her height,
Her colour fresh, and mingled with such sleight,

As

As though the roſe ſate in the lillies lap.
In wit and tong to ſhew what may be ſeid,
To euery dede ſhe ioines a perfet grace
If Laura liued, ſhe would her cleane deface.
For I dare ſay and lay my life to wed
That momus could not, if he downe deſcended,
Duce iuſtlie ſay, Lo this may be amended.

Againſt a cruell woman.

CRuell vnkind whom mercy cannot moue,
harbour of vnhap wher rigors rage doth raigne
Ground of my griefe where pittie cannot proue,
Tickle to truſt of all vntruth the traine,
Thou rigorous rocke that truth cannot remoue
Daungerous delph, deepe dungeon of diſdaine,
Sacke of ſelfewill, the cheſt of craift and chaunge
What cauſeth thee thus cauſeles for to chaunge
Ah pittileſſe plaint whom plaint cannot prouoke
Den of diſceite that right doth ſtil refuſe,
Cauſeleſſe vnkinde that carieſt vnder cloke
Crueltye and craft me onely to abuſe,
Stately & ſtubbornely withſtanding Cupides ſtrok
Thou maruailous maſe that makeſt men muſe,
Swollen by ſelfe will, moſt ſtone ſtiffe and ſtrange,
What cauſeth thee thus cauſeles for to chaunge:
Slipper and ſecret where ſuertie cannot ſowe,
Net of neweltie, neſt of newfangleneſſe,
Spring of all ſpite frō whence whole flods do flowe
Thou caue & cage of care & craiftines,
Mauering that euery blaſt doth blowe
Graffe without groth and cauſe of carefulneſſe,
Heape of miſhappe of all my griefe the grange.
What cauſeth the thus cauſeleſſe for to change.
Haſt thou forgot that I was thine inſeft
By force of loue, haſt thou not hart at all:
Saweſt thou not other for thy loue were left
Knoweſt thou vnkinde, that nothing might befall.
Fro out my hart that could haue the bereft

Songes

What meanest thou then, at riot thus to range:
And leauest thine owne that neuer thought to change.

The Louer sheweth what he would haue, if it were graunted him to haue what he would wish.

IF it were so that God would graunt me my request,
And that I might of earthly thinges haue that I liked best,
I would not wish to clime to princely hie estate,
Which slipper is, and slides so oft, and hath so fickle fate,
Nor yet to conquer Realmes with cruell sword in hand,
And so to shead the guiltlesse blood of such as would withstand,
Nor I would not desire in worldly rule to raigne
Whose fruit is all vnquietnesse, and breaking of the braine
Nor riches in excelle of vertue so abhord,
I would not craue which breedeth care, and causeth all discorde,
But my request should be more worth a thousand folde,
That I might haue and her enioy that hath my hart in hold.
Oh God what lucky life should we liue then for euer,
In pleasaunt ioy and perfect blisse to length our lines together.
With wordes of friendly cheare, and lookes of lively loue,
To vtter all our hot desires, which neuer should remoue.
But grosse and greedie wits which grope but on the ground,
To gather muck of worldly goods which oft doe them confound.
Cannot attaine to know the misteries diuine,
Of parfit loue whereto hie wits of knowledge doe encline.
A niggard of his gold, such ioy can neuer haue,
Which gets with toile, and keepes with care, it is his monies slaue
As they enioy alwayes that tast loue in his kinde,
For they doe hold continually a heauen in their minde,
No worldly goods could bring my hart so great an ease,
As for to finde or doe the thing that might my Lady please,
For by her only loue, my hart should haue all ioy,
And with the same put care away, and al that could anoy,
As if that any thing should chaunce to make me sad.
The touching of her corall lippes, would straight wayes make mee (glad
And when that in hart I doe feele that did me greeue.
With one embracing of her armes she might me soone relieue.
And as the Angels all which sit in heauen hie,

With

With preſence and the ſight of God, haue their felicitie,
So likewiſe I on earth ſhould haue al earthly bliſſe,
With preſence of that Paragon, my God in earth that is.

The Lady forſaken of her Louer prayeth his returne or the end of her own life.

TO loue alas who would not feare,
That ſeeth my wofull ſtate,
For he to whom my hart I beare,
Doth me extremely hate.
And why therefore I cannot tell,
He will no lenger with me dwell.
Did you not ſue and long me ſerue,
Ere I you graunted grace:
And will you thus now from me ſwerue
That neuer did treſpace:
Alas, poore woman then alas,
A wery life here muſt I paſſe.
And ſhall my faith haue ſuch refuſe
In deede and ſhall it ſo:
Is there no choice for me to chuſe
But muſt I leaue you ſo:
Alas poore woman then alas,
A wery life hence muſt I paſſe.
And is there now no remedie
But that you will forget her:
There was time when that perdie,
You would haue heard her better.
But now that time is gone and paſt.
And all your loue is but a blaſt,
And can you thus breake your beheſt
In deede and can you ſo?
Did you not ſweare you loued me beſt
And can you now ſay no?
Remember me poore wight in paine,
And for my ſake turne once againe.
Alas poore Dido now I feele
Thy preſent painfull ſtate,

When

When falſe Eneas did him ſtealᵉ,
From thee at Carthage gate,
And left thee ſleeping in thy bed,
Regarding not what he had ſed.
Was neuer woman thus betrayde,
Nor man ſo falſe forſworne,
His faith and troth ſo ſtrongly tide,
Untruth hath all to torne.
And I haue leaue for my good will,
To wayle and weepe at one my fill.
But ſince it will not better be
My teares ſhall neuer blin,
To moiſt the earth in ſuch degree
That I may drowne therein,
That by my death all men may ſay,
Lo women are as true as they.
By me all women may beware,
That ſee my wofull ſmart,
To ſeeke true loue let them not ſpare,
Before they ſet their hart.
Or elſe they may become as I
Which for my truth am like to die.

The Louer yeelden into his Ladies hands prayeth mercy.

IN freedome was my fantaſie,
Abhorring bondage of the minde,
But now I yeld my libertie,
And Willingly my ſelfe I bind,
Truely to ſerue with all my hart,
Whiles life doth laſt not to reuert.
Her beautie bound me firſt of all,
And forſt my will for to conſent,
And I agree to be her thrall,
For as ſhe liſt I am content.
My will is hers in that I may,
And where ſhe bids I will obay,
It lieth in her my wo or welth,

Shee

Shee may doe that she liketh best:
If that she list I haue my health.
If she list not in wo I rest,
Since I am fast within her bands,
My wo and welth lie in her hands,
She can no lesse then pittie me,
Sith that my fit to her is knowne
It were to much extremitie
With crueltie to vse her owne,
Alas a sinfull enterpriſe,
To slay that yelds at her deuiſe:
But I thinke not her hart so hard,
Nor that she hath such cruell inst.
I doubt nothing of her reward,
For my desert but well I trust,
As she hath beautie to alure,
So hath she a hart that will recure,

That nature which worketh al things for our behoofe, hath made women also for our comfort and delight.

AMong dame natures workes such perfit law is wrought,
That thinges be ruld by course of kind in order as they ought
And serueth in their state in such iust frame and sort,
That slender wits may iudge the same, and make therof report,
Behold what secret force the wind doth easily show,
Which guides the ships amid the seas, if he his bellowes blow,
The waters waren wild, where blustering blasts do rise,
Yet seldome doe they passe their bonds, for nature that deuise
The fire which boiles the lead, and trieth out the gold,
Hath in his power both helpe and hurt, if he his force vnfold.
The frost which kils the fruit, doth knit the bruſed bones,
And is a medicine of kinde, prepared for the nones.
The earth in whose entrailes the foode of man doth liue,
At euery spring and fal of leafe, what pleasure doth she giue:
The ayre which life desires, and is to health so sweete,
Of nature yeelds such liuely smels, that comforts euery spirit,
The sunne through natures might, doth draw away the dew,
And spreds ẏ flowers where he is wont his princely face to shew.

The

Songes

The moone which may be calde the lanterne of the night,
Is halfe a guide to traueling men, such vertue hath her light.
The starres nor vertuelesse are beautie to the eyes,
A lodes man to the mariner, a sign of calmed skies.
The flowers and fruitfull trees, to man do tribute pay,
And when they haue their dutie done, by course they fade away,
Ech beast both fishe and fowle, doth offer life and al,
To nourish man and doe him ease, ye serue him at his cal.
The serpents venemous, whose ongly shapes we hate,
Are soueraigne salues for sundry sores, and needeful in their state,
Sith nature shewes her power, in eche thing thus at large,
Why should not man submit himselfe to be in natures charge:
Who thinkes to flee her force, at length becomes her thrall,
The wisest cannot slippe her snare, for nature gouernes all.
Lo nature gaue vs shape, loe nature feedes our liues,
Then they are worse thē mad I thinke, against her force þ striues,
Though some do vse to say, which can do nought but faine,
Women were made for this entent, to put vs men to paine,
Yet sure I thinke they are a pleasure to the minde,
A ioy which man can neuer want, as nature hath assignde.

VVhen aduersitie is once fallen, it is too late to beware.

TO my mishappe alas I finde
That happy hap is daungerous,
And fortune worketh but her kinde,
To make the ioyfull dolorous.
But all too late it comes to mind,
To waile the want that makes me blinde,
Amid thy mirth and pleasantnesse,
Such chaunces is chaunced sodainly,
That in dispaire without redresse.
I finde my cheefest remedy.
No new kind of vnhappinesse,
Should thus haue left me comfortlesse.
Who would haue thought that my request
Should bring me forth such bitter fruite:
But now is hapt that I feard least,
And all this harme comes by my lute.

For

For when I thought me happieſt,
Euen then hapt all my cheefeſt vnreſt.
In better caſe was neuer none,
And yet vnwares thus am I trapt.
My chiefeſt deſire doth cauſe me mone,
And to my harme my wealth is hapt,
There is no man but I alone,
That hath ſuch cauſe to ſigh and mone.
Thus am I taught for to beware,
And truſt no more ſuch pleaſant chance
My happy hap bzede me this care,
And brought my mirth to great miſchaunce.
There is no man whom hap wil ſpare,
But when ſhe liſt his welth is bare.

Of a Louer that made his onely God of his loue.

All you that friendſhip doe profeſſe,
And of a friend preſent the place,
Giue eare to me that did poſſeſſe.
As friendly fruites as ye embrace,
And to declare the circumſtance,
There were themſelues that did aduance,
To teach me truely how to take,
A faithfull friend for vertues ſake.
But I as one of little ſkill,
To know what good might grow thereby.
Vnto my wealth I had no will,
Nor to my neede I had none eye,
But as the childe doth learne to goe.
So I in time did learne to know,
Of all good fruites the world brought forth
A faithfull friend is thing moſt worth.
Then with all care I ſought to finde,
One worthy to receiue ſuch truſt,
One onely that was rich in minde,
One ſecret, ſobre, wiſe and iuſt,
Whom riches could not raiſe at all.
Nor pouertie procure to fall.

And to be shoꝛt in few woꝛds plaine,
One such a friend I did attaine.
And when I did enioy this welth,
Who liued Loꝛd in such a case,
Foꝛ to my friends it was great health,
And to my foes a foule deface,
And to my selfe a thing so riche,
As seeke the woꝛld and finde none suche.
Thus by this friend I set such stoꝛe,
As by my selfe I set no moꝛe,
This friend so much was my delight.
When care had cleane oꝛecome my hart,
One thought of her rid care as quite,
As neuer care had causde my smart.
Thus ioyed I in my friend so deare,
Was neuer friend fate man so neare,
I carde foꝛ her so much alone,
That other God I carde foꝛ none,
But as it doth to them befall.
That to themselues respect haue none,
So my sweete graffe is growne to gall.
Where I sowed mirth I reaped mone,
This Idoll that I honoꝛed so,
Is now transfoꝛmed to my foe,
That me most pleased, me most paines,
And in despaire my hart remaines,
And foꝛ iust scourge of such desart,
Thꝛee plagues I may my selfe assure,
Firſt of my friend to lose my part,
And next my life may not endure,
And last of all the moꝛe to blame,
My soule shall suffer foꝛ the same,
Wherefoꝛe ye friends I warn you all,
Sit fast foꝛ feare of such a fall.

Vpon the death of sir Anthony Denny.

DEath and the King did as it were contẽd
which of thẽ two bare Dẽny greatest loue

The

The King to ſhew his loue gan farre extend.
Did him aduance his betters farre aboue,
Here place, much wealth, great honor eke him gaue
To make it known what power great Princes haue
But when death came with his triumphant gift,
From worldly carke he quit his wearied ghoſt,
Free from the corpes, and ſtraight to heauen it lift,
Now deme that can, who did for Denny moſt,
The king gaue welth but fading and vnſure,
Death brought him bliſſe that euer ſhall endure.

A compariſon of the Louers paines.

LIke as the brake within the Riders hand,
Doth ſtraine the Horſe nie wood with greefe of (paine
Not vſed before to come in ſuch a bande,
Striueth for greefe, although god wot in vaine,
To be as earſt he was at libertie,
But force of force doth ſtraine the contrary.
Euen ſo ſins band doth cauſe my deadly greefe,
That made me ſo my woful chaunce lament,
Like thing hath brought me into paine & miſchiefe,
Saue willingly to it I do aſſent.
To blind the thing in freedome which was free.
That now full ſore alas repenteth me.

Of a Roſemary branche ſent.

SUch greene to me as you haue ſent,
ſuch greene to you I ſend againe,
A flouriſhing heart that will not faint,
For drede of hope or loſſe of gaine,
A ſtedfaſt thought all wholy bent,
So that he may your grace obtaine,
As you my proofe haue alwayes ſeene,
To liue your owne and alwayes greene.

To his loue of his conſtant hart.

AS I haue bene ſo will I euer be,
Vnto my death, and lenger if I might,

Haue

Haue I of loue the friendly looking eye,
Haue I of fortune fauour or diſpite,
I am of rocke by proofe as you may ſee
Not made of wax, nor of no metall light
As leeſe to die, by change as to deceiue
Or breake the promiſe made. And ſo I leaue.

Of the token which his loue ſent him.

The golded apple that the Troyan boye,
Gaue to Uenus the faireſt of the three
Which was the cauſe of all the wracke of Troy
Was not receiued with a greater ioy,
Then was the ſame (my loue) thou ſent to me.
It healed my ſore, it made my ſorrowes free.
It gaue me hope, it baniſht mine annoy,
Thy happy hand full oft me was bliſt
That can giue ſuch a ſalue when thou liſt

Manhode availeth not without good fortune.

The Coward oft whom deyntie viands fed,
That boſted much his ladies eares to pleaſe,
By helpe of whom vnder him he led,
Hath reapt the palme that valiance could not ceaſe
The vnexpert that ſhores vnknowne nere ſought,
Whom Neptune yet appaled not with feare,
In wandering ſhip on trifles ſeas hath tought,
The ſkil to ſel that time ſo long doth leare,
The ſporting knight that ſkorneth Cupids kinde
With fained chere the pained cauſe to hide,
In game vnhides the leaden ſparkes of minde,
And gaines the gole, where glowing flames ſhould
Thus I ſee proue that troth and malice hart, (ſpeed
May not auaile, if fortune chaunce to ſtart.

That conſtancy of all vertues is moſt worthy.

Though in the ware a perfet picture made.
Doth ſhewe as faire as in the marble ſtone

Yet

Yet doe we ſee it is eſteemed of none,
Becauſe that fire or force the fourme doth fade,
Whereas the marble holden is full deare,
Since that indures the date of lenger dayes,
Of Diamonds is the greateſt prayſe,
So long to laſt and alwayes one t'appeare.
Then if we doe eſteeme that thing for beſt,
Which in perfection longeſt time doe laſt,
And that moſt vaine that turnes with euery blaſt:
What Jewel then with tongue can be expreſt?
Like to that hart where loue hath framd ſuch feth,
That cannot fade but by the force of deth.

The vncertaine ſtate of a louer.

LIke as the rage of raine,
Fils riuers with exceſſe,
And as the drought againe,
Doth draw them leſſe and leſſe,
So I both fall and clime,
With no and yea ſometime,
As they ſwell hie and hie,
So doth encreaſe my ſtate,
As they fall drie and drie,
So doth my wealth abate,
As yea is mixt with no.
ſo mirth is mixt with wo.
As nothing can indure,
That liues and lackes reliefe,
ſo nothing can ſtand ſure,
Where change doth raigne as cheefe,
Wherefore I muſt intend,
To bow when others bend.
And when they laugh to ſmile.
And when they weepe to waile,
And when they craft beguile,
And when they fight, aſſaile,
And thinke there is no change,
Can make them ſeeme ſo ſtrange,

Oh most vnhappy slaue,
What man may lead this course?
To lacke that he would faynest haue,
Or else to dot much worse,
These be rewards for such,
As liue and loue too much.

The louer in libertie smileth at them in thral-
dome, that sometime scorned his
bondage.

AT libertie I sit and see,
Them that haue earst laught me to scorne
Whipt with the whip that scourged me,
And now they banne that they were borne,
I see them sit full soberly,
And thinke their earnest lookes to hide:
Now in themselues they cannot spie,
That they or this in me haue spide.
I see them sitting all alone.
Marking the steps, ech word and looke,
And now they tread where I haue gone,
The painfull path that I forsooke,
Now I see well I saw no whit.
When they saw well that now are blinde,
But happy hap hath made me quite,
And iust iudgement hath them assinde,
I see them wander all alone,
And tread full fast in dreadfull doubt,
The selfe same path that I haue gone,
Blessed be hap that brought me out.
At liberty all this I see,
And say no word, but earst among:
Smiling at them that laught at me,
Lo such is hap, marke well my song.

A comparison of his loue with the faithful and
painfull loue of Troilus to Cresside.

I Reade how Troylus serued in Troy.
A lady long and many a day,
And how he boade so great annoy,
For here as all the story say.
That half the paine had neuer man,
Which had this woful Troyan than.
His youth his sport his pleasant cheere,
His courtly state and company.
In him so strangly altered were,
With such a face of contrary
That euery ioy became a woe
This poison new had turned him so.
And what men thought might most him ease
And most that for his comfort stoode,
The same did most his mind displease:
And set him most in furious moode,
For all his pleasure euer lay,
To thinke on her that was away.
His chamber was his common walke,
Wherein he kept him secretly,
He made his bed the place of talke,
To here his great extremitie,
In nothing els had he delight,
But euen to be a martir right.
And now to call her by her name
And streight therewith to sigh and shrobbe:
And when his fansies might not frame,
Then into teares and so to sobbe,
All in extreemes and thus he lies
making two fountaines of his eies.
As agues haue sharpe shiftes of fits
Of cold and heat successiuelie:
So had his head like chaunge of wits
his patience wrought so diuerslie,
Now vp now downe, now here, now there,
Like one he was he wist not where.
And thus though he were Priams sonne,
And common of the kings hye blonde,

This care he had ere he was wonne,
Till she that was his maistres good,
And loth to see hir seruant so,
Became Phisition to his wo,
And took him to her handes and grace.
And said she would her mind apply,
To help him in his wofull case
If she might be his remedye.
And thus they say to ease his smart
She made him owner of her hart.
And truth it is except they lye.
From that day forth her study went.
To shewe to loue him faithfully,
And his whole minde for to content.
So happy a man at last was he,
And eke so worthy a woman was she.
Lo lady then iudge you by this
Mine ease and how my case doth fall,
For sure betweene my life and his
No difference there is at all,
His care was great so was his paine,
And mine is not the least of twaine
For what he felt in seruice true
For her whom that he loued so,
The same I feele as large for you
To whom I do my seruice owe.
There was that time in him no paine,
But nowe that same in me doth raine.
Which if you can compare and way,
And how I stand in euery plight,
Then this for you I dare well say,
Your hart must nedes remorse of right
To graunt me grace and so to doe,
As Cresid then did Troylus to.
For I wot you are as good
And euen as faire as euer was she,
And comen of as worthy blood
And haue in you as large pitie

To tender me your owne true man.
As she did him his seruant than:
Which gift I pray god for my sake,
Full sone & shortly you me send,
So shall you make my sorrowes slacke,
So shall you bring my wo to ende.
And set me in as happy case,
As Troylus with his Lady was.

To leade a vertuous and honest life.

FLee from ẏ prease and dwell with soothfastnes
Suffice to the thy good though it be small,
For horde hath hate, and climming sicklenes,
Praise hath enuy, & weale is blind in all,
Fauour no more then the behoue shall
Rede wel thy selfe that others well canst reade;
And trouth shall the deliuer, it is no dread.
Paine the not ach croked to redresse,
In hope of her that turneth as a ball.
Great rest stondeth in little-businesse,
Beware also to spurne against a nall,
Striue not as doth a crooke against a wall,
Deme first thy selfe that deemest others dede,
And truth shall the deliuer, it is no drede.
That thee is sent receiue it in buxomnesse,
The wrestling of this world asketh a fall.
Here is no home, here is but wildernes.
Forth pilgrim forth beast out of thy stall,
Looke vp on high, giue thankes to God of all,
Meane well thy lust, and honest life ay leade,
So trouth shall the deliuer it is no drede.

The wounded louer determineth to make sute to his lady for his recure.

SInce Mars first moued warre or stirred men to strife,
Was ueuer seene so sierce a fight; I scarce could scape with life;
Resist so long I did till death approched so nie,
To saue my selfe I thought it best with speede away to flye,

In daunger stil, I fled, by slight I thought to scape
From my deare foe, it vailed not, alas it was to late.
From Venus from her campe, brought Cupid with his bronde,
Who said now yelde or else desire shall chase the in euery lande,
Yet would I not straight yelde till fansie fiercely strooke,
Who from my wil hath cut the raines & chargd me with this yoke
Then all the daies and nightes mine eares may heare the sonnd,
What carefull sighes my hart would steale, to feele it selfe so boūd
For though within my brest, thy care I worke (he said)
Why for good will didst thou beholde her persing eye displaide?
Alas the fish is caught through baite that hides the hooke
Euen so her ey me trained hath, & tangled with her looke,
But or that it be long, my hart thou shalt be faine
To stay my life, pray her foorth throw ?wete lookes when I cōplain
Whē that she shall deny, to do me that good turne,
Then shall see to ashes gray, by flames my body burne.
Desert of blame to her, no wight may it impute.
For feare of nay I neuer sought, the way to frame my sute,
yet hap that hap shall decay I may to long,
Assay I shall for I heare say the still man still hath wrong.

The louer shewing of continuall paines that abide within his brest determineth to dye because he cannot haue redresse.

The dolefull bel that still doth ring
She wofull knell of all my ioies
The wretched hart doth perce & wrynge,
And fills mine eare with deadly noies.
The hungry Viper, in my brest,
That on my hart doth ly and gnawe
Doth daily brede my newe vnrest.
And deeper sighes do cause me drawe.
And though I force both hande and eye,
On pleasant matters to attende:
My sorrowes to deceiue thereby
And wretched life for to amende:
Yet goeth the mill within my hart
Which grindeth nought but paine and wo,

And

And turned all my ioy to ſmart,
The euill corne it eldeth ſo,
  Though Venus ſmile with yelding eyes
And ſweete muſicke doth play and ſing
Yet doth my ſpirits feele none of theſe
The clacke doth at mine eare ſo ring.
As ſmalleſt parkes vncared for
To greateſt games do ſoneſt grow:
Euen ſo did this mine inward ſore,
Beginne in game and end in woe,
  And now by vſe ſo ſwift it goeth,
That nothing can mine eares ſo fill,
But that the clacke it ouergoeth
And plucketh me backe into the mill,
  But ſince the mill will nedes aboute
The pinne whereon the wele do goe,
I will aſſaie to ſtrike it out,
And ſo the mill to ouerthrow.

The power of loue ouer Gods themſelues

FOr loue Apollo (his godhed ſet aſide)
  Was ſeruant to the king of Theſſaly.
Whoſe daughter was ſo pleaſant in his eye,
That both his harpe and his ſawtry he deade.
And bagpipe ſolace of the rurall bride,
Did puffe and blowe, and od the boltes hie,
His cattle kept with that rude melody.
And oft eke him that doth the heauens gide,
Hath loue transformed to ſhapes for him to baſſe
tranſmuted thus ſometime a ſwan is he,
Leda toccoy, and eft Europe to pleaſe,
A milde white bull, vnwrickled front and face
Suffereth her play till on his backe lept ſhe,
Whom in great care he ferieth through the ſeas,

The promiſe of a conſtant louer.

AS Lawrell leaues that ceaſe not to be greene
From perching ſun, nor yet from winters threat

As hardened oke that feareth no ſword ſo keene
A flint for toole in twaine that wil not freat.
As faſt as rocke or piller ſurely ſett
So faſt am I to you, and ay haue bene,
Aſſuredly whom I cannot forget.
Nor ioy, for paine, for torment nor for teene
For loſſe for gaine for frowning nor for threat
But euer one, yea both in calme and blaſt,
Your faithfull friend, and wilbe to my laſt.

Againſt him that had ſlaundered a gentlewoman with himſelfe.

FAlſe may be and be, and by the powers aboue
Neuer haue he good ſpede and luck in loue
That ſo can lye or ſpot the worthy fame.
Of her for whom thou R. art to blame
For chaſt Diana that hunteth ſtill the chace,
And all her maides, that ſue her in the race.
With faire bowes bent and arrowes by their ſide
Can ſay that thou in this haſt falſely lide.
For neuer hung the bowe vpon the wall.
Of Dians temple, no nor neuer ſhall,
Of broken chaſt the ſacred vow to ſpot
Of her whom thou doſt charge ſo large I wot,
But ſlought be whereof her blame might riſe,
It is that ſhe did not well aduiſe
To marke the right, as now ſhe doth the knowe,
Falſe of thy deede, falſe of thy talk alſo.
Lurker of kind like ſerpent laid to bite,
As poiſon did vnder the ſuger white.
What daunger ſuch? ſo was the houſe defilde
Of Collatine, ſo was the wife beguilde,
So ſmarted ſhe, and by a traiterous force
The Carthage Queene, ſo ſhe forbid her corſe
So ſtrangled was the Rodopein maide,
Fy traitour fie, to thy ſhame be it ſaide,
Thou dunghill Crow that crocks againe the raine,
Home to thy hole, brag not with Phebe againe.

Car-

Carrion for the, and lothſome be thy voice,
Thy ſong is foule I were of thy voice,
Thy black fethers which are thy wearing weede
Met them with teares & ſorrow for thy deede
And in darke caues where peeviſhe wormes do cry
Lurke thou all day and fly when thou ſhouldſt ſlepe,
And neuer light where liuing thing hath life,
But eate and drinke where ſtinch & filth is rife
For ſhe that is foule of fethers bright,
Admit ſhe tooke ſome pleaſure in thy ſight,
As foyle of ſtate ſometimes delight to take
Fowle of meane ſort their flight w̄ them to make
For play of wing, or ſolace of their kinde
But not in ſort as thou doſt breake thy minde:
Not for to trade with ſuch foule fowle as thou.
No no I ſwere, and dare it here auow,
Thou neuer ſetteſt thy foote within her neſt,
Boaſt not ſo broade then to thy owne vnreſt,
But bluſh for ſhame for in thy face it ſtandes,
And thou canſt not vnſpot it with thy handes
For all the heauens againſt the record beare,
And all in earth againſt thee eke will ſweare,
That thou in this art euen none other man,
But as the iudges were to Suſan than.
Forgers of that wherto their luſt them pricke,
Bath blaſer then the truth hath the conuict:
And ſhe a woman of her worthy fame
Vnſpotted ſtandes, & thou haſt caught the ſhame,
And there I pray to God that it may reſt,
Falſe as thou art, as falſe as is the beſt,
That ſo canſt wrong the noble kinde of man,
In whom all trouth firſt florißht and began,
And ſo hath ſtande till now thy wretched part
Hath ſpotted vs, of whoſe kind one thou art,
That all the ſhame that euer roſe or may,
Of ſhame full deede on the may light I ſay,
And on thy kinde and this I wiſh the rather,
That all thy ſeede may like be to thy father,

Untrue as thou and forgers as thou art,
So as all be blameles of thy part.
And of thy deede and thus I do the leaue.
Still to be false, and falsly to deceiue.

A praise of maistresse R.

I heard when fame with thundring voice did sommon to appeare
The cheife of natures children all, that kind hath placed here,
The view was brute by vertue got their lines could iustly craue
And bad thē shew what praise by truth they worthy were to haue
Wherewith I sawe how Venus came and put her selfe in place.
And gaue her ladies leaue at large to stand and pleade their case,
Ech one was cald by name & howe, in that assembly there
That hence are gone and here remaines in court or other where.
A solembe silence was proclaimd, the iudges sate and heard,
What truth could tell, or craft could fein, & who should be preferd
Then beautie stept before the barre, whose brest & neck was bare
With heare trust vp, and on her heade a caule of gold she ware.
Thus Cupids thrales begau to flock whose hungry eies did say
That she had stained all the dames, that present were that day.
For ere she spake w whispring words, ẏ prease was fild through-out
And fansie forced common voice, thereat to giue a shout. (
Which cried to fame take forth thy trumpe & sound her praise on hy
That glads the hart of euery wight that her beholdes with eye.
What sterre and rule (quod order than) do these rude people make
Wee hold her best that shall deserue a praise for vertues sake.
This sentence was no soner said, but beautie therwith blusht,
The noyse did cease, the hall was still and euery thing was whust,
Then fineneſſe thought bi training talke to win that beautie lost,
And whet her tong with iolly words and spared for no cost.
Yet wantonnes could not abide but brake her tale in hast,
And peeuish pride for pecocks plumes would nedes be hiest plast
And therewithall came curiousneſſe and carped out of frame,
The audience laught to heare the strife as they beheld the same.
yet reason sone appeased the brute her reuerence made and done,
She purchased fauour for to speake and thus her tale begun
Sins bountie shall the garland were, and crowned be by fame.
O happy iudges call for her, for she deserues: he same.

Where

Where temperance gouerns beauties flowers & glory is not ſought
And ſhamefaſt mekenes maſtereth pride & vertue dwels in thought
Bid her come forth and ſhew her face, or els aſſent ech one,
That true report ſhall graue her name in gold or marble ſtone.
For all the world to read at will, what worthines doth reſt,
In perfet pure vnſpotted life, which he hath here poſſeſt.
Then ſkill roſe vp and ſought the preaſe to finde if that he might
A perſon of ſuch honeſt name, that men ſhould praiſe aright,
This one I ſaw full ſadly ſit, and ſhrinke her ſelfe a ſide,
Whoſe ſober lookes did ſhew what gifts her wiuely grace did hide
Lo here (quod ſkill, good people all) is Lucres left a liue,
And ſhe ſhall moſt accepted be, that leaſt for praiſe did ſtriue,
No lenger fame could hold her peace, but blewe a blaſt ſo hie.
That made an eccho in the ayre and ſwoning thorough the ſky,
The voice was loude, & thus it ſaid, come R with happie daies,
The honeſt life hath wonne the fame, and crowned the with praiſe.
And when I heard my maiſtres name, I thruſt amids the throng.
And clapt my handes & wiſht of god that ſhe might proſper long.

Of one vniuſtly defamed.

I Ne can cloſe in ſhort and cunning verſe
The worthy praiſe of bountie by deſart.
The hatefull ſpite and ſlaunder to reherſe,
Of them that ſee but know not what thou art
For kind by craft hath taught the ſo to eye.
That no wight may thy wit and vertue ſpie,
But he hath other feele then outward ſight,
The lacke whereof doth hate and ſpite to try,
Thus kinde by craft is let of vertues light,
Se how the outward ſhewe the wits may dull
Not of the wiſe but as the moſt entend,
Minyrua yet might neuer perce their ſcul
That Circes cup & Cupids brand hath blend.
Whoſe fond affects now ſtirred haue the braine
So doth thy hap thy hue with colour ſtaine,
Beautie thy foe thy ſhape doubleth thy ſcore,
To hede thy wit and ſhew thy vertue vaine
Fel were thy fate, if wildome were not more:

I meane by the euen G. by name,
Whom stormy winds of enuie and disdaine
Do tosse with boisterous blastes of wicked fame,
Where stedfastnes as cheife in the doth raigne
Patience thy suttle minde doth guide and stere.
Silence and shame with many resteth there.
Til time thy mother lift them forth to call.
Happy is he that may inioy them all

Of the death of the late countesse of Penbroke.

YEt once againe my muse I pardon pray
Thine intermitted song if I repeat
Not in such wise as when loue was my pray,
My iolly wo with toilfull verse to treate,
But now vnthanke to our desert be giuen,
Which merits not a heauens gift to kepe,
Thou must with me bewaile that fate hath reuen
From earth a iuell laide in earth to slepe,
A iewell yea gemme of womanhed.
Whose perfect vertues linked as in chaine,
So did adorne that humble wiuely heade,
As is not rife to finde the like againe.
For wit and learning, ramed to obey,
Her husbands will that willed her to vse,
The loue he bare her cheifely as a stay
For al her friends that would her furderance chose
Well said therfore a heauen gift she was,
Be cause the best are sonest hence bereft,
And sought her selfe to heauen hence bereft.
And sought her selfe to heauen hence did passe.
Her spoile to earth from whence it came she left.
And to vs teares her absence to lament,
And eke his chaunce that was her make by lawe
Whose losse to lose so great an ornament,
Let them esteme which true Ioues knot can drawe.

That ech thing is hurt of it selfe.

Why feareſt thou thy outward foe
When thou thy selfe thy harme doth fede.

Of griefe, or hurt, of paine or wo,
Within ech thing is ſowen the ſeede.
So fine was neuer yet the cloth.
No ſmith ſo hard his yron did beate,
But thone conſumed was with mothe,
Thother with canker al to freat.
The knotty oke and wainſcot olde,
Within doth eat the ſely woorme
Euen ſo a mind in enuy rold.
Alwaies within it ſelfe do burne,
Thus euery thing that nature wrought
Within it ſelfe his hurt doth beare,
No outward harme nede to be ſought,
Where enimies be within ſo neare.

Of the choiſe of a wife.

The flickering fame that flieth from eare to eare
And ay her ſtrength encreaſeth her flight,
Giues firſt the cauſe why men to her delight
Of thoſe whom ſhe doth note for beautie bright
And with this fame that flyeth on ſo faſt,
Fanſie doth hie when reaſon makes no haſt.
And yet not content they wiſh to ſee,
And thereby knowe fame haue ſaid aright,
Wore truſting to the triall of their eie.
Then to the brute that goes of any wight,
Wiſe in the point that lightlie will not leane.
Unwiſe to ſeeke that may them after greeue.
Who knoweth not how ſight may loue a lure,
And kindle in the hart a hote deſire
The eye to worke that fame could not procure,
Of greater cauſe their commeth hotter fire.
For ere here he wete him himſelfe he feleth warme,
The fame and eie the cauſers of his harme.
Let fame not make her knowē who I ſhall knowe,
Not yet myne eye therein to be my guide,
Suffiſeth me that vertue in her growe,
Whoſe ſimple life her father walles do hide,

Content

Content with this I leaue the reſt to go,
And in ſuch choiſe ſhall ſtand in wealth and wo.

Diſcription of an vngodly worlde.

WHo loues to liue in peace, and marketh euery chaunge,
ſhal heare ſuch newes frō time to time, as ſeme right wōdrous
Such fraud in friendly lookes, ſuch friendſhip all for gaine, (ſtrāge
Such cloked wrath in hatefull hartes, which worldly men retaine
Such fained flattering faith among both hie and lowe,
Such great dyſpite, ſuch ſubtile wits, the pore to ouerthrowe.
Such ſpite in ſugred tongs, ſuch malice full of pride,
Such open wrong, ſuch great vntruth which cannot go vnſpide
Such reſtleſſe ſuites for roumes, which bringeth men to care,
Such ſliding downe from ſlippery ſeates, yet can we not beware.
Such barking at the good, ſuch bolſtring of the ill,
Such threatning of the wrath of God. ſuch vice embrast ſtill.
Such ſtriuing for the beſt ſuch climing to ſuch eſtate,
Such great diſſembling euery where, ſuch loue all mixt with hate
Such traines to trap the iuſt ſuch proiling faultes to picke,
Such cruell words for ſpeaking trouth, who euer heard the like?
Such ſtrife for ſtirring ſteawes ſuch diſcord daily wrought
Such forged tales dul wits do blind ſuch matters made of nought
Such trifles told for trouth ſuch crediting of lies,
Such ſcilence kept when fooles do ſpeake, ſuch laughing at the wiſe
Such plentie made ſo ſcarſe, ſuch crying for redreſſe,
Such feared ſigns of our decay which tong dares not expreſſe.
Such chaunges lightly markt, ſuch troubles ſtill appeares,
Which neuer wer before this time, no not this thouland yeres
Such bribing for the purſe, which euergapes for more,
Such hoording vp of worldly wealth, ſuch keping mucke in ſtore.
Such folly found in age ſuch will in tender youth,
Such ſundry ſorts among great clarks & few ꝑ ſpeakes ꝑ truthe
Such faſhed vnder craift and ſuch vnſtedfaſt waies,
Was neuer ſeene within two harts, as is found nowe a dayes
The cauſe and ground of this is our vnquiet mind.
Which think to take thoſe goods away which we muſt leaue be-
Why do men ſeke to geat that they cannot poſſeſſe? hinde
Or break their ſlepes with careful thoughts & all for wretchednes

Though

Though one amongſt a ſcore hath welth and eaſe awhile,
A thouſand want which toileth ſore and trauaile many a mile.
And ſome although they ſleepe, yet welth fals in their lap,
Thus ſome be rich and ſome be poore, as fortune giues the hap.
Wherefore I hold him wiſe which thinkes himſelfe at eaſe,
And is content in ſimple ſtate both god and man to pleaſe.
For thoſe that liue like gods and honored are to day,
Within ſhort time their glory falles as flowers do fade away,
Uncertaine is their liues on whom this world will frowne,
For though they ſit aboue ẏ ſtares, a ſtorme will caſt them downe
In welth who feares no fall may ſlide from ioy full ſone,
There is no thing ſure on earth but chaungeth as the mone,
What pleaſure hath the rich or eaſe more then the poore?
Although he haue a pleaſant houſe, his trouble is the more,
They bowe and ſpeake him faire, which ſeeke to ſucke his bloud
And ſome do wiſh his ſoule in hell, and all to haue his good,
The coueting of the goods doth nought but dull the ſpirite,
And ſome men chaunce to taſt the ſowre that groperh for the ſwete
The rich is ſtill enuied by thoſe which eate his breade,
With fauning ſpeach & flattering tales his eares are daily feade,
I finde I ſee and proue the rich haue many foes.
He ſlepeth beſt and careth leaſt, ẏ little hath to looſe.
As time requireth now who would auoide much ſtrife,
Were better liue in poore eſtate, then leade a princes life.
To paſſe thoſe troubleſome times I ſee but little choiſe,
But helpe to waile with thoſe that weep & laugh when they
For as we ſee to day, our brother brought in care (reioiſe
To morrowe may we haue ſuch chance to fall with him in ſnare,
Of this we may be ſure, who thinks to ſit moſt faſt,
Shall ſoneſt fall like withered leaues that cannot bide a blaſt,
Though that the floud be great, the ebbe as low doth runne:
When euery man hath plaide his part our pagent wilbe done
Who truſts this wretched world, I hold him wooꝛſe then mad,
Here is not one that feareth God, the beſt is all to bad,
For thoſe that ſeme as ſaintes, are deuils in their deeds.
Though that the earth bring forth ſome flowers it beareth many wedes
I ſee no preſent helpe from miſcheife to prenaile,
But flee the ſeas of worldly care or beare a quiet ſaile,

For

For who that meddeleth leaſt ſhall ſaue himſelfe from ſmart,
Who ſtirres an oze in euery boate ſhall play a foolish part.

The diſpairing louer lamenteth.

WAlking the path of penſiue thought
I aſkt my hart how came this woe,
Thnie eye (quoth he) this care me thoughe
Thy minde, thy wit thy will alſo,
Enfoze me to loue her euer.
This is the cauſe ioy ſhall I neuer,
And as I walke as one diſmaide,
Thinking that wzong this wo me lent.
Right ſent me wozd by wzath which laid,
This iuſt iudgement to the is ſent,
Neuer to dy but dying euer,
Til bzeath the fail ioy ſhalt thou neuer
Sith right doth iudge this wo tendure
Of health of wealth of remedye,
As I haue done ſo be ſhe ſure,
Of faith and truth vntill I dye,
And as this paine cloke ſhall I euer.
So inwardly ioy ſhall I neuer
Griping of gripes greine not ſo ſoze,
Noz ſerpents ſting cauſeth ſuch ſmart,
Nothing on earth may paine me moze,
Then ſight that perſt my hart,
Dzowned with cares ſtill to perſeuer.
Come death betimes ioy ſhall I ne uer
O libertie why doſt thou ſwarue,
And ſteale a way thus all at once.
And I in pziſon like to ſtarue
Foz lacke of foode do gnaw on bones,
My hope and truſt in the was euer.
Now thou art gone ioy ſhall I neuer.
But ſtill as one all deſperate,
To lead my life in miſery,
Sith feare from hope hath lockt the gate,
Where pittie ſhould graunt remedy,
Diſppaie this lot aſſinde me euer.

To liue in paine ioy ſhall I neuer.

The louer praieth his ſeruice to be acqepted and his defaults pradoned.

PRocrin that ſometime ſerued Cephalus,
With hart as true as any louer might,
Yet her beride in louing is vpright,
That as in hart with loue ſurpꝛeſſed thus.
She on a day to ſee this Cephalus,
Where he was wont to ſhꝛoud him in the ſhade,
When of his hunting heau ende had made,
Within the woods with dꝛedful foot forth ſtalketh
So buſily loue in her head it walketh:
That ſhe ſo ſe him may her not reſtraine.
This Cephalus that heard one ſhake the leaues,
Vpꝛeſt all eagre thurſting after pꝛay,
With dart in hand him liſt to further daine
To ſee his loue but ſlewe her in the greeues,
That ment to him but perfet loue alwaies
So curious bene alas the rightes all
Of mightie lone, that vneths may I think
In his high ſeruice how to looke oꝛ winke.
Thus I complaine that wꝛetcheꝺſt am I of all,
To you my loue and ſoueraigne Ladye deare
That may my hart with death oꝛ life ſtere,
As ye beſt liſt that ye vouchſafe in all.
Mine humble ſeruice and if me miſſall,
By negligence oꝛ els foꝛ lacke of wit,
And thiuk that loue made Pꝛocrin ſhake the leaues
When with vnright ſhe ſlaine was in ẏ greues

Diſcription and praiſe of his loue.

LIke the Phenix a bird moſt rare in ſight.
That nature hath with gold & purple dꝛeſt
Such ſhe mee ſeemes in whom I moſt delight
If I might ſpeake foꝛ enuie at the leaſt,
Nature I thinke firſt wꝛought her in deſpite,

Of

Songes.

Of rose and lillie the sommer bringeth first,
In beautie sure exceeding all the rest,
Under the beut of her bowes iustly pight,
As Diamonds, or saphers at the least,
Her glistering light the darknes of the night
Whose little mouth and chinne like all the rest
Her ruddy lips excedes the Coral quite,
Her puery teeth where none exceedes the rest
Faultlesse she is from fote vnto the wast,
Her body small, and straight as mast vpright,
Her armes long in full proportion cast,
Her hãdes depaint w vaines all blewe and white.
What shall I say for that is not in sight?
The hidden parts I iudge them by the rest,
And if I were the foreman of the quest,
To giue a verdict of her beautie bright
Forgiue me Phebus, thou shouldst be dispossest.
Which dost vsurpe my ladies place of right,
Here wil I cease least enuy cause dispight
But nature when she wrought so faire a wighe,
In this her worke she surely did entend,
To frame a thing that God could not amend,

The louer declareth his paines to exceede farre the paines of hell.

The soules that lacked grace,
Which lie in bitter paine
Are not in such a place
As foolish folke do faine.
Tormented all with fire,
And boile in leade againe
With serpents full of yre
Strong ekt with deadly paine.
Then cast in frosen pits
To frese there therin howers,
And for their painefull fits
Appointed tormentours.
No no it is not so,

Theis

Their ſorrow is not ſuch
And yet they haue of wo,
I dare ſay twiſt aſmuch.
Which comes becauſe thy lack
The ſight of the Godhed,
And be from that kept back
wherwith Angels are fed.
This thing knowe I by loue
through abſence crueltie,
which maks me for to proue
Hel paines before I dy.
There is no tung can tell,
my thouſand part of care,
there may no fire in hel
with my deſire compare.
No boyling leay can paſſe
my ſcalding ſighes in hart,
Nor Snake that euer was
with ſtinging can ſo fret
A trew and tender hart,
As my thoughts dayly do,
So that I know but ſmart,
And that which longs therto.
O Cupid Venus ſonne,
As thou haſt ſhewed thy might,
And haſt this conqueſt wõne
Now end the ſame aright.
And as I am thy ſlaue,
Contented with all this,
So help me ſoone to haue
my perfect earthly bliſſe.

Of the death of ſir Thoms VViat the elder

LO dead he liues, that whilome liued here
Among the deade that quicke goe on the ground,
Though he be deade, yet doth he quicke appeare
By liuely name that death cannot confound,
his life for ay of fame the trump ſhall ſound,
Though he be dead, yet liues he here aliue,

Thus can no death from Wyat life depryue.

That length of time consumeth all thinges

WHat harder is then stone, what more then water soft,
Yet with soft water drops hard stones be perced oft,
What giues so strong impulse,
That stone ne may withstand
What giues more weak repulse
Then water prest with hand.
Yet weke though water be,
It holloweth hardest flint,
By profe thereof we see.
Time giues the greatest dint,

The beginning of the epistle of Penelope to Vlisses made into verse.

O Lingering make Vlisses dere, thy wife lo lends to the
Her dity plaint, write not againe but come thy selfe to mee,
Our hatefull scourge the womans foe, proud Troy is now fordon
We buy it dere through Priams slaine. and all his kingdom won
O that the raging surges great that lechers hand had wrought,
When first with ship the sorrowed seas and Lacedemon sought,
In desert bed my shiuering course thē should not haue sought rest.
Nor take in griefe the cherefull sunne so slowly fall to west,
And whiles I cast long running nights how best I might begyle
No distaffe should my widowish haue weary made thee while.
When drede I not more daungers great then are befall indeede,
Loue is a carefull thing God wot & passing full of drede

The louer asketh pardon of his passed folly in loue.

YOu that in play peruse my plaint, and reade in rime the smart
Which in my youth w sighes full cold I harboured in my hart
Know ye that loue in that fraile age draue me to that distresse,
When I was halfe another man, that I am nowe to gesse.
Therfor this worke of wauering words where I now rage now

Coſt in the toies of troublous loue, as care or comfort grewe
I truſt with you that loues affaires by proofe haue put in vre,
Not only pardon in my plaint, but pittie to procure,
For now I wot that in the world a wonder haue I bee,
And where to long loue made me blind, to late ſhame makes me ſe,
Thus of my fault ſhame is the fruite. & for my youth thus paſt,
Repentance is my recompence and thus I learne at laſt,
Loke what the world hath moſt in price, as ſure it is to keepe,
As is the dreame which fãtaſie driues, whiles ſence & reaſon ſleepe.

The louer ſheweth that he was ſtriken by loue on goodfryday.

IT was the day on which the ſunne depriued of his light
To rew Chriſts death & his courſe gaue place vnto the night
When I amid mine eaſe did fall to ſuch diſtemperate fits,
That for the face that hath my hart I was bereft my wits
I had the baite, the hooke and all. & wiſht not loues pretence
But feard as one that feard none ill nor foyſt for no defence.
Thus dwelling in this moſt quiet ſtate, I fell into this plight
And that day gan my ſecret ſighes when all folke wept in ſight
For loue that vewed me void of care, approcht to take his pray.
And ſtept by ſtelth from eye to hart. ſo open lay the way,
And ſtraight at eyes braſt out in teares, ſo ſalt that did declare,
By token of their bitter taſt that they were forgde of care.
Now vaunt thee loue which fleſh a maid deſtinde to vertues rare
And wounded haſt a wight vnwiſe, vnweaponed and vnware.

The louer deſcribeth his whole ſtate vnto his loue and promiſing her his faithfull good will aſſureth himſelfe of hers againe.

THe ſunne when he hath ſpred his raies,
And ſhewed his face ten thouſand waies
Ten thouſand thinges do then begin
To ſhew the life that they are in,
The heauen ſhews liuely art and hue
Of ſundry ſhapes and coulours newe,
And laughes vpon the earth anone,
The earth as cold as any ſtone.

Met in the teares of her owne kind,
Gins then to take a ioifull mind,
For well she feeles that out and ont.
The sunne doth warme her round about,
And dryes her children tenderly,
And shewes them forth full orderly:
The mountaines hye and how they stand,
The vallies and the great maine land,
The trees, the herbes, the towers strong
The castels and the riuers long.
And euen for ioy thus of this heate
She sheweth forth her pleasure great
And slepes no more but sendeth foorth
Her clergions her own dere wooyth
To mount and flie vp to the ayre
Where then they sing in order faire,
And tell in song full merily,
How thei haue slept full quietly
That night about their mothers sides
And when they haue song more besides,
Then fall they to their mothers brest,
Where eis they feede or take their rests
The hunter then sounds out his horne
And rangeth straight through wood and corne
On hilles then shewe the Ewe and Lambe,
And euery yong one with his damme,
Then louers walke and tell their tale,
Both of their blisse and of their bale
And how they ferue and how they doe,
And how their Ladie loues them to,
Then tune the birdes their armony,
Then flocke the foule in company,
Then euery thing doth pleasure finde,
In that comforts all their kinde.
No dreames do drench them of the nyght,
Of foes that would them slea or bite,
As hounds to hunt them at the taile.
Or men force thorough hill and dale.

The

The ſheepe then dreames not of the woull.
The ſhipman foꝛces not the gulfe,
The lambe thinkes not the butchers knife
Should then bereue him of his life.
Foꝛ when the Sunne doth once runne in,
Then all their gladnes doth begin,
And then their ſkips and their play
So falles their ſadnes then away,
And then all thinges haue comfoꝛting
In that that doth them comfoꝛt bring.
Saue I alas whom neither ſunne,
Noꝛ ought that God hath wꝛought and done
May comfoꝛt ought, as though I were
A thing not made foꝛ comfoꝛt here.
Foꝛ being abſent from your ſight,
Which are my ioy and whole delight.
My comfoꝛt and my pleaſure to
How can I ioy how ſhould I do:
May ſicke men laugh that roꝛe with paine
Joy they in ſong that do complaine:
Are martiers in their toꝛments glad:
Do pleaſures pleaſe them that are mad:
Then how may I in comfoꝛt be,
That lacke the thing ſhould comfoꝛt me:
The blind oft that lackes his ſight
Complaines not moſt the lacke of light
But thoſe that knew their perfetnes
And then doe miſſe their bliſſfulnes,
In martirs tunes they ſing and waile
The want of that which doth them faile
And hereof comes that in my bꝛaine,
So many fanſies woꝛkes my paines.
Foꝛ when I waite your woꝛthines
Your wiſdome and your gentleneſſe,
Your vertues and your ſundꝛy grace,
And minde the countenance of your face
And how that you are the alone,
To whom I muſt both plaine and mone,

Whom I do loue and muſt do ſtill,
Whom I embrace and ay ſo will.
To ſerue and pleaſe you as I can,
As may a wofull faithfull man
And find my ſelfe ſo farre yon fro,
God knowes what torment and what wo
My ruefull heart doth then imbrace.
The bloud then chaungeth in my face
My ſinewes dull in dompes I ſtand
No life I feele in foote nor hand
As pale as any clout and ded,
So ſodainely the bloud is fled
And gone againe it nill ſo bide.
And thus from life to death I ſlide
As cold ſometimes as any ſtone
And then againe as hote anone
Thus comes and goes my ſundry fits,
To giue me ſundry ſorts of wits,
Till that a ſight becomes my friende
And then to all this wo doth ende,
And ſure I thinke the ſight doth runne,
From me to you where as you wonne,
For well I finde it eaſeth me,
And certes much it pleaſeth me,
To thinke that it doth come to you,
As would to God it could ſo do,
For then I know you would ſone finde
By ſent and ſauour of the winde,
That euen a martirs ſigh it is,
Whoſe ioy you are and his bliſſe,
His comfort and his pleaſure eke,
And the ſame that he doth ſeeke,
The ſame that he doth wiſh and craue,
The ſame that he doth truſt to haue,
To render you in all he may,
And all your likings to obay
As farre as in his power ſhall lye,
Tyl death ſhall dart him for to dye.
But well a way my dwne moſt beſt.

My ioy my comfort and my reſt,
The cauſer of my wo and ſmart,
And yet the pleaſer of my hart,
And ſhe that on the earth aboue
Is euen the worthieſt for to loue
Heare now my plaint, heare now my wo
Heare now his paine that loues you ſo
And if your hart do pittie beare,
Pittie the cauſe that you ſhall heare,
A dolefull foe in all this dout.
Who leaues me not but ſeeke me out
Of wretched forme and lothſome face,
While I ſtand in this wofull caſe,
Comes forth and takes me by the hande,
And ſaies friend harke and vnderſtand.
I ſee well by thy port and cheere,
And by thy lookes and thy manners
And by thy ſadnes as thou goeſt
And by thy ſighes that thou outthrowеſt,
That thou art ſtuffed full of wo,
The cauſe I thinke I do wellknow,
A fantaſer thou art of ſome.
By whom thy wits are ouercome
But haſt thou read old pamphlets oft:
Or haſt thou knowen how bookes haue taught
That loue doth vſe to ſuch as thou,
When they do thinke them ſafe enough,
And certaine of their ladies grace,
Haſt thou not ſeene oft times the caſe
That ſodainely their hap hath turnde
As thinges in flame conſumde and burnd
Some by deceit forſaken right,
Some likewiſe changed of fanſie light,
And ſome by abſence ſone forgot,
The lots in loue why knoweſt thou not:
And tho that ſhe be now thy owne.
And knowes thee well as may be knowen,
And thinkes the to be ſuch a one,

And thinkes she to be such a one,
As she likes best to be her owne,
Thinkes that others haue not grace.
To shew and paine their wofull case:
And chose her for their ladie now,
And swere her trouth as well as thou,
And what if she doe alter minde,
Where is the loue that thou wouldst finde,
Absence my friend worꝛes wonders oft,
Nowe brings full low that lay full loft,
Now turnes the minde now to now fro,
And where art thou if it were so:
If absence quod I be maruailous
I finde her not so daungerous,
For she may not remoue me fro.
The poore good will that I do owe.
To her whom vnneth I loue and shall
And chosen haue aboue them all,
To serue and be her owne as farre,
As any man may offer her
And will her serue and wil her loue,
And lowly as it shall behoue,
And die her owne if fate be so.
Thus shall my hart nay part her fro,
And witnes shall my good wil bee
That absence takes not from mee.
But that my loue do still increase.
To minde her still and neuer cease,
And what I feele to bee in mee,
The same good will I think hath she
As firme and fast to biden ay.
Til death depart vs both away,
And as I haue my tale thus tolde.
Steps vnto me with countenance bolde
A stedfast friend a counsellour
And named is hope my comfoꝛtoꝛ,
And stoutly then he speakes and saies
Thou hast said trouth withouten naies

For I allure the euen by oth,
And there on take my hand and trouth,
That ſhe is one the worthieſt,
The trueſt and the faithfulleſt,
The gentleſt and the meekeſt of minde,
That here on earth a man may finde.
And if that loue and trouth were gone,
In her it mought be founde alone.
For in her minde no thought there is,
But how ſhe may be true Iwis
And tenders thee and all thy heale,
And wiſheth both thy health and weale,
And loues thee euen as farre forth than
As any woman may a man.
And is thine owne and ſo ſhe ſayes
And cares for the ten thouſand wayes.
On the ſhe ſpeakes on thee ſhe thinkes,
With thee ſhe eates with the ſhe drinkes
With the ſhe talkes with thee ſhe mones
With thee ſhe ſighes with the ſhe grones
With thee ſaies fare well mine owne,
When thou God knoweſt full farre art gone
And euen to tell the all aright
To the ſhe ſaies full oft good night,
And names thee oft, her owne moſt deere.
Her comfort, weale and all chere.
And telles her pillow all the tale.
Howe thou haſt done her wo and bale.
And how ſhe longes and plaines for thee,
And ſaies why art thou ſo from me.
Am I not ſhe that loues the beſt
Do I not wiſh thy eaſe and reſt?
Seke I not how I may the pleaſe?
Why art thou then ſo from thine eaſe?
If I be ſhe for whom thou careſt,
For whom in torment ſo thou feareſt
Alas thou knoweſt to find me here,
Where I remaine, thine owne moſt dere

Thine owne most true thine owne most iust
Thine owne that loue thee still and must,
Thine owne that cares alone for thee,
As thou I thinke dost care for me,
And euen the woman she a lone,
That is full bent to be thine owne,
What wilt thou more what canst thou craue
Since she is as thou wouldest her haue:
Then set this griuell out of the doore,
That in thy braines such tales doth powre
Of absence and of changes strange.
Send him to those that vse to chaunge,
For she is none I the avow,
And well thou maiest beleeue me now,
When hope hath thus his reson laid
Lord how I feele me well appaide
A new blond then ouerspreds my bones
That all in ioy I stand at ones.
My hand I throw to heauen aboue,
And humbly thanke the God of loue
That of his grace I should bestowe,
My loue so well as I it owe,
And all the planets as they stand
I thanke them too with hart and hande,
That their aspects so friendly were
That I should so my good will beare
To you that are the worthyest,
The fairest and the gentilliest.
And best can say and best can do,
That longs me thinkes a woman to
And therefore are most worthy farre,
To be beloued as you are,
And saies hope in all this tale,
Whereby he easeth all my bale.
For I beleeue and thinke it true,
That he doth speake or say of you.
And thus contented so I stand.
With that hope beares me in hand,

That

That I am yours and ſhall ſo bee,
Which hope I keepe full ſure in me
As he that all my comfort is
On you alone which are mi bliſſe,
My pleaſure cheife which moſt I finde
And euen the whole ioy of my minde,
And ſhall ſo be vntil that death.
Shall make me yeld vp life and breath
Thus good my owne to here my truſt
Lo here my truth and ſeruice iuſt,
Lo in what caſe for you I ſtand,
Lo how you haue me in your hand,
And if you can requite a man,
Requite as you find me than,

Of the troubled common wealth reſtored to quiet by the mightie power of God.

The ſecret flame that made all Troy ſo hote,
Long did it lurke within the wooden hoſſe,
The machine huge Troyans ſuſpected not.
The guiles of Greekes nor of their hidden force.
Till in their beddes their arme foes them meete,
And ſlew them there, and Troy on fire ſet.
Then roſe the roze of treaſon round about,
And children could of treaſon call and cry,
Mines wrong their handes, that who fired towne through out
When that they ſaw their husbands ſlaine thereby.
And to the Gods and to the ſkies they ſhright,
Uengeance to take for treaſon of that night.
Then was the name of Simon ſpred and blowne
And where vnto his filed tale did tende
The ſecret ſtates and meeting them wer knowen,
Of Troyan traitours tending to this ende,
And euery man could taie as in that caſe,
Treaſon in Anthenor and Eneas,
But all to long ſuch wiſdome was in ſtore,
To late come out the name of traytour than
When that their king the altar lay before,

Slaine there alas that worthy noble man,
Flum on flame the matrons crying out,
And all the ſtreetes and ſtreames of bloud about,
But ſuch was fate, or ſuch was ſimple truſt,
That king and all ſhould thus to ruine runne,
For if our ſories certaine be and iuſt
There were that ſaw ſuch miſcheife ſhould be done,
And warning gaue which counted were in ſort,
As ſaid diuines in matters but of ſport.
Such was the time and ſo in ſtate it ſtoode,
Troy trembled not careleſſe were the men
They brake the walles they tooke this horſe for good
They demed Grekes gon, they thought all quertie them
When treaſon ſtart, and ſet the towne on fire.
And ſtroied Troians and gaue Greekes their deſire,
Like to our time, Wherein hath broken out,
The hidden harme that we, ſuſpected leaſt,
Wombed within our walles and realme about
As Grekes in Troy were in the Greekiſh beaſt,
Whoſe tempeſt great of harmes and of armes
We thought not on till it did noyſe our harmes.
Then felt we well the pilier of our welth,
How ſore it ſhoke then ſaw we euen at hand,
Ruine how ſhe ruſht to confound our health,
Our realme and vs with force of mightie hande,
And then we heard how treaſon loude did rore,
Mine is the rule and raine I wil therefore.
Of treaſon marke the nature and the kinde,
A face it beares of all humilitie,
Truth is the cloke and frendſhip of the minde,
And deepe it goes and worketh ſecretly,
Like to a mine that creepe ſo nye the wall,
Till out breakes ſulphere, and ouerneth all,
But he on hy that ſecretly beholdes
The ſtate of thinges, and times hath in his hande,
And plucks in plages, and them againe vnfoldes,
And hath appointed realmes to fall and ſtande,
He in the midſt of all this ſtirre and route

Can bend his browe, and moue himſelfe about.
As who ſhould ſay and are ye minded ſo
And thus to chooſe, and whom you know I loue,
Am I ſuch one as none of you do knowe:
Or know yet not that I ſit here aboue,
And my hands do hold your welth and wo,
To raiſe you now to ouerthrow.
Then thinke that I as I haue ſet you all,
In places where your honours lay and fame,
So now my ſelfe ſhall giue you ech your fall,
Where ech of you ſhall haue your worthy ſhame,
And in their handes I will your fall ſhalbe.
Whoſe fall in your you ſought ſo ſore to ſee
Whoſe wiſedome hye as he the ſame foreſawe.
So is it wrought ſuch loe his iuſtice is
He is the Lord of man and of his lawe,
Praiſe therefore now his mightie name in this,
And make accompt that this our caſe doth ſtande,
As Iſraell free from wicked Pharaos hande.

The louer to his loue hauing forſaken him and betaken her ſelfe to another.

The birde that ſometime built within my breſt
And there as the cheife ſuccour din receiue,
hath now els where built her another neſt.
And of the old hath taken quite her leaue.
To you my oſt that harbour mine old gueſt.
Of ſuch a one as I can now conceiue.
Sith that in change her choiſe doth cheife conſiſt
The hauke may check that now comes faire to fiſt

The louer ſheweth that in diſſembling his loue openly he kepeth ſecret his ſecret goodwill.

Not like a God cam Iupiter to wo,
When he the faire Europa ſought vnto,
An other forme his godly wiſdome toke
Such effect as writeth Ouids booke.
As on the earth no liuing wight can tell.

That

That mightie Ioue did loue the Queene so well
For had he come in golden garments bright,
Or so as men mought haue stard on the light,
Spied had it ben both through erth and aire
That Ioue had loued the Lady Europa faire,
And then had some ben angry at the hart
And some againe as iuels for their part
Both which to stop, this gentle god tooke minde,
To shape himselfe into a brutish kinde,
To such a kinde as hid what state he was
And yet did bring him what sought to passe,
To both their ioie to both their comfort sone.
Though knowen to none till al the thing was done
In which attempt if I the like assae,
To you to whom I do my selfe bewray.
Let it suffice that I do seeke to be.
Not counted yours, and yet for to be he.

The louer deceiued by his loue repenteth him of true loue he bare her

I That Ulisses peres haue spent,
To finde Penelope,
Finde well that foly I haue ment.
To seke that was not so,
Since Troylus case hath caused me,
From Cressed for to go
And to bewaile Ulisses trouth,
In seas and stormy skie
Of wanton will and raging youth.
Which me haue tossed sore,
From Scilla to Caribdis clives
Upon the drowning shore.
Wher I sought haue ther found I hap
From danger vnto death:
Much like ỳ Mous ỳ treads the trap
In hope to find her foode.
And bites ỳ bread that stops her breth,
So in like case I stoode,

Till

Ell now repentance hatted him
To further me ſo faſt,
That where I ſanke there now I ſwimme,
And haue both ſtreame and wind,
And luck as good if it may laſt,
As any man may finde.
That where I periſhed late I paſſe
And find no perill there,
But ſteady ſtone no ground of glaſſe,
Now am I ſure to ſaue,
And not to flete from feare to feare,
Such ankerhold I haue.

The louer hauing enioyed his loue humbly thanketh the God of loue, and auowing his hart only to her faithfully promiſeth vtterly to forſake all other.

Thou Cupide god of loue, whom Venus thralles do ſerue,
I yelde thee thankes vpon my knees as thou doſt well deſerue
By the my wiſhed ioies haue ſhaken off diſpaire,
And all my ſtorming daies be paſt and weather wareth faire,
By the I haue receiued a thouſand times more ioy,
Then euer Parris did poſſeſſe, when Helen was in Troy.
By the I haue that hope, for which I longed ſo ſore,
And when I thinke vpon the ſame my heart doth leape therfore
By the my heapy doubts and trembling feares are fled
and now my wits that troubled were with pleaſant thoughts
For dread is baniſh cleane, wherein I ſtode full oft, are fled
And doubt to ſpeake that lay full low, is lifted now aloft,
With armes deſpred abroade with opened hands and hart,
I haue enioyed the frute of hope reward for all my ſmart,
The ſeale and ſigne of loue the key of trouth and truſt.
The pledge of pure good will haue which makes the louer luſt,
Such grace ſince I haue found, to one I me betake,
The reſt of Venus darlings all, I vtterly forſake:
And to performe this vow, I bid my eyes beware,
That they no ſtrangers do ſalute, nor in their beauties ſtare,
My wits I warne you all from this time forth take heede,
That ye no wanton toyes deuiſe my fanſies new to feede,

Songes

My eares be ye ſhut vp and heare no womans voice,
That may procure me once to ſmile, or make my hart reioiſe.
My feete ful ſlow be ye and lame when ye ſhould moue,
To bring my body any where to ſeeke another loue,
Let all the Gods aboue, and wicked ſpirites belowe
And enery wight in earth accuſe and curſe me where I goe:
If I doe falſe my faith in any point or caſe,
And ſodaine vengeance fall on me I aſke no better grace,
Away then ſily rime preſent mine earneſt faith,
Vnto my Lady where ſhe is, and marke thou what ſhe ſaith,
And if ſhe welcome the and lay the in her lap.
Spring thou for ioy, thy maiſter hath his moſt deſired hap.

Totus mundus in maligno poſitus

COmplaine we may much is amiſſe.
Hope is nye gone to haue redreſſe:
Theſe dates bin ill nothing ſure is,
Kinde hart is wrapt in heauines,
The ſterne is broke the ſaile is rent,
The ſhip is giuen to wind and waue,
All helpe is gone the rocke preſent,
That will be loſt what man can ſaue,
Things hard, therefore are now refuſed
Labour in youth is thought but vaine
Dutie by (will not) is excuſd,
Remoue the ſtop the way is plaine,
Learning is lewde and held a foole.
Wiſedome is ſhent counted to raile.
Reaſon is baniſht out of ſchole,
The blind is bold & woords preuaile
Power without care ſlepeth at eaſe,
Will without lawe runth where he liſt,
Wight without mercy cannot pleaſe,
A wiſe man ſaith not: had I wiſt.
When power lackes care and forceth not,
When care is feble and may not,
When night is ſlouthfull and will not,
Weedes may grow where good herbes cannot,

Take

Take wrong away law needeth not,
For law to wrong is bridle and paine,
Take feare away law boteth not,
To ſtriue againſt ſtreame it is but vaine.
Will is witty braineſicke is wiſe,
Trouth is folly and might is right,
Words is reaſon and reaſon is lies,
The bad is good and darknes is light.
Wrong to redreſſe wiſdome dare not,
Hardy is happie, and ruleth moſt,
Wilful is witles and careth not.
Which ende go firſt till all be loſt.
Few right do loue and wrong refuſe,
Pleaſure is ſought in euery ſtate,
Liking is luſt, there is no chuſe.
The low giue to the high check mate
Order is broke in things of weight,
Meaſure and meane who doth not flee,
Two things preuaile, money and ſleight
To ſeeme is better then to bee.
The houſe is round, and doth downe ſlide
Ech one thruſteth none doth vphold,
A fall failes not where blind is guide,
The ſtay is gone who can him hold;
Folly and falſhed praieth a pace,
Trouth vnder buſhel is fain to crepe
Flattery is treble pride ſings the baſe.
The meane the beſt part ſcant do pepe
The fiery plague the world infects
To vertue and truth it giues no reſt
Wens harts are burnd with ſundry ſects
And to ech man his way is beſt,
With flouds and ſtormes thus be we toſt
Awake good Lord to the we cry.
Our ſhip is almoſt long and loſt.
Thy mercy help our miſery.
Mans ſtrength is weake, mans wit is dull
Mans reaſon is blinde, theſe things tamend,

Thy hand (O Lord) of might is full
Awake betime, and helpe vs send.
In the we trust, and in no wight
Saue vs as cheikens vnder the henne,
Our crokednes thou canst make right
Glory to the for ay. Amen.

The wise trade of life.

DO all your deeds by good aduise
Cast in your minde,
Wit bought is of to deare a price,
The tried trust and take as friend,
For friends I find there be but two
Of countenance and of effect,
Of thone sort there are enough,
But few bene of the tother sect,
Beware also the venome sweete
Of craftie woords and flattery,
For to deceiue they be most meete,
That best can pleade hipocrisie,
Let wisdome rule your deede and thought,
So shall your workes be wisely wrought.

That few words shew wisedome and worke much quiet.

WHo list to lead a quiet life,
Who list to rid himselfe from strife,
Giue eare to me marke what I say,
Remember well, beare it away,
Hold backe thy tong at meate and meale,
Speake but fewe woords, bestowe them well
By woordes the wise thou shalt espie
By woords a foole sone shalt thou trie,
A wise man can his tong make cease,
A foole can neuer hold his peace.
Who loueth rest of woords beware,
Who loueth woords is sure of care.
For woords oft many haue bene shent,

For ſilence kept none hath repent
Two eares one tong only thou haſt,
Do thinges to heare then wordes to waſt,
A foole in no wiſe can forbare,
He hath two tongs and but one eare.
Be ſure thou kepe a ſtedfaſt braine
Leſt that thy wordes put the to paine.
Wordes wiſely ſet are worth much gold,
The price of raſhnes is ſone tolde
If time require wordes to be had,
To hold thy peace I count the mad.
Talke onely of needefull verities
Striue not for trifling fantaſies
With ſobernes the truth bouſt out,
Affirme nothing wherein is doubt.
Who to this lore will take good heede
And ſpende no more wordes then is neede,
Though he be a foole and haue no braine,
Yet ſhall he a name of wiſedome gaine,
Speake while time is or hold the ſtill
Wordes out of time do oft times ſpill,
Say well and doe well are thinges twaine
Twiſe bliſt is he in whom both raigne,

The complaint of a whot wooer delayed with doubtfull cold aunſwers

A kinde of coale is as men ſay,
Which haue aſſaide the ſame,
That in the fire will waſt away,
And outward caſt no flame.
Unto my ſelfe may I compare,
Thoſe coales that ſo conſume,
Where naught is ſeene though men doe ſtart
Inſtede of flame, but fume,
They alſo to make them burne,
Cold water muſt be caſt
Or elſe to aſhes will they turne,
And halfe to cinder waſt.

As this is wonder for to see,
Cold water warme the fire
So hath your coldnes caused me,
To burne in my desire,
And as this water cold of kinde
Can cause both heate and colde
And cã these coles both break & bind
To burne as I haue tolde.
So can your tong of frosen yse,
From whence cold answers come,
Both coole the fire and fire intice
To burne me all and some
Like to the corne, ẏ stands on stacke:
Which women in winter sunne,
Ful faire without within is blacke.
Such heate therein doth runne,
By force of fire this water cold,
Hath bred to burne within,
Euen so am I that heat doth holde
Which cold did first beginne:
Which heat is stint whẽ I do striue
To haue some ease sometime.
But flame afresh I do reuiue
Whereby I cause to clime.
Instead of smoake a sighing breather
With sparkes of sprinckled teares
That I should liue this liuing death
Which walles and neuer weares

The Aunswere

YOur borowed meane to moue your mone of fume thoute flame
Being set from smithy smoking coles, ye seme so by the flame
To shewe what such coale vse is taught by such as haueassaide,
As I that most doe wish you well, and so right well appaide,
That you haue such a lesson learnd how either to maintaine,
Your freedome of vnkindled coale, vnheaped all in vaine.
Or how most frutefully to frame with worthy workemans art
That cuning peece may passe therefore, by helpe of heated harte.

Out

Out of the forge wherein the fame of ſighes do mount aloft.
That argues preſent force of fire to make the metall ſoft.
To yeld vnto the hammer head as beſt the workman likes
That thyron glowing after blaſt in time and temper ſtrikes
Wherein the vſe of water is, as you do ſeme to ſay,
To quench no flame ne hinder heate, ne yet to waſt away,
But that which better for you and more delighteth me.
To ſaue you from the ſodaine waſt: waine cinderlike to bee,
Which luſting better likes in loue, as you your ſemble ply,
Then doth the bauen blaſeth flameth and flitteth by and and by,
With then you know ech vſe, wherein our coale may be applide,
Either to ly and laſt an horde, in open ayre to bide,
Without en vſe to gather fat by falling of the raines
That makes the pitchi iuyce to growe, by ſoking in his vaines
Or ly on furnace in the forge, as is his vſe of right,
Wherein the water through may ſerue, & entreylde her might
By worke of ſmithes both hand and head a conning key to make
Or other peice as cauſe ſhall craue and bid him vndertake,
Do as you deme moſt fit to do, and whereupon may growe
Such ioy to you, as I may ioy your ioyfull caſe to knowe.

An Epitaph made by VV G. lying on his death bed to be ſet vpon his owne tombe.

LO here lieth G vnder the grounde,
Among the greedy wormes
Which in his life time neuer founde
But ſtrife and ſturdy ſtormes
And namely through a wicked wife,
As to the world appeares
She was the ſhortning of his life,
By many daies and yeres.
He might haue liued long God wot,
His yeres they were but yong,
Of wicked wines this is the lot,
To kill with ſpitefull tong.
Whoſe memory ſhall ſtill remaine
In writing here with me,
That men may knowe whome ſhe hath ſlaine,

And say this same is she.

An aunswere.

IF ẏ thy wicked wife had sponne the threade,
And were the weauer of thy woe,
Then art thou dubble happie to be deade,
As happily dispatched so.
If rage did causeles cause the to complaine,
And made moode mouer of thy mone,
If frensie forced on thy restie braine,
Then blyssle is she to liue alone.
So whether were the ground of others grise,
Because so doubtful was the dome,
Now death hath brought your paine a right
And blessed be ye both become (reliefe
She, th at she liues no longer bound to beare
The rule of such a froward bed,
Thou, ẏ thou liuest no longer faint to feare,
The restlesse rampe that thou hadst wed.
Be thou as glad therefore that thou art gone
As she is glad she doth abide,
For lo be ye a sunder, all is one.
A badder match cannot betide.

An Epitaph of M. Henry VVilliams

FRom worldly wo the end of misbeliefe
From cause of care that leadeth to lamẽt
From vaine delight, the grounde of greater griefe
From feare for friends from matter to repent,
From painefull pangs last sorrow that is sent,
From dread of death, sith death doth set vs free
With it the better pleased should wee bee.
This lothsome life where liking we do finde,
The encreaser of our crimes, doth vs bereue,
Our blisse that alwaies ought to be in minde,
This wily world whiles here we breath aliue
And flesh our fained foe, do stifly striue,
To flatter vs, alluring vs the ioy.

Where we, alas, do finde but great annoy,
Untold heapes though we haue of worldly welth,
Though we poſſeſſe the ſea and frutefull ground,
Strength, beautie, knowledge, and warmed health
Though at a wiſh all pleaſure doth abound,
It were but vaine no frendſhip can be founde.
When death aſſauteth with his dredfull darte
No ranſome can ſtay, the home haſting hart:
And ſith thou cut the liues line in twaine.
Of Henry, ſonne to ſir John Williams knight
Whoſe manly hart and prowes none could ſtaine.
Whoſe godly life to vertue was our light
Whoſe worthy fame ſhall floriſh long by right,
Though in his life ſo cruell mighteſt thou bee
His ſpirit in heauen ſhall triumph ouer thee.

Another of the ſame.

STay gentle friend that paſſeſt by,
And learne the lore that leadeth all
From whence we come with haſt to hie
To liue to dy and ſtand to fall,
And learne the ſtrength and luſtie age,
That welth and want of worldly woe
Cannot withſtand the mightie rage
Of death our beſt vnwelcome foe.
For hopefull youth had light me helth,
My luſt to laſt till time to dye,
And fortune founde my vertue wealth,
But yet for all that here I lye,
Learne alſo this, to eaſe thy minde
When death on corps hath wrought his ſpight,
A time of triumph ſhalt thou finde
With me to ſcorne him in delight.
For one day ſhall we meete againe
Wauger deaths dart, in life to dwell.
Then will I thanke thee for thy paine,
Now marke my word and fare thou well

Againſt women either good or bad.

A Man may liue thrise Nestors life,
Thrise wander out Ulisses race,
Yet neuer finde Ulisses wife
Such change hath chaunced in this case,
Lesse age will serue then Paris
Small peyne (if none be small ynough)
To find good store of Helens trade,
Such sappe the roote doth yelde the bough
For one good wife Ulisses slue,
A worthy knot of gentil bloud,
For one wife Greece ouerthrew
The towne of Troy: Sith bad and good
bring mischeife, Lord let be thy will
To keepe me free from eyther ill.

An aunswere,

The vertue of Ulisses wife
Doth liue, though she hath ceast her race
And farre surmounts old Nestors life,
But now in mo than then it was.
Such chaunce is chaunced in this case,
Ladies now liue in other trade,
Farre other Helens now we see,
Then she whom Troyan Paris had.
As vertue feedes the roote, so bee
The sap and roote of bough and tree
Ulisses rage, not his good wife
Spilt gentle bloud Not Helens face.
But Parris eie did raise the strife,
That did the Troyan building race.
Thus sith ne good ne bad do ill,
Them all O Lord maintaine me will,
To serue with all my force and skill.

Against a gentlewoman by whom he was refused.

TO false report and flying fame,
Whilest my minde gaue credit light

Bele-

Beleuing that her bolstred name
Had stuffe to shew that praise did hight,
I find well now I did mistake.
Upon report my ground to make.
I hard it said such one was she,
As rare to finde as paragon,
Of lowly cheere of hart so free,
As her for bountie could passe none,
Such one were faire though forme & face
Were meane to passe in second place,
I sought it neere and thinking to finde
Report and deede both to agree.
But change had tried her suttile minde:
Of force I was inforced for to see,
That she indeede was nothing so,
Which made my will my hart forgo.
For she is such a geason none,
And what she most may bost to be,
I finde her matches mo then one,
What neede she so to deale with me?
Ha flering face with scornefull hart
So ill reward for good desart?
I will repent that I haue done
To ende so well the losse is small.
I lost her loue that lesse hath wonne
To want she had me as her thrall,
What though a gyllot sent that note,
By cocke and py I meane it not,

The Aunswer.

Whom fansie forceth first to loue
Now frensie forceth for to hate.
Whose minde erst madnes gan to moue
Inconstance causeth to abate
No mind of meane but heate of braine
Bred light loue like hate againe,
What hurld your hart in so great heate?
Fansye forced by fained fame

Belike

Belike that she was light to geat,
For if that vertue and good name
Moued your mind. why chaunged your will
Sith vertue the cause abideth still
Such fame reported here to bee
As farre it were to finde her peere,
For vertue and for honestie,
For her free hart and lowly cheere
This land had lied if you had spred,
And fame bene false that hath ben speed.
Sith she hath so kept her good name,
Such praise of life and gifts of grace,
As brute selfe blusheth for to blame.
Such fame as fame feares to deface,
You slander not but make it plaine,
That you blame brute of brutish traine
If you haue found it looking neere,
Not as you take the brute to bee.
Bylyke you ment by lowly cheere,
Bountie and hart that you cal free.
But lewd lightnes easy to frame.
To wind your will against her name,
Nay she may deme your deming so
A marke of madnes in his kinde.
Such causeth not good name to goe
As your fond folly sought to finde,
For brute of kind bent ill to blase,
Alway saith ill but forced by cause.
The mo there be, such as is she,
More should be gods thanks for his grace
The more is her ioy it to see,
Good should by geason earne no place,
Nor number make nought that is good,
Your straunge lusting hed wants a hood,
Her dealing greueth you (say yee)
Besides your labour lost in vaine.
Her dealing was not as we see,
Belaunder the ende of your great paine

Ha lewd lying lips and hatefull hart,
What canſt thou deſire in ſuch deſart.
Ye will repent, and right for done,
Ye haue a dede deſeruing ſhame.
From reaſons race farre haue ye runne.
Hold your railing keepe your tong tame.
Her loue ye ly yee loſt it not,
Ye neuer loſt that ye neuer got,
She reft ye not your libertie,
She vaunteth ſhe had you thrall.
If oft haue done it, let it ly,
On rage that reft you wit and all,
What though a varlets tale you tell
By cock and pie you doe it well

The louer dreading to moue his ſute for doubt of deniall, accuſeth all women of diſdain and fickelnes.

TO walke on doubtfull ground, where daunger is vnſene,
Doth double men that careleſſe be in depe diſpaire I wene
For as the blind doth feare, what footing he ſhall finde,
So doth the wiſe before he ſpeake, miſtruſt the ſtrangers minde,
For he that bluntly runnes may light among the briers
And ſo be put vnto his plunge, where daunger leaſt appeares
The birde that ſely foole, doth warne vs to beware
Who lighteth not in euery buſh, he dreadeth ſo the ſnare
The Mouſe that ſhons the trap, doth ſhew what harme doth lye
Within the ſweete betraying baite, that oft deceiues the eye,
The fiſh avoids the hooke though hunger bids him bite.
And houereth ſtil aboute the worme, whereon is his delite
If birds and beaſt can ſee, where their vndoing lies,
How ſhould a miſchiefe ſcape our heads, that haue both wit & eies,
What madneſſe may be more then plow the barraine field,
Or any frutefull words to ſow, to eares that are vnwilde,
They heare and than miſlike, they like and then they loth
They hate, they loue, they ſcorne they praiſe, yet ſure they can do
We ſee what falles they haue þ climbe on trees vnknowen (both
As they that truſt to rotten bowes, muſt needes be ouerthrowen.

A smart in silence keept, doth ease the hart much more,
Then for to plaine where is no salue, for to recure the sore,
Wherefore my griefe I hide within my hollow hart,
Untill the smoake thereof be spred, by flamming of the smart,

An aunswere

TO trust the fained face, to rue on forced teares,
To credit finely forged tales wherein thereof appeares
And bretes as from the brest a smoake kindled smart,
Where only lurkes a deepe deceite within the hollow hart,
Betraies the simple soule, whom plaine deceit lesse minde
Taught not to feare that in it selfe, it selfe did neuer finde
Not euery tricking teare doth argue inward paine,
Not euery sigh doth surely shewe the figher not to faine
Nor euery smoke doth proue a presence of the fyre,
Not euery glistering geues the gold, that gredye folke desire
Not euery wailing word is drawen out of the deepe,
Not griefe for want of graunted grace enforceth all to weepe,
Oft malice makes the minde to shed the boiled brine,
And enuies humor oft vnlades by couduites of the eyen
Oft craft can cause the man to make a seming shewe
Of hart with dolour all distrande, where griefe did neuer growe
As cursed Crocodile most cruelly can tole,
With truthlesse teares vnto his death, the sile pittying sole,
Blame neuer those therefore that wisely can beware
The guilefull man that sutly saieth himselfe to dreade the snare.
Blame not the stopped eares against the Sirens song,
Blame not the minde not moude w̄ mone of falsheds flowing tong
If guile do guide your wit by silence so to speake,
By craift to crane and faine by fraud ẏ cause ẏ you would breake?
Great harme your subtile soule shall suffer for the same.
And mightie loue will wreake the wrong, so clothed w̄ his name?
But we whom you haue warnde, this lesson learne by you,
To know the tree before ye clime, to trust to rotten bowe.
To view the limed bush, to looke afore we light
To shunne the perilous baited hooke. and vse a further sight
As doth the mouse, the bird the fish, by samplefitly showe,
That wily wits and ginnes of men do worke the simples woe.

So

So ſimple fith we are, and you ſo ſuttle bee,
God helpe the mouſe, the birde the fith, & vs your ſleightes to flee.

The louer complaineth his fault. that with vngentle wtiting had diſpleaſed his lady.

Ah loue how waiward is his wit, what pags do perce his breſt
Whom thou to w ite vpon thy will haſt reued of his reſt
The light, the darke, the ſunne the moone, the day & eke the night.
His daily dying like himſelfe, he hateth in diſpite.
Sith firſt he light to looke on her that holdeth him in thrall
His mouing eyen his mouing wit he curſeth hart and all
From hungry hope to pining feare, ech hap doth hurle his harte
From pangs of plaint to fits of fume, from aking into ſmart
Ech moment ſo doth chaunge his cheere, not with recourſe of eaſe
But with ſere ſortes of ſorrowes ſtill, he worketh as the ſeas.
Not turning winds not calme retourned rule in vnruly wiſe
As if their holdes of hils, vphurld they braſten out to riſe,
And puffe away the power that is vnto ehe king aſſinde
To pay the fith their priſonment they deme to be behinde,
So doth the paſſions long repreſt within the wofull wight
Breake downe the banks of all his wits and eat thy guchen quite
To reare vp vproares now they be free from reaſons rule and ſtay,
And hedlong hales thunruled race the vnquiet quite away.
No meaſure hath he of his ruth, no reſon in his rage (age.
No bottome groũd where ſtaies his griefe thus weares away his
In wiſhing wants in wailing woes, death he daily call,
To bring releaſe when of reliefe he ſeeth no hope at all.
Thence comes that of in deipe diſpaire to riſe to better ſtate,
On heauen and heauenly lampes he laieth the faut of all his fate,
On god and gods decreed domecrieth out with curſing breath,
Ech thing that gaue and ſaues himſelfe he damneth of his death
The wõbe him bare, ỹ breſts he ſuckt ech ſtar ỹ vp their might
Their ſecret ſuccour brought to bring ỹ wretch to worldly light
Yea that to his ſoule peril is moſt hainous harme of all,
And craues the cruelleſt reuenge that may to man be fall.
Her he blaſphemes in whom it lieth in preſent as ſhe pleaſe
To damne him downe to depth of hell or plaint in heauens eaſe.
Such rage conſtraind my ſtrained hart to guide thunhappy hand,

That

That sent vnsitting blots to his on whom my life doth stand:
But grant O God that he for them may beare the worthy blame;
Whom I doe in my deepe distresse find giltye of the same.
Euen the blind boy that blindly guides the faulterers to their fal
That laughes when they lament, ẏ he hath trowen into thrall
Or Lord saue lowring lookes of her what penance els thou pleast
So her contented will be wonne, I count it all mine ease,
And thou on whom doth hang my will, ẇ hart, with soule & care,
With life and all that life may haue of well or euil feare:
Grante grace to him that grates therefore with sea of saltish brine.
By extreeme heate of boiling brest distilled through his eien.
And with thy fauste render thou my selfe to me againe,
That dayly then we duly may employ a painelesse paine,
To yeld & take the ioyfull frutes ẏ hartie loue doth lend,
To them that meane by honest meanes, to come to happy ende.

The louer wounded by Cupid wisheth he had rather ben sticked by death.

The blind blinded boy that bends the bowe.
To make with dint of double wound
The stoutest state to stoupe and knowe
The cruell craft that I haue found,
With death I would haue chopt a change,
To borrow as by bargaine made,
Eth other shaft when he did range
With restlesse roauing to inuade
Thunthralled minds of simple wightes
Whose guiltles ghostes deserued not
To feele such fall of their delights,
Such pangs as I haue past God wot,
Then both in new vnwonted wise
Should death deserue a better name,
Not (as to fore hath ben his guise)
Of crueltie to beare the blame.
But contrary be counted kinde
In leading life and sparing space,
For sick to rise and seeke to finde.
Away to wish their weary race.
To drawto some desired ende

Their

Their long and lothed time to rid,
And ſo to keele how like a friend,
Before the bargaine made he did.
And loue ſhould either bring againe
To wounded wightes their owne deſire,
A welcome ende of pining paine,
As doth their cauſe of ruth require
Or when he meanes the quiet man,
A harme to hatten him to griefe
A better dede he ſhould do then,
With borrowed dart to giue relieke.
That both the ſick well deemed may,
He brought me rightly my requeſt,
And eke the other ſort may ſay,
He wrought me truly for the beſt,
So had not fanſie forced me.
To beare a brunt of greater wo,
Then leauing ſuch a life may be,
The ground where onely griefes do grow
Vnlucky liking linkt my hart,
In forged hoape and forced feare,
That oft I wiſh the other dart,
Had rather parced me as neare.
A fained truſt conſtrained care
Moſt loth to lacke, moſt hard to find
Inſunder ſo my iudgement tare
That quiete was quiet out of minde.
Abſent in abſence of mine eaſe.
Preſent in preſence of my pain,
The woes of want did much diſpleaſe
The ſighen I ſought did grine againe.
Of grife that boiled in my breſt,
Hath fraught my face with ſaltiſh teares
Pronouncing prones of myne vnreſt,
Whereby my paſſed paines appeare
My ſighes full often haue ſupplide
Than faine ib words I would haue ſaid
My voice was ſtopt my tonge was tied,

My wits wich wo were ouerwaild.
With treembling soule and humble cheere
Oft grated I for graunt of grace,
On hope that bounty might be there
Where beautie had pight der place,
At length I found that I did feare,
How I had laboured all to losse,
My selfe had bene the carpenter,
That framed me the cruell crosse,
Of this to come if dout alone,
Thongh blent with trust of better speede
So oft hath moued my minde to mone
So oft hath made my hart to bleede
What shall I say of it indeede
Now hope is gone mine old reliefs
And I enforced all to feede,
Upon the fruites of bitter griefe.

Of womans changeable will.

I Would I found not as I feele,
Such changin chere of womans will.
By fickle slight of Fortunes wheele,
By kind or custome neuer still.
So should I find no fault to lay
On Fortune for their mouing mindes
So should I know no cause to say
This chaunge so chaunce by course of kinde
So should not loue so worke my wo,
To make death surgeon for my sore
So should her wits not wander so,
So should I reck the lesse therefore

The louer complaineth the losse of his Lady.

NO ioy haue I but liue in heauines,
my dame of price bereft by Fortunes cruelnesse
My hap is turned to vnhappines
Vnhappy I am vnlesse I find relesse,

My

My paſtime paſt,, my youth like yeres are gone.
My month of mirth my gliſtring daies of gladſomnes,
My time of triumph turned into mone
Unhappy I am vnleſſe I find releſſe.
My wonted winde to chaunt my cheerefull chaunce,
Doth ſigh, that ſong ſometime the balades of my leſſe
My ſobbes my ſoze my ſozrowes doth aduãnce
Unhappy I am vnleſſe I find releſſe.
I mourne my mirth foz griefe that is gone,
I mourne my mirth wherof my muſing mindfulnes
Is ground of greater griefe that growes thereon,
Unhappy I am vnleſſe I find releſſe.
No ioy haue I foz foztune frowardly,
Hath bent her bzowes, hath put her hand to crueltes
Hath reſt my dame conſtrained me to cry,
Unhappie I am vnleſſe I finde releſſe.

Of the golden meane.

The wiſeſt way, the boate in waue and wind to gure.
Is neither ſtill the trade of middle ſtreame to try,
Ne (warely ſhunning wzeck by weather) ay to ny
To pzeſſe vpon perilous ſhoze.
Both clenely flyes he filth ne wones a wzetched wight
In caliſh coate, and carefull court ay thzall to ſpite.
With poze of pzound eſtate he liues, who doth delight
Of golden meane to hold the loze.
Stozmes rifeſt rend the ſturdy ſtout pine apple tree.
Of lofty ruing towers the falles the feller be,
Moſt fierce doth lightning light, where furtheſt we doe ſee
The hils the vallies to fozſake
Well furniſht bzeſt to bide ech chaunces chaunging cheere
In woe hath cheerefull hope, in weale hath warefull feare
One ſelue Ioue winter makes with lothfull lookes appeares
That can by courſe the ſame aſlake
What if into mishap thy caſe now caſten be?
It fozceth not ſuch fozme of luck to laſt to thee.
Not alway bent is Phebus bow, his harpe and hee,
Ceaſt ſiluer ſound ſometime doth raiſe,
In hardeſt happe vſe helpe of hardy hospefull hart

Seme bold to beare the brunt of fortune ouertwart.
Eke wisely when forewinde too ful breaths on thy part
Swage swelling saile & doubt decayes

The praise of a true friend.

Whoso thou wisely wates the profit and the price,
Of things wherein delight by worth is wont to rise,
Shall find no iewell so is rich ne yet so rare,
That with the frindly hart in value may compare,
What other welth to man by fortune may be fall,
But fortunes changed cheere may reue a man of all,
A friend no wrack of wealth, no cruel cause of woe,
Can force his friendly faith vnfrindly to forgo,
If fortune frindly fawne, and lende the welthy store.
Thy frinds conioyned ioye doth make thy ioy the more.
If frowardly she frowne and driue thee to distresse
His aide relieues thy ruth and makes thy sorrow lesse.
Thus fortunes pleasant fruites by friends encreased bee.
The bitter sharpe and sower by frinders alaid to thee,
Then when thou dost reioice, then dubled is thy ioy,
And eke in cause of care, theleese of thy anoy,
Aloft if thou do liue, as one appointed here,
A stately part on stage of worldly state to beare,
Thy frind as only free from fraud will the aduise.
To rest within the rule of meane as do the wise.
He seeketh to foresee the perrill of thy fall,
He findeth out thy faults and warnes them of them all,
Thee not thy lucke he loues, what euer be thy case,
He is thy faithfull friend, and the he doth imbrace.
If churlish cheere of chaunce haue throwen thee
And that they nede aske aide for toreceiue thy fall,
In him that secret trust assured are to haue.
And succour not to seeke, before that thou can crane,
Thus is thy friend to thee the comfort of thy paine,
The stater of my state the dubler of thy gaine,
In welth and wo thy frinde another selfe to thee,
Such man to man a God, the prouerbe saith to bee.
As welth wil bring the friends in louing wo to prone,
So wo shall yelde thee friends in laughing welth to loue.

With

With wiſdome choſe thy frind with vertue him retaine,
Let vertue be the ground. ſo ſhall it not be vaine.

The louer lamenteth other to haue the fruites of their deſired welfare.

SOme men would thinke of right to haue,
For their true meaning ſome reward,
But while that I do cry and craue,
I ſee that other be preferd,
I gape for that I am debard.
I fare as doth the hound at hatch
The worſe I ſpede ỳ lenger I watch,
My watchfull will is try by truſt,
My fond fanſie is mine abuſe.
For that I would refraine my luſt,
For mine auaile I cannot chuſe
A will and yet no power to vſe,
A will no will by reaſon iuſt.
They eat the honey I hold the hiue,
I ſowe the ſeede they reape the corne
I waſt they win I drawe they driue,
Theirs is the thank myne is the ſcorne
I ſeeke they ſpeede in waſt my wind is worne,
I gape they get and gredily I ſnatch
Still worſe I ſpeede, the lenger I watche,
I faſt they feede they drinke I thirſt
They laugh I waile, they ioy, I mourne,
They gaine, I loſe I haue the worſt,
They whole, I ſicke they cold , I burne
They leape, I lye they ſlepe, I toſſe and turne,
I would they may I craue, they haue at will
That helpeth them lo crueltie doth me kill.

Of the ſutrletie of crafty louers.

SUch wayward wayes haue ſõe when folly ſtirs their braines
To faine & plaine full oft of loue when leaſt they feele his paine
And for to ſhewe a griefe ſuch craft haue they in ſtore,
That they can halt and lay a ſaine where as they feele no ſore
As hound vnto the foote as dog vnto the bowe.

So are they made to vent her out. whom bent to loue they knowe
That if I should describe one hundred of their drifts,
Two hūdred wits beſides mine owne, I ſhould put to their ſhifts
No woodman better knowes how for to lodge his dere,
No ſhipman on the ſea that more hath ſkill to guide the ſtere,
No beaten dogge to hand can water chose his gaine,
Nor ſcholeman to his fantaſie can a ſcholler better frame,
Then one of thoſe which haue old Ouids art in vre,
Can ſeeke the waies vnto their mind a woman to allur.
As round about a hiue the Bees do ſwarme alwaies
So round about the houſe they preſſe wherin they ſeeke their pray,
And whom they ſo beſege, it is a wondrous thing.
What craftie engins to aſſault theſe wily warriours bring.
The eye as ſcout and watch to ſtirre both to and fro,
Doth ſerue to ſtate her here and there where ſhe doth come and go
The tong doth pleade for right as herald of the hart,
And both the hands as orators do ſerue to point their part
So ſhewes the countenance then with theſe four to agree,
As though in witnes with the reſt it would her ſworne bee,
But if ſhe then miſtruſt it would turne blacke to white.
For that þ wooer lookes moſt ſmoth when he would faineſt bite,
Then wit as counſellour a helpe for this to finde,
Straight make the hand as ſecretary forthw̄ to writ his minde
And ſo the letters ſtraight embaſſadours are made,
To treat in haſt for to preſent her to a better trade.
Wherein if ſhe do thinke all this is but a ſhew,
Or but a ſubtile maſking cloke to hide a craftie ſhrewe.
Then come they to the larme, then ſhewe they in the field
Then muſter they in coulours ſtrange þ waies to make her yelde
Then ſhote they batry of them compaſſe they her in,
At tilt and turny oft they ſtriue this ſelly ſoule to wynne.
Then ſound they on their lutes then ſtraine they forth their long
Then rumble they with inſtruments to ley her quite along,
Then bord they her with gifts, then doe they wo and watch.
Then night and day they labour hard this ſimple holde to catch,
As paths within a wood, or turnes within a maſe,
So thē they ſhewe of wiles & crafts they can a thouſand wais.

Of the vanitie of mans life,

Laine

VAine is the fleeting welth.
Whereon the woꝛld ſtaies,
Sith ſtalking time by pꝛiuy ſtelth,
Encrocheth on our daies.
And elde which creepeth faſt
To taint vs with her wound,
Will true turne ech bliſſe into a blaſt
Which lacketh but a ſtaunde.
Of youth the luſty flower,
Which whilome ſtode in pꝛice,
Shall vaniſh quite within an houre
As fire conſumes the yſe
Where is become that wight.
Foꝛ whoſe ſake Troy towne,
Withſtoode the Greekes till ten yeres fight:
Han rald their walles a downe:
Did not the walles conſume
Her carrian to the duſt:
Did dꝛeadfull death foꝛbaꝛe his fume
Foꝛ beautie, pꝛid, oꝛ luſt?

The louer not regarded in earneſt ſuite being become wiſer refuſeth his proffered loue.

DO way your phiſicke I faint no moꝛe,
The ſalue you ſent it comes to late
You wiſt well all my griefe befoꝛe,
And what I ſuffered foꝛ your ſake.
Hole is my hart I plaine no moꝛe
A new the cure did vndertake,
Wheꝛefoꝛe do way you come to late.
Foꝛ whiles you knewe I was your owne
So long in vaine you made me gape
And though my faith it were well knowen
Yet ſmall regard thou toke thereat
But now the blaſt is ouerblowe
Of vaine Phiſicke a ſalue you shape,
Wheꝛefoꝛe doe way you come to late.
How long oꝛ this haue I bene faine

To gape for mercy at your gate,
Until the time I spide it plaine,
That pittie and you fell at debate.
For my redresse then was I faine
Your seruice cleane for to forsake.
Wherefore do way you come to late,
For when I brant in endlesse fire,
Who ruled then but cruell hate:
So that vnneth I durst desire
One looke my feruent heate to slake
Therefore another doth me hire,
And all the proffer that you make
Is made in vaine and comes to late
For when I asked recompence,
Which cost you naught to graunt God wot
Then said disdaine to great expence
It were for you to graunt me that,
Therefore doe way your rere pretence,
That you would bind that erst you brake,
For lo your salue comes all to late

The complaint of a woman rauished and also mortally wounded.

A Cruell Tiger with teeth bebled,
A bloudy tirants hand in ech degree.
A lecher that by wretched lust was led
(alas) defloured my virginitie.
And not contented with this villany
Nor with thoutragious terror of the deede
With blouddy thirst of greater cruelitie
Fearing his hainous gilt should be bewraied
By crying death and vengeance openly
His violent hand forth with alas he laid
Upon my guiltles sely child and mee,
And like the wretch whom no horror dismaide
Dround in the sinke of deepe iniquitie
Misusing me the mother for a time
Hath slaine vs both for cloking of his crime

The

The louer being made thral: by loue perceiueth how great a loſſe is libertie.

Ah libertie haue I learned to knowe,
By lacking thee what iewell I poſſeſt,
When I receiued firſt from Cupids bowe
The deadly wounde that feſtereth in my breſt.
So farre (alas) forth ſtrained were mine eyes
That I ne might refraine them backe, for lo,
They in a moment all earthly things deſpiſe,
In heauenly ſigh now are they fired ſo
What then for me but ſtill with maſed ſight
To wounder at that excellent deuine,
Where loue my freedome hauing in diſpite
Hath made me thrall through error of mine eies
For other guerdon hope I not to haue
My foltring tonge ſo baſhed ought to craue.

The diuers and contrary paſſions of the louer.

Holding my peace alas how lowde I cry:
Preſſed with hope & dread euen both at ones
Strained with death, and yet I cannot dye,
Burning in flame, quaking for cold that grones
Unto my hope with outen wings I flye.
Preſſed weth diſpaire, that breaketh all my bones
Walking as if I were, and yet am not
Fayning with mirth moſt inwardly with mones
Hard by my helpe, vnto helth not me.
Mids of the calme my ſhip on rocke it ronnes
I ſerue vnbound faſt fettered yet I lye
In ſted of milk that fed on marble ſtones,
My moſt will is that I do eſpie
That worke s my ioyes and ſorrowes both at once
In contraries ſtandeth all my loſſe and gaine,
And lo the giltleſſe cauſeth all my paine.

The teſtament of the Hawthorne.

I Sely Haw whoſe hope is paſt,
In faithful true and fixed minde,

Songes.

To her whom that I serued last,
Haue all my ioyfulnes resignde
Because I knowe assuredly,
My dying day approcheth nie.
  Dispaired hart the carefull nest
Of all the sighes that kept in store,
Conuey my carefull corps to rest,
That leaues his ioy for euermore,
And when the day of hope is past
Giue vp thy spirite and sigh the last
  But or that we depart in twaine,
Tell her I loued with all my might,
That though the corps in clay remaine,
Consumed to ashes pale and white,
And though ỹ vitall powers do ceasse
The spirite shall loue her nathelesse.
  And pray my liues lady dere,
During this little time and space,
That I haue to abiden here
Not to withdrawe her wonted grace
In recompensing of the paine,
That I shall haue to part in twaine.
And that at least she will wit saue,
To graunt my iust and last request
When that she shall beholde his graue,
That lieth of life here dispoiled,
In record that I once was hers
To bath the frosen stone with teares.
  The seruice tree here do I make.
For my executour and my frind,
That liuing did not me forsake,
Nor will I trust vnto my ende.
To see my body well conueyde
In ground where that it should be laide,
Tombed vnderneath a goodly Oke,
With Ivy greene that fast is bound,
There this my graue I haue bespoke,
For there my ladyes name do sounde,

Deserts

Beſet euen as my teſtament tels
With oken leaues and nothing els.
Grauen whereon ſhalbe expreſt
Here lieth the body in this place,
Of him that lying neuer ceaſt.
To ſerue the faireſt that euer was.
The corps is here, that hart he gaue.
And alſo ſet about his herſe
Lo lamps to burne and not to queint
Which ſhall be token, and reherſe
That my good will was neuer ſpent,
When that my corps was laide alow,
My ſpirit did ſwere to ſerue no mo.
And if thou want of ringing bels
When that my corps goeth into graue
Repete her name and nothing els,
To whom that I was bounden ſlaue,
When that my life it ſhall vnframe,
My ſpirit ſhall ioy to here her name
With dolefull note and pitteous ſound,
Wherewith my hart did cleaue in twaine
With ſuch a ſong lay me in grounde:
My ſpirit let it with her remaine,
That had the body to commend.
Till death thereof did make an ende
And euen with my laſt bequeſt,
When I ſhall from my life depart.
I giue to her I loued beſt,
My luſt my true and faithfull hart,
Signed with the hand as cold as ſtone
Of him that liuing was her owne,
And if he might liue againe,
As Phenix made by death a new,
Of this ſhe may aſſure her plaine,
That he will ſtil be luſt and true.
Thus farewell ſhe on liue my owne
And ſend her ioy when I am gone.

The

Songes

The louer in diſpaire lamenteth his caſe.

ADieu deſart how art thou ſpent
Ah dropping teares how doe yee waſh
Ah ſcalding ſighes, how be ye ſpent:
To pricke them forth that wil not haſt,
Ah painted heart thou gapſt for grace
Euen there where pittie hath no place
As eaſy it is the ſtony rocke
From place to place for to remoue,
As by thy plaint for to prouoke
A froſen hart from hate to loue,
What ſhould I ſay ſuch is thy lot
To fawne on them that force the not.
Thus maieſt thou ſafely ſay and ſweare
That rigor raineth and ruth doth faile
In thankleſſe thoughts thy thoughts do weare,
Thy truth, thy faith may nought awaile
For thy good will why ſhould thou ſo,
Still graſſe where grace it will not grow
Alas poore hart thus haſt thou ſpent
Thy flowring time, thy pleaſant yeres,
With ſighing voice wepe and lament,
For of thy hope ne frute appeares,
Thy true meaning is paid with ſcorne,
That euer loweth and reapeth no corne,
And where thou ſekeſt a quiet port,
Thou doſt but weigh againſt the winde
For where thou gladlieſt wouldſt reſort,
There is no place for the affinde,
Thy deſtiny hath let it ſo
That thy true hart ſhould cauſe thy wo.

Of his maiſtreſſe M.B.

IN Bayes I boaſt whoſe braunch I beare
Such ioy therein I finde
That to the death I ſhall it weare,
To eaſe my careleſſe minde,

In

In heat in cold both night and day
Her vertue may be ſeene,
When other fruites and flowers decay
The bay it growes full greene
Her berips fedz the birds full oft,
Her leaues ſweete water make,
Her bowes beſet in euery loft,
Foz their ſweete ſauours ſake.
The birds do ſhzoude them from the colde
In her we daily ſee,
And men make arbers as they wouly,
Under the pleaſant tree
It doth me good when I repaire,
There as theſe baies do growe
Where oft I walke to take the aire,
It doth delight me ſo
But lo I ſtand as I were dome,
Her beautie foz to blaſe
Wherewith my ſpirit be ouercome
So long thereon I gaſe,
At laſt I turne vnto my walke,
In palling to and fro
And to my ſelfe I ſmile and talke
And then away I goe
Why ſmileſt thou ſay lokers on,
What pleaſure haſt thou founde,
With that I am as cold as ſtone
And ready foz to ſounde.
Fye fie foz ſhame ſaith fanſie than.
Pluck vp thy fained hart,
And ſpeake thou boldly like a man,
Shzinke not foz little ſmart
Whereat I bluſh and chaunge my cheere,
My ſenſes ware ſo weake,
O god thinke I what make I here,
That neuer a wozd may ſpeake.
I dare not ſigh leſt I be heard,
My lookes I ſely caſt.

And

And ſtill I ſtand as one were ſcard
Untill my ſtormes be paſt
Then happy hap doth me reuiue,
The bloud comes to my face
A merrier man is not aliue.
Then I am in that caſe.
Thus after ſorrow ſeeke I reſt,
When fled is fanſies fit,
And though I be homelie geſt,
Before the baies I ſit,
Where I do watch till leaues do fall
When winde the tree doth ſhake.
Then though my branch be very ſmall,
My leafe away I take.
And then I go and clap my handes
My hart doth leape for ioy,
Theſe baies do eaſe me from my handes
That long did me annoy.
For when I do behold the ſame,
Which makes ſo faire a ſhowe,
I find therein my maiſtreſſe name
And ſee her vertues grow.

The louer complaineth his hartie loue not requited.

When Phebus had the ſerpent ſlaine
He claimed Cupids boe
Which ſtrife did turn him to great pain
The ſtory well doth proue
For Cupid made himſelfe much woe
In ſeeking Daphnis loue.
This Cupide hath a ſhaft of kinde
Which wounded many a wight,
Whoſe golden hed had power to binde
Ech hart in Venus bandes,
This arrow did on Phebus light,
Which came from Cupids handes.
An other ſhaft was wrought in ſpite,

Which

Which hedded was with lead,
Whoſe nature quenched ſwete delight
That louers muſt embrace
In Daphnis breſt this cruell hed
Had found a dwelling place.
But Phebus fond of his deſire
Sought after Daphnis ſo,
He burnt with heate ſhe feele no fire,
Full faſt ſhe fled him fro,
He gate but hate for his good will,
The gods aſſignde ſo.
My caſe with Phebus may compare,
His hap and mine are one,
I cry to her that knowes no care:
Yet ſeeke I to her moſt
When I approch then is ſhe gone,
Thus is my labour loſt,
Now blame not me but blame the ſhaftes
That hath the golden head,
And blame thoſe gods that with their craft
Such arrowes forge by kinde
And blame the colde and heauie leade
That doth my ladyes minde.

A praiſe of M. M.

IN Court as I beheld, the beautie of ech dame.
Of right me thought from all the reſt ſhould M. ſteale the fame,
But, er I ment to iudge, I viewed with ſuch aduice,
As ritchleſſe dome ſhould not inuade the bounder of my deuiſe.
And whiles I gaſed long, ſuch heate did brede within,
As Priams towne felt not more flame, when did the bale begin
By reaſons rule, ne yet by wit perceiue I could.
That M. face of earth I found enioy ſuch beautie ſhould.
As fanſie doubted that from heauen had Venus come.
To norriſh rage in Brittaines harts, while corage yet doth bleme
Her native hue ſo ſtroue, with colour of the roſe,
That Paris would haue Helene left and M. beautie choſe,
A wight farre paſſing all and is more faire to ſeme.

Then

Songes

Then luſtie may be lodge of loue, that clothes the earth in grene,
So angellike ſhe ſhines ſhe ſemeth no mortall wight,
But one whom nature in her forgde did frame her ſelfe to ſpite,
Of beautie princes cheife, ſo makeleſſe doth ſhe reſt:
Whoſe eye would glad an heauen wight, and priſon paine in breſt,
I war aſtonied to ſee the feature of her ſhape
And wõdred that a mortall hart ſuch heauenly beames could ſcape
Her limmes ſo anſwering were the mould of her faire face
Of Uenus ſtocke ſhe ſemd to ſpring the roote of beauties grace,
Her preſence doth pretend ſuch honour and eſtate,
That ſimple men might geſſe her birth if folly bred debate,
Her lookes in harts of flint would ſuch effects impreſſe,
As rage of flame not Nilus ſtremes Neſtors yeres encreaſe.
Within the ſubtile ſeate of her bright eyen doth dwell
Blind Cupid with the pricke of paine, that Princes freedome ſell.
A paradiſe it is her beautie to beholde,
Where natures ſtuffe ſo full is found, that natures ware is ſold.

An old louer to a yong Gentle-VVoman.

YE are to yong to bring me in.
And I to old to gape for flies,
I haue to long a louer ben,
If ſuch yong babes ſhould blere mine eies
But trill the ball before my face.
I am content to make you play,
I will not ſee, I hide my face,
And turne my backe and runne away.
But if you follow on ſo faſt,
And croſſe the waies where I ſhould goe.
Ye may war werie at the laſt,
And then at length your ſelfe orethrow,
I meane where you and all your flocke,
Deuiſe to pen men in the pound,
I knowe a key can picke your locke
And make you runne your ſelfe on grounꝫ
Some birds can eate the ſtrawy corne,
And fle the lyme that foulers ſet.

And

And ſome are ſerde of euery thorne,
And ſo thereby they ſcape the net.
But ſome do light and neuer looke,
And ſeeth not who doth ſtand in waite
As fiſh that ſwallow vp the hooke.
And is beguiled thorough the baite
But men can looke before they leape
And be at price for euery ware.
And peniworths caſt to buy good cheape
And in ech thing haue eye and care
But he that bluntly runnes on hed,
And ſeeth not what the race ſhal be,
Is like to bring a fooſe to bed,
And thus ye get no more of me.

The louer forſaketh his vnkind loue.

FArewell thou froſen hart and eares of hardened ſteele.
Thou lackeſt yeeres to vnderſtand the griefe that I do feele,
The Gods reuenge my wrong, with equall plaunge on thee,
When pleaſure ſhal prick forth thy youth, to learn what loue ſhalbe
Perchaunce thou proueſt now to ſcale blind Cupids hold,
And matcheſt where thou maieſt repent whē all thy cards are told
But bluſh not thou therefore, the betters haue done ſo,
who thought they had retaind a doue, whē they but caught a crow
And ſome do linger time with loftie looks we ſee,
That lightes at length as low or worſe, then doth the betel Bee
Yet let thy hope be good, ſuch hap may fall from hie
That thou maieſt be if fortune ſerue a princeſſe ere thou die.
If chaunce preferre thee ſo alas poore ſely man,
Where ſhal I ſcape thy cruel hands, or ſeke for ſuccour than.
God ſheld ſuch gredy woulues ſhould lep in guiltles bloud,
And ſēd ſhort horns to hurtful heds that rage like lions wood,
I ſildome ſee the day, but malice wanteth might.
And hateful harts haue neuer hap, to wreake their wrath eright.
The mad man is vnmete a naked ſword to gide
And more vnfit are they to clime that are ouercome with pride
I touch not thee herein, thou art a faucon ſure,
That can both ſoer and ſtoupe ſometime as men caſt vp the lure,
The Peacocke hath no place in thee when thou ſhalt liſt.
From ſome no ſoner make in ſigne but thou perceiueſt the liſt.

They

They haue that I do want, and that hath the begullde,
The lacke þ thou doſt ſee in me doth make thy looke ſo wilde,
My luring is not good, it liketh not thine eare
My call is not halfe ſo ſwete, as would to God it were
Well wanton it beware, thou do not tyring take,
At euery hand that would the feede, or to the friendſhip make
This counſell take of him that ought thee once his loue,
Who hopes to meete thee after this, among the ſaints aboue.
But here within this world, if he may ſhunne the place,
He rather aſketh preſent death then to behold thy face.

The louer preferreth his lady aboue al other.

REligne you dames whom tickling brute delight,
The golden price the flatterers tromp doth ſound
And vaſſals be to her that claimes by right,
The tittle iuſt that firſt dame beautie founde,
Whoſe daintie eyes ſuch ſurgred baites do bide,
As poiſons harts where glimes of loue do glide,
Come eke and ſee how heauen & nature wrought
Within her face wherein framed is ſuch toy,
As Priams ſonnes in vaine the ſeas had ſought
If halfe ſuch light had abode in Troy,
For as the golden ſunne doth darke ech ſterre,
So doth her hue in the faireſt dame as farre.
Ech heauenly gift ech grace that nature coulde,
By art or wit my lady lo retaines.
A ſacred hed, ſo heapd with hearts of golde,
As Phebus beames for beautie farre it ſtaines
A ſurgred tong wher eke ſuch ſwetenes ſnowes
That well it ſemes a fountaine where it flowes.
Two laughyng eyes ſo linked with pleſing looks,
As would intice a Tigars hart to ſerue
The baite is ſweete but eager is the hookes
For Diane ſeekes her honour to preſerue
Thus Arundell ſits throned ſtill with fame,
Whom enimies tromp cannot attaint with ſhame,
My daſed head ſo daunted is with heapes

Of

Of gi'ts deuine the harber in her breſt,
Her heauenly ſhape that ſo my verſes leapes,
And touch but that wherein ſhe clouds the reſt.
For if I ſhould her grates all recite,
Both time ſhould want & I ſhould wonders write.
Her cheere ſo ſweete, ſo chriſtall is her eies,
Her mouth ſo ſmall, her lips ſo liuely red,
Her hand ſo fine her words ſo ſwete and wiſe,
That Pallas ſemes to ſoiourne in her hed
Her vertues great, her forme as farre exceedes
As ſimne the ſhades that mortall creatures leades
Would God that wretched age would ſpare to race
Her liuely hewe that as her grates rare
Be goddeſſe like euen ſo her goddeſſe face
Might neuer chaunge but ſtill continue faire,
That eke in after time ech wight may ſee,
How vertue can with beautie beare degree.

The louer lamenteth that he would forget loue and cannot.

ALas when ſhall I toy.
When ſhall my wofull hart
Caſt forth thy fooliſh toy
That breadeth all my ſmart?
A thouſand times and mo,
I haue attempted ſore,
To rid this reſtleſſe wo,
Which reigneth more and more
But when remembrance paſt
Hath laid dead coales togither
Old loue renewes his blaſt.
That cauſe my ioies to wither,
Then ſodainely a ſparke,
Starts out of my deſire,
And leapes into my harte
Setting the coales a fire.
Then reaſon runnes about
To ſeeke forgetfull water

To quench and cleane put out
The cause of all this matter.
And saith dead flesh must needes
Be cut out of the core,
For rotten withered weedes,
Can heale no grevious sore,
But then euen sodeinly
The feruent heate doth slake,
And cold then straineth me,
That makes my body shake
Alas who can endure,
To suffer all this paine
Sins her that should me cure,
Most cruell death hath slaine
Well well I say no more,
Let dead care for the dead
Yet wo is me therefore,
I must attempt to lead
One other kinde of life.
Then hetherto I haue,
Or els this paine and strife
Will bring to me my graue.

Songes written by N.G. of the ix Muses

IOps of king Ioue. & Queene remembrance la
The sisters nine, the Poets pleasant feres,
Calliope doth stately stile bestowe,
And worthy praises paintes of princely peres,
Clion in solemne songs reneweth al daie,
With pleasant yeres conioining age by past,
Delightfull talke loues Comicall Thaley.
In fresh greene youth, who doth lawrell last,
With voices tragicall sounds Melpomen,
And as with cheines thallured eares she bindes
Her stringes when Terpesor doth touch. euen the
She toucheth harts and raigneth in mens minds.
Fine Erato, whose looke a liuely chere

Presentes

Preſents in daunceing kepes a comely grace,
With ſremely geſture doth Polymine ſtere,
Whoſe words whole routes of trãks do rule in place
Urany her globes to view all bent
The nine folds heauen obſerues with fixed face.
The bleſſes Europe tunes of inſtrument.
With ſolace ſweete hence my heauy dumpes to chaſe
Lorde Phebus in the mids (whoſe heauenly ſpirit
Theſe ladies doth enſpire) embraceth all
The graces in Muſes weede, delight
To lead them fourth, that mẽ in maſe they fall

Muſonius the Philoſophers ſayings

IN working well if trauell you ſuſtaine,
Into the winde ſhall lightly paſſe the paine,
But of the dede the glory ſhall remaine,
And cauſe your name wt worthy wightes to raine,
In working wrong, if pleaſure you attaine.
The pleaſure ſon ſhall vade. and voide as vaine,
But of the dede, throughout the life the ſhame,
Endures defacing you with foule defame,
And ſtill torments the minde both night and day,
Scant length of time the ſpot can waſh away.
Flee then ill vading pleaſures baites vntrue,
And noble vertues faire renowne purſue.

Deſcription of Vertue

WHat one art thou, thus in torne wede I clad?
Vertue in price whom auncient ſages had,
Why poorely cride: For fading goods paſt care,
Why double faced? I marke ech fortunes rare:
This bridle what? Windes rages to reſtraine
Toles why beare you; I loue to take great paine
Why wings? I teach aboue the ſtarres to flye,
Why tread you death? I onely cannot dye.

Praiſe of meaſure keeping.

THe auncient time commended not for nought
The meane what better thing cã ther be ſought
In meane is vertue placed on either ſide,
Both right and left amiſſe a man ſhall ſlide.

Songes

I car with fire hadſt thou the midway flowne,
I carion beck by name had no man knowen.
If middle path kept had proud Phaeton,
Fo burning brand this earth had falne vpon.
Ne cruell power ne none ſo ſought can raigne,
That kepes ameane the ſame ſhall ſtill remaine,
The July once did to much mercy ſpill.
The Fero ſterne, rigor extreeme did kill
How could Auguſt ſo many yeres wel paſſe
Nor ouer meke, nor ouer fierce he was
Worſhip not Ioue with curious fanſies vaine,
Nor him diſpiſe hold right a twene theſe twaine
No waſtfull wight, no gredy gut is praized,
Stand largeſſe iuſt is egall ballance paized,
So Catoes meale ſurmounts Antonius cheere
And better fame h is ſober fare hath here.
To ſlender building bad as bad to groſſe,
One an eye ſore ther others falles to loſſe.
As medicines helpe, in meaſure (ſo God wot)
By ouermuch the ſicke their baine haue got:
Unmeete me ſeemes to vtter this mo waies.
Meaſure forbids vnmeaſurable praiſe.

Mans life after Poſſidonius or Crates

What path liſt you to treade? what trade will you aſſay?
The courſes of plea by braule, hate, dzine gētle peace away
In houſe for wife and childe there is but cark and care,
Withtrauaile & toile enough in fieldes we vſe to fare,
Upon the ſeas lieth dread, the rich in forrein lande
Do feare the loſſe and there the poore like miſers poorly ſtande.
Strife with a wife without your thrift full harde to ſee,
Yong brats a trouble none at all a meime it ſeemes to bee,
Youth fonds age hath no hart, and pinched al to nie
Chooſe then the leiſer of theſe two, no life or ſone to dye.

Metrodotus minde to the contrary

What race of life runne you? what trade will you aſſay?
In court is glory got and wit increaſeth day by day.

At home we take our eaſe and breake our ſelues in reſt,
The fields our nature do refreſh with pleaſures of the beſt.
On ſeas is gaine to geat, the ſtranger he ſhalbe
Eſtemed hauing much, if not, none knoweth his lacke but he
A wife will trimme thy houſe, no wife then art thou free,
Brood is a lourly thing, without thy life is looſe to the
Yong bloods be ſtrong old fires in double honour dwell
Do way the choiſe, no life, or ſoone to dy, for all is well.

Of friendſhippe.

OF al the heauenly gifts that mortall men commend.
What truſtie treaſure in the world can counteruaile a friende?
Our health is ſone decaid, goods, caſuall light and vaine
Brok haue we ſene the force of power. and honour ſuffer ſtaine,
In bodyes laſt man doth reſemble but baſe brute
True vertue geats, & keepes a friend, good guide of our purſute
Whoſe heartie zeale with ours accords in euery caſe.
No terme of time, no ſpace of place, no ſtorme can it deface.
When fickle fortune failes, this knot endureth ſtill,
The kin out of their kind may ſwerue, when feiends ow ẏ good
What ſweeter ſolace ſhall befall then one to finde
Upon whoſe breſt thou maieſt repoſe the ſecrets of thy mynde
He waileth at thy woe. h is teares with thine be ſhed,
With the doth he al ioyes enioy, ſo left a life is led
Behold thy friend and of thy ſelfe the patter ſee,
One ſoule a wonder ſhall it ſeeme in bodyes twaine to bee.
In abſence, preſent rich in want in ſickenes ſound,
Ye after death alriue, mayeſt thou by thy ſure friend be founde,
Ech houſe, ech towne ech realme by ſtedfaſt loue doth ſtande
Where foule debate breedes bitter bale in ech diuided lande.
Of friendſhip flower of flowers. O liuely ſpirit of life.
O ſacred bond of bliſſefull peace. the ſtalewoorth ſtanche of ſtrife,
Scipio with Lelius didſt thou conioine in care
At home, in wars for weale and wo, with egall faith to fare.
Giſippus eke with Tite Damon with Pithias,
And with Menethus ſonne Achill by the combined was
Eurialus and Niſus gaue Virgill cauſe to ſing,
Of Pilades do many rimes, and of Oreſtes ring.

Downe Theseus went to hell Pirch his friend to finde.
O that the wiues in these our daies were to their mates so kinde
Cicero the friendly man, to Artichus his friend
Of friendshyp wyot such couples doth but sildome lende
Recount thy race, now ronne, how few shalt thou there see,
Of whom to say, this same is he, that neuer failed me,
So rare a iewell then must needes be holden dere:
And as thou wilt esteeme thy selfe, so take thy chosen fere,
The tirant in dispaire no lacke of gold bewailes,
But ont I am vndone (saith he) for all my frindshyps failes
Wherefore since nothing is more kindly for our kinde,
Next wisdome thus that teacheth vs loue we the friendly minde:

The death of Zoroas, an Egiptian Astronomer in the first fight that Alexander had with the Parsians

NO clattering armes now raging broiles of warre
Can passe the noise of dredfull trumpets clange,
Shrowded with shaft, ỳ heauen w̄ cloud of darts
Couered the aire, against full fatted bulles
As forceth kindled yre the Lions keen,
Whose greedy guts the knawing hunger prickes
So Macedons against the Persians fare.
Now corpses bide the purpurde soile with blond.
Large slaughter on ech side, but Perses more
Most fields be bled their harts and numbers bate,
Fainted when they gaue backe, and fal to flight,
The litening Macedon by swords by glaues
By bands and troupes of footemen with his garde
Spedes to Dary but him his neerest kinne
Drate preserurs with horsmen on a plumpe
Before his car that none the charge should gine,
Here grūts here grones, ech wher strōg youth is spēt
Shaking her blondy hands Bellone among.
The Perses sowing all kind of death.
With throte yent, he roses he lieth along,
His entrailes with a launce through girded quite
Him smites the club, him wounds ỳ far striking bow
And him the sling, and him the shining sworde,

He

He dieth he is all deade, he pantes, he reſtes,
Right ouerſtode in ſnowe white armour braue,
The Memphite Zoroas, a cunning clarke
To whom the heauen lay open as his booke.
And in eclestiall bodies he could tell
The mouing, meung light, aſpect eclips.
And influence and conſtellations all,
What earthly chaunces would betide, what yere,
Of plentie ſtorde what ſigne forwarneth death
How winter gendreth ſnowe, what temperature
In the primetide doth ſeaſon wel the ſoile,
Why ſummer burnes why autome hath ripe graps
Whether the circle quadrate may become,
Whether our times heauenly armony can yelde
Of four begins, among themſelues how great
Proportion is what ſway the erring lightes,
Doth send in courſe gaine ẏ firſt mouing heauen,
What grees one from another diſtant bee.
What ſtarre doth let the hurtfull fire to rage,
Or him more milde what appoſition makes,
What fire doth qualifie Mauorſes fire,
What houſe ech one doth ſeeke: what planet raines
Within his heauenly ſpheere. or that ſmall thinges
I ſpeake whole heauen he cloſeth in his breſt.
This ſage then in the ſtarres hath ſpied, the fates
Threatned him death without delay, and ſith
Hir law he could not fatall order chaunge.
Forward preſt, in battaile that he might
Mete with the ruler of the Macedons,
Of his right hand deſirous to be ſlaine,
The boldeſt beurne and worthieſt in the field
And as a wight now weary of his life,
And ſeeking death in firſt front of his rage,
Comes deſperately to Alexanders face,
At him with darts one after another throwes
With reckleſſe words & clamor him prouokes
And saieth Nectanabs haſtard ſhameful ſlaine
Of mothers bed, why loſeſt thou the ſtrokes

Cowards among: Turne thee to mee in eale,
Manhode there be so much left in thy hart,
Come fight with me that on my helmet weare
Appollos laurell both for learning laude,
And eke for martiall praise that in my shield
The seuen folde Sophie of Minerue conteine
A match more meete sir king then any here,
The wilfull wight and with sought words ayen
O monstrous man (quod he) what so thou art,
I pray the line, ne do not with thy death,
This lodge of lore the muses mansion marre,
That treasure house this hand shall neuer spoile.
My sword shall neuer bruse that skilfull braine,
Long gathered heaps of science sone to spill,
O how faire fruites may you to mortal men
From wisdomes garden giue how many may.
By you the wiser and the better proue:
What errour what mad modewhat frensie thee
Perswades to be downe sent to keepe Auerne.
Where no arts florish nor no knowledge vailes,
For all these sawes when thus the soueraigne saide
Alighted Zoroas with sword vnshethed,
The careless king there smote aboue the greue,
At thopening of his pulches wounded him
So that the bloud downe trasled on the ground.
The Macedon perceiued hurt gan gnash.
But yet his minde he bent in any wise
Him to forbare set spurs vnto his stede
And turned away least anger of his smart
Should cause reuenger hand deale baleful blowes
But of the Macedonians cheife captaines knights,
One Meleager could not beare this sight,
But ran vpon the said Egiptian ruke,
And cut him in both knees, he fell to grounde,
Wherewith a whole rout came of souldiers sterne,
And all in peeces hewed the silly seg,
But happily the soule fled to the starres

Where

The noble prince amoued, takes ruth vpon

Where vnder him he hath full ſight of all,
Whereat he gaſed here with reaching looke.
The Perſians wild ſuch ſapience to forgo,
The very fone the Macedonians wight
He would haue liued king Alexander ſelfe
Demde him a man vnmete to dye at all,
Who wonne like praiſe for conqueſt of his yre.
As for ſtout men in fielde that day ſubdued,
Who princes taught, how to diſcerne a man.
That in his hed ſo rare a iewell beares
But ouer all thoſe Camenes, thoſe ſame
Diuine Camenes whoſe honour hi procurde
As tender parent doth his daughter weale,
Lamented and for thankes al that they canne,
Do cheriſh him deceaſt, and ſet him free
From darke obliuion of deuouring death.

Mercus Tullius Ciceros death.

Therefore when reſtleſſe rage of winde & waue,
He ſawe by fates alas, cald for (quod he)
Is hopleſs Cicero, ſaile on ſhape courſe
To the next ſhore, and bring me to my death
Perdy theſe thankes reſcued from euill ſworde,
Wil thou my country pay? I ſee my ende.
So powers deuine. ſo bid the gods aboue
In cittie ſaued that Conſul Marcus ſhend,
Speaking no more, but drawing from deepe hart.
Great grones euen at the name of Rome rehearſt
His eyes and cheekes, wh ſhowers of teares bewaſht
And though a route in daily daungers worne
With forced face the ſhipmen held their teares.
And ſtriuing long the ſeas cought ſtud to paſſe,
In angry windes and ſtormy ſhowers made way
And at the laſt ſafe ankred in the rode
Came heauie Cicero a land with paine
His fainted limmes the aged ſire doth drawe.
And round about their maiſter ſtode his band
Nor greatly with their owne hard hap diſmaide,

Nor

Songes

Nor plighted faith prone in sharpe time to breake
Some swords prepare some there dere lord assist
In litter laid, they lead him vnkouth waies
Iflo deceiue Antonius cruell gleanes
The might and threates of following routs escape
Thus lo that Tully, went that Tullius
Of rotall robe and sacred senate prince,
When he a farre the men approch espieth
And of his sonne the ensignes doth acknowe
And wt drawen sword Popilius threatning death
Whole life & whole estate and hazard once
He had preserude, when Rome as yet to free.
Heard him and at his thundering voice amazde,
Hereunius eke more Tiger then the rest
Present enflamde with fury him pursues
What might he doe should he vse in defense,
Disarmed hands, or pardon aske for mede?
Should he with words to turne the wrath
Of tharmd knight whose safgard he hath wrought
No age forbyds and fixt within deepe brest
His countreyes loue and falling Romes image
The charret turne saieth he, let lose the raines
Runne to the vndeserued death, mee, lo,
Hath Phebus foule as messenger forwarnde,
And Ione desires a new heauensman to make.
Brutus, and Cassius soules, liue you in blisse
In case yet fates ganstriue vs not
Neither shall we perchaunce die vnreuenged.
Now haue I liued. O Rome, ynough for me
My passed life nought suffered me to doute,
Noisome obliuion of the lothsome death,
Slea me yet all the ofspring to come shall know
And this decease shall bring eternall life,
Yea and vnlesse I faile, and all in vaine,
Rome I sometime thy Augur chosen was
Not euermore shall friendly fortune thee
Fauour, Antonius once the day shall come,
When her deare wights, by cruel spight thus slain.

Victorius

Victorious Rome ſhall at thy hands require,
We likes therewhile to ſee the hoaped heauen
Speech had he left and therewith he good man
His throte prepared and held his hed vnmoude,
His haſting to thoſe fates the very knights
We loth to ſee, and rage rebated, when
They his bare necke behelde, and his hoare heares
Scant could they hold ẏ teares ẏ firſt gan burſt
And almoſt fell from bloudy hands the ſwordes
Onely the ſterne Herennius with his grim looke.
Daſtards why ſtand you ſtill he ſaith and ſtraight
Swaps of the hed, with his preſumptious yron
Ne with that ſlaughter yet is he not fielde
Foule ſhame on ſhame to heape is his delight
Wherefore the hands doth he of alſo ſmite,
Which durſt Antonius life ſo liuely paint,
Him yelding ſtrained ghoſt from welkin hie,
With lothy cheere Lord Phebus gan behold,
And in black cloud they ſay, long hid his heade,
The latine Muſes and the Graces they wepe
And for his fall eternally ſhall pepe,
And lo here percing Picho (ſtrange to tell)
Who had to him fulfild both ſence and words
When ſo he ſpeake, and dreſt with Nectar foode
That flowing tong when his winde pipe diſcloſd
Fled with her fleeing friend and (out alas)
Hath left the earth. ne will no more returne,
Papilius flieth therewhile, and leaning there
The ſenceleſſe ſtocke a grizely ſight both beare
Unto Antonius bowrd with miſcheife fed.

Of M.T. Cicero

FOr Tully late, a tombe I gan prepare,
When Cinthie thus, bad me my labour ſpare
Such manner things become the deade (quod he)
But Tullie lines and ſtill a line ſhall be.

N.G.

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